**You're coming with me**

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# You're coming with me

by coldandhotsoba

Summary

He can’t pinpoint when he wakes up, just that he is gradually coming to. He hears a distant rhythmic tapping, and it almost succeeds in pulling him back into unconsciousness. But he knows, knows that he must wake up.
or
Aizawa gets kidnapped by a group of villains. While he is there, his nurse/caretaker is a young child. What is he doing living with a group of villains? Why is he muzzled? What the hell is going on?

Notes

For clarification, Everyone is the same age as they are at the start of the manga, But shinsou hitoshi. This is happening post USJ. So ya, so there will be no smut in this, i cant write smut, so not even attempting for me. In the beginning, its planned to be a bit angst-y, but itll end in fluff. Um , any questions u can ask here or my tumblr at Coldandhotsoba at tumblr.com

See the end of the work for more notes

# Day 1(?)

He can't pinpoint when he wakes up, just that he is gradually coming to. He hears a distant rhythmic tapping, and it almost succeeds in pulling him back into unconsciousness. But he knows, knows that he must wake up. He can't figure out why, but he knows he must. As his slowly gains consciousness, so does the pain. His arms are screaming in pain, demanding attention and so are his ribs. Every breath he takes is a battle, too shallow it hurts, too deep it hurts. He focuses his attention on his breathing, it helped distract from the pain he feels in his arm and the shooting pains from his left leg.

The more he comes to, the more aware he becomes that he has no idea where he is. His eyes feel too heavy, his head slow to process, and the sense of wrongness is increasing. After a couple more breaths, he takes inventory of his own body. He has a headache worse than the time Yamada has yelled with his quirk activated, directly into his ear and feels a sticky substance that could only be blood running over his eye. He desperately needs some water; as his mouth feels as if he's been eating cotton for the past 10 years.
He feels his arms tied above his head, the pain slowly decreasing as numbness sets in. He twitches his fingers to try and help circulation in effort to find some relief. He then attempts to move his head, but it just lulls onto his chest. He finds himself sitting on the ground with his back to the wall, with his legs set out in front of him. He shifts his left leg and takes in a sharp breath when the pain increased tenfold. He breathed through his mouth waiting for the pain to subside. When it finally manages to subside to something manageable, he hears footsteps and a voice heading his way. He started breathing shallower to hear them over his own breathing.

"Remember kid, don't talk to him, don't give anything away, only get close if you have to, and keep him chained up. We can't let him escape yet. This is going to be your responsibility kid, but he is a hero. Don't forget about it. You don't have to worry about his quirk, it can't harm you, so don't be scared. Now off you go runt, do us proud and we'll reward ya." A deep voice rumbled echoing down the hall. There must have been some sort of reply, because now he only hears one set of small steps heading towards him, while the other went away. He listens until the steps stop somewhere in front of him. After hearing a jingle of keys, the sound of a door slowly creaking open followed. He slowly pries his eyes open and finds the energy to lift his head to see who entered.

A boy. A kid. A kid that can't be older than 6 or 7, standing at the entrance to the room. The kid is gangly, the clothes visibly hanging off him. Greasy purple hair sticking straight up, below that was visibly tired eyes. It held a weariness that no one that age should hold. The most prominent feature of the kid was not the large bag he's holding, nor the bruises that littered the pale skin, it's the thick black mask that covers the lower half of his face. It looked way too big and heavy for him, it looks like it belongs to an adult 200 pounds heavier than him. He can see redness on the pale skin surrounding the mask. Dragging his eyes away from the mask and looks at the kid in the eyes.

The kid is shifting his weight from one foot to another, obviously contemplating his next move. Aizawa just watched as the kid reached his answer and his resolve. The kid lifted his shoulders in mock bravery and marched up to Aizawa. The kid sat down a foot in front of him and laid the bag on the ground. The kid starts shuffling in the bag and starts pulling out items. He sets aside some bandages, Disinfectant, a water bottle, and a sandwich.

Aizawa tried to clear his throat to talk to the kid, but all it caused was a coughing fit. The kid jumped, startled at the sudden noise. But when he noticed that Aizawa was in no condition to make any moves, he grabbed and opened the water bottle and poured a bit on top of his mask. The kid then held it to Aizawa's lips, encouraging him to drink. He drank the water gratefully, drinking the whole bottle in one go.

He finally cleared his throat as the kid quickly backed up after the water bottle was emptied. He did a quick glance around the room as the kid was still pulling stuff out the bag. He noticed it was less a room, and more a cell. He had a toilet just to the far right of him, which he couldn't possibly reach in the restraints he had now. The rhythmic tapping, he heard earlier was water dripping into a puddle in the corner across from where he's sitting. Next to him was a thick but musty mattress. The cell floor and ceiling were made from brick, and the walls were lined with smooth metal. Looking back at his reflection from the wall, he looked a lot worse than he felt. His appearance probably didn't help calm the kid. He had blood running down the side of his face, matting his hair. He was wearing his hero outfit; minus his capture scarf, it was ripped and teared in areas. It looked as if he was mauled by some sort of wild animal.

A twist of a lid brought his attention back on the kid. The boy held the bottle of disinfected and motioned towards his mangled leg. He gave him a quick nod as permission. The pain hit him before he even

realized the kid started. He hissed from the pain and tugged his arms, chains jingling. Black spots started growing across his vision. He started taking some deep breaths to try and regulate his breathing. When he finally had enough control over the pain he looked at his leg. The kid must have wrapped up his leg as he was doing his breathing exercises.

A small pair of hands holding a cotton ball and a band aid entered his vision. The kid motioned towards his own head and then his. Aizawa just stared at the kid. Taking his silence as permission, the kid scoots up to him and pushes his hair back. He dabs the cut with the cotton ball, only stinging slightly. When his little nurse seems satisfied, he plasters the band aid over it and shuffles back.

The kid nervously picks up the sandwich, and just holds it. He looks back and forth between him and the sandwich, eyebrows furrowed. “You know,” Aizawa said hoarsely, the kid jumped and looked at him wide eyed. Either he didn’t think Aizawa could talk or thought he just won’t talk. “if you loosened up my chains, I can feed myself. I’ll also be able to reach the toilet. I won’t be able to reach if they are this tight.” Moving his arms, a bit making the chains rattle.

The kid scrunched up his face even further and looked up at the chains. If Aizawa wasn’t paying attention, he would have missed the slight nod he was given. The child got to his feet and inched towards him, pulling out a key from his back pocket. He got on the mattress to reach the top of the chains. Aizawa can hear clicking as the kid turns his key. As he turns the key, more chains are produced from the wall, slowly lowering his arms one link at a time. Aizawa started his breathing exercise as the painful prickling as his arms started to get blood back to them. His shoulders finally popped as they were finally lowered all the way. He shrugged his shoulders up and around loosening them up. He moves his arms at the elbow joint up and down, persuading the blood to flow.

As he was doing these exercises, he felt something soft hit his leg. There sat the sandwich in his lap. Picking it up and examining it, he noticed it was a cheap convenience store sandwich but also had a small bite out of it. He looked up at the kid quizzingly, but all that was returned was a slight shrug. It hit Aizawa like a brick to the face, he blames the possible concussion for not connecting it earlier. The kid was testing his food for him, probably showing him that it wasn’t poisoned or at the very least, that it was safe to eat.

As he started eating his sandwich, the kid starts packing up the trash

and the left-over supplies, shoving them in his bag. He starts moving hurriedly out the door.

“Hey kid,” he coughs out quickly before he can leave, “do you have a name I can call you?”

The kid nods, then quickly shakes his head.

“You have a name, but you can’t tell me.” Aizawa pieced together.

The child quickly nods in agreement, motioning towards his mask. Aizawa kept his face purposefully blank, anger creeping up as he is reminded that the kid is muzzled.

“Do you know how long I’ve been here?” He asked.

The kid rocked back ‘n forth on his feet, he quickly glances down the hall and then back at him. He threw up two fingers.

“Two hours?”

A shake of the head.

“Two days?”

The kid nods, and grasps the bag to his chest, looking at the door nervously. He gives Aizawa one last look before shutting and locking the door.

Aizawa sat, finish eating his sandwich trying to puzzle out how he ended up here. He remembers leaving on patrol on Sunday night, texting Hizashi the route he will be taking that night. He stumbled upon a potential mugging. The next thing he knew he was surrounded by people in masks. He remembered someone leaping at his leg while something from behind hit him in the side, causing him to fall to the ground. Hitting his head against the wall as he went, would probably explain his piercing headache and the cut there. And the last thing he knows is a sharp pinprick at his neck.

Grunting, Aizawa maneuvered from the floor to lay down on the bed. If he’s been missing two days, he was probably drugged with something, and not hit from someone’s quirk. If hes been missing for two days, Hizashi’s probably already informed UA and the police. He just hopes that Hizashi won’t work himself to death. He also hopes his class doesn’t find out. He doesn’t need his problem children trying to find him. He knows Midoriya’s track record, he’d end up getting in the

way of professionals, or/and end up more injured than anyone on the field. He'd probably end up dragging half the class in his escapade.

Sighing and rubbing his temples, he needs to focus on what *he* needs to do, not what others might or might not be doing. If he wants to help them, he needs to escape before any of those scenarios happen. With this resolved set, he decided to do more investigation tomorrow when he has more energy. He moved so his back was to the wall and he was facing the doorway and went into a slight doze. He doesn't want to be completely asleep, needing to keep some awareness, but also needing the rest to heal. Before he knows it, he's deep asleep.

# Day 2

Chapter Summary

Day 2 if you count the time he was awake.

Chapter Notes

Hi! please leave some reviews, this my first real fic i guess? The other one is more or less a collection of one shots. So please let me know how im doing! You can also find me on tumblr at ColdandHotSoba, come talk to me there if your more comfortable with that!
Was pondering of doing Yamada POV, but still if-y on that. We'll see how this chapter goes.
Let me know if you see any mistakes! Hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa woke with a jolt. Pressing his hand to his right ribs as he slowly sat up scanning the area. Trying to figure out what woke him up, after finding nothing has changed in the room, he noticed muffled yelling drifting down the hall.

Taking a deep breath, he swung his legs to hang off the mattress, grunting as his side and leg twinge in pain protesting the sudden movement. Now propped up by leaning his back against the wall, he stilled listening to the voice as it got closer and clearer.

“What the fuck were you thinking boy?” A gruff voice shouted, “You know better than taking that damn mask off with company present! You got lucky you were even allowed out of your room in the first place. Can’t you follow fucking orders once in your damn life?” The sound of flesh hitting flesh was followed closely by the sound of a body hit the floor.

“Do you want to be taken? Do you want to be taken by heroes?” A slight pause, in a much softer voice the man cooed, “You won’t, you’ll be safe as long as you follow the rules. The rules are there to protect *you*. Do you understand? .....Good boy. Now, wipe those tears and go finish your responsibilities. Be quick about it, you still have to be reprimanded. Off you go, meet me upstairs afterwards.”

Aizawa stiffened at the convo and whipped his head towards the door as he heard it creak open. The boy peaked his head in, noticing that

hero was awake he gave a small wave with one hand as the other held the bag from yesterday. Aizawas lip quirked up in a slight smile, giving a small wave back.

The boy's eyes crinkled happily, striding into the cell and up to Aizawa. He sat down crisscrossed in front of him, pulling items out of the bag. Pulling out the disinfectant and the bandages putting them in Aizawas lap.

"Thanks kid," he murmured as he grabbed the small gifts. He set out to remove and replace the bandages on his leg. He slowly peeled off the bandages and looked at the damage. It looked like a wolf or a large dog bit and tried to tear his leg off. The holes were long and jagged, spanning from the inside of his thigh to outward. Only four of them caused gouges deep enough to be of concern, two on the front and two on the back of his legs. Luckily, none of them looked infected and were relatively clean. In an ideal situation he would have them stitched up, but seeing as his doctor is a small child, he'll have to make due with wrapping them. After pouring some disinfectant on them and quickly tying up the bandages, he glanced at the boy.

He was still sitting beside the bed, but now had a sealed water bottle and another convenience store sandwich in his hands. Noticing that he was being looked at, the kid held up the food and motioned towards the last of bandages and the bottle. Aizawa nodded in agreement, switching the items with the child. As he took a sip of water, he took the time to really look at the boy as the kid dropped the supplies on the mattress.

The more he looked, the more he saw wrong. The boy was wearing a dirty what use to be white shirt, frayed jeans that were only held up by a belt that is far too large, and was completely barefoot. The child appeared to be skinnier than what he remembered from last time, he had bruises littering his arms and any visible parts of his collar bone that weren't blocked by the mask, the sores around the mask look irritated, and his eyes were a tad red from presumably crying earlier.

"Hey kid, you've eaten yet?" Aizawa asked softly. The boy's eyebrows shot up to his hairline, looking at Aizawa in surprise. After a moment of silence, he shook his head.

'Not completely surprising,' Aizawa thought as he grabbed half the sandwich and held it out to the kid.

"Can you take off the mask to eat?"

The boy sent him a panicked look and shook his head repeatedly. He pressed one hand to the front of his mask, with the other pressed behind his head.

“Alright, that’s alright, it’s okay, we don’t have to remove it,” trying to calm and hopefully reassure the boy, “how about you save it for when you can?”

The child slowly removed his hands reaching for the sandwich hesitantly. As soon as his hands were in range, he quickly snatched it from Aizawa's hands. Aizawa frowned in concern as he watched the kid shove the sandwich in his pocket. He opened his mouth to ask a question when he got interrupted by shouting.

“BOY! GET YOUR ASS UP HERE! *NOW!* YOUR TAKING TO DAMN LONG, GET UP HERE!”

The kid froze and looked at him with wide eyes, shaking slightly. After a slight pause, he scrambled up to his feet, bolting for the door, locking it behind him before continuing down the hall, leaving behind the supplies.

Aizawa sat and stared at the door, as the sound of footsteps slowly faded. Chewing on the remainder of the sandwich, he resolved to plan an escape. He needs to get the boy out, he will not leave a child here. It’ll be a lot more difficult getting them both out, but the situation already looked bleak. He currently can’t put any weight on his leg and the only entrance or exit in the cell is the one door. There’s not even a window in the room, which doesn’t help the stuffy dampness. Without a window, also indicated he was probably underground, which makes things even more complicated. The door itself; he noticed when the it opened earlier, was made of 6-inch steal which had three thick deadbolts.
Sighing he leaned back against the wall, listening to the water drip across the room. His best bet is that Yamada or someone finds him quickly. Any plan that he can possibly accomplish, it would be more of a marathon than a sprint. Preferably, he wouldn’t want the kid to be a part of the plan, but he needs the keys to his chains and the door. As far as he knows, the kid has the only set. He also has to get the kid comfortable enough with the idea to leave with him. He has no idea how long it would take the to reach that type of trust. From hearing the conversation earlier and the kid’s mannerism, he’s been here for a while and will probably be reluctant to leave.

He also needs to be relatively healthy. Have enough energy and

awareness to make the escape after his legs healed enough. He hits the back of his head against the wall in a small thump. Based on what he saw earlier, that would be anywhere between 2-3 weeks, and he doesn't know if he'll be here that long. He still has no idea why he was captured in the first place.

Shouting and banging interrupted his musings. It could have been no longer than 6 hours since the boy left, and his stomach dropped in dread. Aizawa glared at the door as the shouting got louder and the banging got more violent. Between each shout, he heard something being dragged.

"Is this what you want huh? This is what you want? You have no idea, no idea, what they'll do when they find out. They'll find out, sooner or later they will *know*, and you'll be stuck in a cell yourself. They'll leave you, forgotten like trash, and you'd deserve it. Deserve it for not listening to us. Deserve it for not following the few rules we have."
The gruff voice is now in front of his door. Shadows from large stance feet can be seen from the small crack on the bottom of the door. He heard a set of keys jingle and heard the door unlock.

"But I'm going to save you. Nope, nope you don't get this back till after. You didn't learn from what happened a year ago, but your going to learn today. All. Heros. Are. The. Same." The door was then violently ripped open.

Standing in the door way was a tall man, no less than 7 feet tall, he had short white fur covering his body. Small beady eyes, with the right eye intersected by a scar, short torn up ears, and finally a snout.

'A mutant polar bear quirk then.' Aizawa thought as he glared at the man, 'My quirk would be useless against him in a fight.'
With his loud and equally large presence, he didn't initially notice what he was holding. In his left hand held a black mask by its straps as it swung back n forth. In his right hand, he gripped had the boy by his violet hair. The bear man lifted the boy up so he can make eye contact with him. The boy reached his scrawny arms to grip the top of the man's hand, struggling lightly.

"Your going to stay in here, with him, until I think you learned your lesson, do you you understand?" the man growled out. The boy immediately stilled.

"Good boy." The man then threw the child onto the cell floor, he gave the kid one last stern glare and exited the cell, locking it behind him.

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Silence permeated the room. The boy was curled up in a ball where he was thrown, with his back facing him.

“Hey kid,” Aizawa said softly. The child hunched his shoulders up to his ears, and heavy, quickened breathing interrupted the continuous silence.

“Are you hurt?” No response.

“Would you like some water? I got some left over from earlier.” The boy stiffened, and slowly turned his head to look at him and nodded. Aizawa took a sharp inhale when he saw his face. The kid no longer had the mask on, but it had left its damage. The kid had a ring of drying blood, outlining where the mask once rested. The child started curling up again as he noticed he was under scrutiny.

“Hey, it’s okay, why don’t you come over here? I’ll help clean you up and you can have some water.”

The boy pursed his lips, before nodding and heading towards the mattress.

“Here,” he hands the water to him, “take a drink before we clean you up.”

Small hands grab the water from him and takes a long drink before setting it aside. He gives Aizawa a hesitant look before he crawls on the bed next to him.
Aizawa slightly surprise by the action, turns to face him, with a disinfectant soaked cotton ball, looking at the marks on the child face. The line of blood was thin but bled more along the nose and tops of the cheek bones, being the main support in holding up the mask.

“This might sting a bit okay?” he murmured. He waited for the eventual nod in response before getting to work. As he cleaned the blood away, he started to notice the thin, faint scars the mask had previously created. It looked paper thin, perhaps a little thicker, small enough that it is hard to spot unless your looking for it. The kid eyes were shut, when Aizawa was finally finished, and seemed to be slowly nodding off during the motions.

“Let’s let it air out for a bit okay?” he asked, getting a tired nod in return.

“Can you tell me your name?” The kid jolted up and looked at Aizawa in alarm, any sleepiness wiped away, and started pulling away.

“It’s okay, it’s okay, you don’t have to tell me. How about I tell you mine? My names Aizawa Shouta.”

The kid’s eyebrow shot up even further. But it seemed to work, the kid slowly started unwinding.
Aizawa heard a quiet mumble come from the boy.

“Can you repeat that for me?” Aizawa encouraged.

“N-no ones told me their real name before.” The kid murmured hoarsly.
It was Aizawa’s turn to be in shock. Before he can recover and think of a reply, the boy did it for him.

“They just give me their code names. Like mine is Washer.” Came another mumbled response.

“Do you like to be called that?”
The boy shook his head scrunching up his face displeased. “Shinsou Hitoshi” Came the quick response. Looking startled at his own voice, the boy quickly slapped his hands over his mouth, looking terrified.

“That is a good name.”
Shinsou slowly pulled his hands away from his mouth and looked at him quizzingly.

“You don’t recognize my name.” Shinsou stated.

“Should I?”

Shinsou shrugged as a response and looked away. Sensing that Shinsou wouldn’t give up anything else, he changed the subject.

“How old are you Shinsou?” Aizawa questioned lightly.

Shinsou stilled, thinking for a moment, before proudly holding up 5 fingers puffing out his small chest..

“Wow you are big.” Aizawa declared, earning him a big smile and a nod in response.

“How long have you been here?”

Shinsou’s smile fell of his face, turning his face away he shrugged.

“Since the accident. It was a long time ago” came the mumbled reply.

Aizawa reached out and put his hand on top of Shinsou’s head. Not having any bad reaction, he started running his hands through the greasy hair. He felt the boy slowly relax under his touch, leaning into it. After a couple of minutes, the boy was putty in his hands, slouching completely against Aizawas side. Before he knew it, the boy was deep asleep against him. He carefully moved the boy so he was laying down using his lap as a makeshift pillow. He continues running his hand through the boy’s hair, getting rid of any tangles and knots as he went. Aizawa huffed and resolved to stay awake tonight. He doesn’t need to be completely vulnerable when he has the kid in here. He just hopes rescue comes through soon, he doesn’t want the kid here any longer than he has too.

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks for reading! please leave a kudos and/or comment! id love to hear what you guys think of it. Comments low key fuel me, and the comments from the last chapter definitely convinced me to continue this, and to update so quickly. Thanks again!

# Day 3

Chapter Summary

> Can't delay the inevitable, but at least he got some good information.

Chapter Notes

> Thank you all for the comments and kudos! And for those who encouraged me to keep writing! Ive always been if-y on my writing, got told my writings boring and awful. So your comments really do mean the world to me.
> So a quick update, mostly because i saw a bunch of cute dadzawa pics, and thats a sure fire way to get me inspired. So if you want a quick update, sending me some pics would do the trick.
>
> Oh, own none of the characters but the villian OC's. and i hope their quirks r original? Havent seen/heard of some that were similar? but who knows. (lol probably not the polar bear, def not the polar bear, hes not very creative, but the others i do hope, only one is introduced this chapter thou)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was exhausted from staying on high alert all night. He's used to going nights with little to no sleep, with the odd hours he does for hero work, insomnia, and managing a class. His experience offered little help. As the night progressed, he felt his nerves increasingly fray. Hours passed waiting for the inevitable return of the man. He felt like an exposed nerve, causing him to stiffen at every new sound. The few false starts he had tonight, happened when he heard rodents as they fought or scuttled fight around in the hall. He knew there was nothing he can do about the situation, sooner or later Shinsou will be taken back. However, he wanted them both awake when it does happen and that means he must be awake and alert to hear them coming.

Shinsou was still sleeping curled up beside him on the bed, head resting and drooling on his uninjured leg. The weight of him turned his leg numb a long time ago. Brushing Shinsou's hair away from his face, he fixated on the cuts around the child's face. Scabs had formed over the cuts overnight, at the rate they were healing, they should be fully healed within the week if lefted alone. Shinsou wrinkled his nose, batting Aizawa's hand away, then rolling over to press his face

against Aizawa's leg. Aizawa snorted in amusement at the action. The amusement was quickly killed, replaced with the sense of dread when he heard the sound of heavy boots draw near.
Aizawa gently shook Shinsou's shoulder waking him up. Confused tired eyes slowly widen in alarm as the kid became more aware. Shinsou sat up on heels looking at the door, terror in his eyes. He watched the kid roll off the bed and sprinted across the room. Shinsou sat down, arms wrapped around his legs, gnawing on his lip as he kept his eyes on the door.

Aizawa drew his eyes away from the kid to the door when he heard telltale sign of keys. Even with the loud creak the door let loose when it was opened, he still heard Shinsou take in a sharp startled breath. In the door way, wasn't just the man he expected, but another man had accompanied him. This man was a lot smaller than the massive bear quirked man, in fact this guy was probably a head shorter than himself. He had jagged dark brown hair that reached just past his nose, covering his eyes from view. He wore a red long sleeve that is a darker red, almost brown, around the wrist and a pair of navy jeans. The man held his hands in front of his disturbingly large smile in mock of a prayer pose.

"Alright kid, you're coming with me. Let's go get your mask." The bear man gruffed out, opening the door wider as Shinsou clambered up from the corner and hastily went to him. The bear man put his hand behind the back of Shinsous head, directing him out into the hallway. The man turned his head to look at the smaller man as he followed the kid out the door.

"Oh Bear, why don't you leave him with me also? We'd have such a sweet time." The guy purred as he watched them leave.

"Remember, the boss needs him alive Punch. And he means alive, not bleeding out, not dying, but alive." The Bear warned, completely ignoring the comment.

Aizawa sent a look at the man called Punch. It was obviously a codename and probably had something to do with the guys quirk, seeing as they named the guy with a bear augmentation Bear. Strength enhancement perhaps?

"How about only slightly dying?" The man questioned staring intently at Aizawa, startling him out of his thoughts.

"As long as he makes it until the exchange I don't care what you do.

They don't expect the goods to be completely undamaged. Do you want the door opened or closed?"

"Ooooo, a choice, but I would like the door closed for this."
The door slowly creaked shut, trapping him in with the excited man.

"So Eraserhead, do you know why you are here?" Punch asked as he stalked closer to the bed with the grin still in place. Aizawa sent him a glare in return.

"Oh, are you not curious? You must be. Underground heroes are all information dependent right? You guys are the ones that take down the shadier businesses, not just waiting for some fight to break out." The guy mused, finally stopping a foot from where Aizawa sat. Not waiting for a response from Aizawa, he continued.

"Oh, I'll just tell you. I'm not a fan of cat and mouse games, you see. And isn't any villain worth their salt talk about their master plan right in front of the hero? Of course, it doesn't work out all the time, but how much more satisfying would it be that you *knew* our plan but still weren't able to stop it?" the man monologed cheerfully. He reached in his back pocket and pulled out a simple pocket knife and twirled it between his fingers.

"Its quite simple really. We need money and status, and you are our one-way ticket. There was a call for assistance to all villains from the villain alliance, that they needed people with useful quirks. After some investigation, we know that every time a person with a good enough quirk that gets accepted, they never back out alive. We have an informant that noticed that a lot of people traded in regular civilians. Just everyday people, no way could they be villains. Any one expendable was traded in, so why can't we do the same? We heard you were able to foil one of their plans, causing their boss to royally hate you. It's an easy two in one, we trade in you, who they hate *and* has a useful quirk, for membership in their little club." He rambled cheerfully, watching Aizawa's face carefully.

Aizawa kept his face purposely blank as he listened, taking mental notes and stashing away useful information for later. Once he's escapes, he needs to inform someone of the possible string of missing persons. They need all the information they can get if anyone's going to stop this. Why would the alliance want people with useful quirks just to kill them?
The man crouched so he's at Aizawa's level, grin somehow spreading even more, regaining Aizawa's attention.

“You are one lucky man, Eraserhead. I was told that the boss met with one of the alliance members and they are *very* interested in you. The trade is set in a weeks’ time, but until then, you are with us!” Punched cheered, “What makes you even luckier, is that Boss told me I’m not allowed to use my quirk on you. Sadly, I’m only allowed to use this knife.” Aizawa eyed the now waving knife, warily.

“Then again, your quirk would be able work on me. And I don’t want to blind fold you, that’s no fun.” The man grumbled to himself. Punch reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a key with a couple of zip ties.

“Now, I know you hero types, but I gotta ask, would you let me tighten up those chains a just bit and tie up your ankles?” The man asked sickly sweet. He gave back a deadpanned look.

Sighing the man stood up and reached in his pocket pulling out some sort of metal. He held it up, twisting his wrist side to side giving Aizawa a good look. The material was about the size of a napkin and 1 inch thick the pro hero noticed.

“This is titanium. Its normally a very long process to cut titanium and a fair amount of force. I’m going to give you a nice little demonstration of my quirk, and hopefully you’ll reconsider your answer.” Punch said holding the piece, so it was vertically upright. Aizawa watched as the man brought his hand around to the front of the material giving him a clear view of his pointer finger touching the center of the sample. Punch dragged his finger upward slowly outlining in a circle, as soon as the invisible lines connected, the material inside disappeared.

“My quirk is hole punch, its pretty much exactly what you saw. Using my fingers, anytime I draw a circle the inside of it disappears, much like a hole puncher. Doesn’t matter how big the circle I create, how thick it is, nor what material. And that includes organic matter.” Punch explained, “Now, I recommend letting me tie you up, or I can just hole punch your legs away. We can do it piece by piece if you like. I’ve done it that way before, it’s quite messy, but for you I wouldn’t mind. What’s your choice Mr. Pro Hero?”

Aizawa continued giving the man the best glare he can manage, while he considered his options. He didn’t really need too much time, it took him less than thirty seconds to decide. It was a matter of pride versus rationality. If he can’t walk, he can’t escape, and that’s assuming he survived the procedure. He would likely die from blood loss or shock

before the day was over, if he let the guy use his quirk on him. And he can't die in this piss hole of a place. Can't leave a kid here, can't leave his students, and definitely can't go up and die on Hizashi.

The dark-haired man stood in front of him holding up the ties with one hand, the titanium in the other, smile slowly increasing as the seconds ticked by. He cheered when Aizawa nodded his head towards the ties.

"Excellent choice if I do say so myself. Makes my job easier. Disappointing that you won't be experiencing the best I can offer." The guy chatted, stashing the metal in his pocket as decreased the distance between them. "Move over to the side of the bed, just below the chains please."
Aizawa sent a small glare and did as he was told. He slowly inched his way to the side and lowered himself back onto the ground, leg throbbing in pain along the way.

"Thank you, it would have been a pain to force you to do that. Now this save us some time!" Punch proclaimed as he reached over Aizawa's head to the keyhole. He heard the annoyingly loud clicks as the man turned the key. Slowly the chains shortened, making his arms lift above his head. The pain in his ribs increased as it protested from being stretched out. Once his wrists were pressed firmly against the wall, the man moved away, replacing the key with the zip ties.

"Legs together please." Punch said, motioning towards Aizawa's lower half. Putting up no fight, Aizawa moved his left leg to meet his right, not wanting to move it any more than necessary.

Punched then zip tied each ankle individually, connecting the two loops together with a third. Punch let out a low whistle when he was done.

"Wow, Bear did a number on your leg huh?" Punched said eyeing the leg in mention. Suddenly, Punch clapped his hands together, startling Aizawa.

"Shall we get started? I think I'll work my way up."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please leave a comment and/or kudos! i really appreciate them! you can find me on my tumblr under the same name of my username here, come n say hello if youd like!

# Day3? day 4?

Chapter Summary

A fun time with Punch.

Chapter Notes

Back again! couldnt leave ya on a cliffer for long. Changed my username again, sorry :( also my tumblr has changed because my email got hacked and i didnt want to deal with it, You can find it under ColdandHotSoba.tumblr.com

Thanks again for all the comments!! It truly motivates me, and i really really really appreciate them! Any feedback on the chapter is really really appreciated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Punch gave him an fond smile as he got up and sat on Aizawa's ankles. He leaned forward, pressing the tip of the knife below his ear dragging it down, outlining his jaw. He was so close Aizawa can smell the sake on his stale breathe. He pressed his head back against the wall as the guy bent forward to whisper in his ear.

"Am I your first Eraser sensei? Don't be too worried, I'll go slow for you." The guy breathed in his ear, pressing the knife harder underneath his chin. "Silent did say you have to be in one piece, I'll be extra gentle. Our time may be short, but we still have a couple of nights left together."

Punch moved away without warning, sitting back on his ankles. He brought up the knife tapping it against his face in thought.

"Well, Silent only let me play with you so that you wouldn't be able to escape, and I did promise I'll work my way up. So, the feet it is!" He concluded cheerfully. He turned so his back was facing Aizawa, pressing his knees together to secure the hero's ankles together. Punch slid off Aizawa's boots and socks, one hand holding onto his left ankle, the other holding the knife. Moving his hand up, he gripped Aizawa's foot tightly. Pressing the knife against his heel hard enough for blood to bead at the tip. He let out a soft laugh as he sinks the knife deeper, dragging it upward, slicing the foot. Letting out an amused hum, when he heard Aizawa exhale harshly. He let go of the foot and switched to the other. Punch repeated the procedure with remaining foot, slower

and more drawn out than the last. After examining his handy work, Punch sat back on his ankles throwing a smile over his shoulder.

“We can’t have you running off, now can we? Now comes the fun part.” He said, his voice brimming with excitement. Turning back around to examine Aizawa’s left leg, letting out a small hum, deep in thought. He brought the knife up to the top of Aizawa’s thigh. Cutting long vertical slits on the already tattered remains of pant legs, exposing both legs. He rips off the remaining bandages on Aizawa’s left leg, exposing the healing wound.

“Not as bad as I thought.” Punch mused, poking the wound with the knife. “The kid must be decently good, seeing how it’s not infected. We only let him down here because you took over his room. Well, we also needed him out of the way while company was over. Wash wasn’t supposed to give you his lunch though, we wanted to weaken you up, starve you a bit. But that’s okay, it just gave me an excuse to play with you while Bear deals with him.”

Punch made eye contact with Aizawa, giving him a sickly-sweet smile as he dug his thumb into the wound. Aizawa gritted his teeth, inhaling sharply at the sudden pain, a small growl passed his lips. Punch let out a small squeal at the sound, pressing harder. Aizawa twisted his body in attempting to dislodge the finger, sending a glare in the man’s direction.

“Oh, I’m loving that spunk Eraser.” He groaned. “Let’s see how long that lasts.” Removing his finger, he replaces it with the knife.

“I took a biology class once, we got to dissect cats.” he mused as he pushed the knife into the wound. Aizawa heard his teeth let out a long creak as he grinded them together at the intrusion.

“We had to skin a preserved dead cat, so we can examine the muscles. I was quite good at it, very neat.” He lectured as he moved the knife under the skin. “Unfortunately, it wasn’t very satisfying. Very little blood. As I moved the cat’s leg to watch the way the muscles contract, it only brought a sense of disappointment. I wanted them to move on their own you see, get to see them on their own accord. More natural.”

He pulled the knife up cutting the skin, tearing the skin with ease as he moved the blade across the skin.

“I’m very thankful for this opportunity Eraser. You are in very good hands.”

---

He came to the feeling of small hands rapidly patting his cheeks and the sound of soft sobbing. His eyes felt heavier than he ever felt them, any attempt to drift back to sleep was foiled by the constant patting on his face.

His lips parched, and his mouth tasted like bile. The throbbing pain in his leg was becoming more prominent and insistent as he woke. Gritting his teeth, he tried to move his legs, except they wouldn't move, a small weight pressing down against them. Panting, he pried his eyes open and came face to face with Shinsou.

He was sitting on Aizawa's lap, with his hands on the pro's face. He was opening sobbing, tears and snot leaving trails down his dirty and bruised face. When he made eye contact with Aizawa, he started sobbing harder.

"I-I th-thought y-you d-died." Shinsou bawled, shoving his face into Aizawa's neck. "T-there was so much bl-blood. I tried m-my best w-with y-our leg. I loosened up the chains, but n-no m-matter what I did, you wouldn't wake up."

Aizawa brought his hands up, running them up and down Shinsou's back as the kid cried. Taking the chance to examine the room,and looking at the state of his injuries.
He noticed that his thigh was sloppily bandaged thanks to Shinsou, and his legs were surrounded with more blood than what he was comfortable with. He also smelt more than he saw, the bile that was splattered next to them mixing in with a puddle of blood. Wrinkling his nose at the sight, he tried to remember what had happened. The last thing he remembers is Punch humming 'You are My Sunshine' and pulling up a large flap of skin. 'That would do it.' Aizawa thought bitterly as he held the kid tighter.

"I'm going to get you out of here." The kid hiccupped.

"You don't have to do that kid. It's not your job."

Shinsou shook his head, rubbing his nose along his neck, effectively wiping the snot onto him.

“Only villains should be here. That’s rule number two.”

“Then why are you here?”

“Because I’m a villain.” he whispered quietly.

“Who told you that?” Aizawa whispered back.

“A hero.” Shinsou bantered back sharply, “A hero was first, then Bear, Punch, and Silent. That’s the only reason I’m here. I’m a villain.”

“Why would they call you a villain?”
Shinsou stiffened at the question, pressing his face further into his neck letting out a quiet sob.

“I killed my parents.”

Chapter End Notes

ya sorry, left you on a small cliff hanger.
please leave a comment/kudos, any feedback would be lovely!
even a keysmash is appreciated.
Hope you guys have a good day/night!

# day 4? day5? they all run together

Chapter Summary

Hitoshi's background!

Chapter Notes

Sorry! this chapter's a bit of an info dump. I'm so glad i made Punch a chatter box, if i didn't, i would have no idea how i would do this. Thank you past me. It's weird going from writing some goofy fluff in my other fic to this. a little bit of a shock. Anyways,

I would like to thank everyone for their kudos and especially the comments! And i hope yall enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He froze, processing what was just said. He felt Shinsou make a move to pull away, he placed his hand behind the boy's back keeping him in place. The boy squirmed in a short protest before relenting and relaxed against him.

"I don't believe you." Aizawa muttered.

"What?" Shinsou asks startled.

"I don't believe that you killed anyone."

Shinsou pushed up against Aizawa's arms and looked at him with an angry pout.

"I did!" Shinsou muttered angrily, smacking his hands against Aizawa's chest in emphasis.

"How then?" Aizawa argued back.

"Used my quirk." Shinsou mumbled.

"You used your quirk." He mumbled more to himself than to the kid.

"That's what I said!" Shinsou snarled.

"How?"

Shinsou went still in his lap. He turned his head to the side, biting his

lip in thought. Shinsou's eyebrows started to become more and more furrowed as the seconds ticked by.
Finally reaching to some conclusion, he let out a small sigh and looked at Aizawa.

"I told them to leave me and go."

Aizawa gave him a puzzled look. Shinsou's face pinch in distress, his eyes starting to water.

"I used my quirk on them. I-I told them to leave. I didn't want to g-go to the s-store with th-them. And when they didn't do anything, I told them to keep going straight. Th-they never c-came back." Shinsou choked out, tears slowly spilling down his cheeks. "T-two days later, a cop came. H-he said they were gone. Th-they died that day."

"Doesn't sound like your fault." Aizawa said gently.

Shinsou shakes his head back and forth repeatedly, "I told them to go, to keep walking. I heard a hero at the police station say to cop that they saw them walk straight into traffic. That they were under a quirk, people tried pulling them to safety, but they kept walking. The hero came to me saying that'd he will do everything to hunt down the villain for me. But *I'm* the villain. So, I left."

"It sounds like an accident Shinsou. Was that the first time you used your quirk?" The kid nodded, sending out a choked sob.

"I didn't even know I *had*a quirk." Shinsou confessed fidgeting with Aizawa's suit in his hands. He pulled the kid into a hug, he gently started combing his hands through
Shinsou's hair as the kid started to bawl against him.

"How did you end up here?" Aizawa asked softly once the sobbing turned into the occasional sniffle.

"Silent found me. He said the heroes were after me." A tired voice mumbled against his shirt. "He said he'd keep me safe from them, I just had to listen to him. I don't have to do much with my quirk, they don't really like me talking anyways. Mostly I just get people to forget about this place and go home."
Before Aizawa can ask another question, the door slammed open with a bang and a cheerful voice sounded out.

"Eeeeerrrasseeer! Another day, another you! You ready to make some new memories-oh." The voice cut off.

Aizawa felt Shinsou tense up against him as he looked up at the new occupants. Punch was standing just inside the door way, his raised hand that was holding a thick metal plier, started to slowly sink down against his side. Punch's face contorted in anger, his eyes trained on Shinsou. What worried Aizawa the most was the man behind Punch. He was about Aizawa's height but was built incredibly stocky and athletic. His dark navy-blue hair was shaved finely against his skull and his dark black eyes were looking straight at Aizawa.

"You are not supposed to be here. Silent, tell him he's not suppose to be here." Punch whined, tearing his eyes away from Shinsou to face the new comer.

"Quiet."

"But boss, he's supposed to be with Bear. He needs to be punished." Punch complained

"I said Quiet."

The room went black. Wait, no. Everything is gone. Aizawa can't see or hear anything. He can't even hear his own sped up breathing. Is heart started to pound in his ears as time went on. He felt the temperature around him drop and Shinsou shivering against him. He can't feel the wall behind him or the floor underneath him. It felt as if he was floating in nothing.

As soon as it came, it was gone. Feeling a bit whiplashed, Aizawa looked around and noticed they were still in the cell. None of them had moved. Shinsou was still shivering in his lap, and both adults were still in the same position.

"You didn't have to do that Silent." Punch pouted.

"You wouldn't stop." Silent retorted." Wash get over here."

Shinsou wiggled out of his arms, getting up and walking towards Silent. Aizawa watched him go reluctantly, rationally he knew that he can't help the kid, however he still didn't want him to leave to go with that man. Silent crouched down and made eye contact with the fidgeting boy as he approached cautiously.

"You know he's a hero right. He's even a pro hero." Silent said once the boy was close enough. Shinsou shook his head.

"Your lying. He's not a pro. I've never seen him on TV. Heroes are

always on TV" Shinsou pointed out, "He doesn't even have a costume or a mask. You can't be a hero without a costume."

"He is a pro hero. He's just an underground pro hero. They don't go on TV. And he *is* wearing his costume, we did take away his accessories, so I can see how you'd be confused." Silent explained, amusement clear in his voice.

Shinsou turned and gave Aizawa a bewildered look. "I thought he was wearing his PJ's."

Silent let out a chuckle, patting the boy on the head. Silent sent a smirk in Aizawa's direction before refocusing on Shinsou.

"Like all heroes, they don't like people with quirks like us. Underground heroes tend to do the dirty work of the hero world. Like hunt down villains that escaped. Come on kid, you're coming with me. Let's go before Punch gets impatient." Silent stood up and held out his hand for Shinsou to hold.

Aizawa bit his tongue to stop himself from responding. He doesn't want his words twisted against him, causing more damage than necessary.
Shinso took the Silent's hand warily and followed Silent out the cell. Before the door was shut, Shinsou looked over his shoulder and gave Aizawa a small pained look.

"Well, that was informative." Punch voiced after the silence permeated in the cell. Aizawa reluctantly tore his eyes away from the door, focusing on the other. Punch was only a foot away creeping closer as the discussion was being held, twirling pliers with one hand.

"You know the drill, no funny business or you get to experience my quirk." He said looking at Aizawa's loose chains. "Wouldn't that be fun? Two quirks use on you in one day! I'm not a giant fan of Silent's quirk, it's not too fun being used on. I always feel like I just got dropped into the void. But it is fun watching other people get affected. Mix bag of reactions. Sometimes they cry, most of the time they run around like their heads were cut off. Maybe I'll get to see you react to it one day." He rambled.
Punch paused suddenly, a frown forming on his face as he looked at Aizawa intensely.

"I was just going to work on your feet today. Just to make sure everything is going well. Silent only wanted me here for a couple of minutes. That's why he was here, to make sure I don't take it too long.

However, with that little surprise we walked in on. Looks like a change of plans" Punch explained. Crouching, he brought the pliers inches from Aizawa's face.

"This beauty was going to take your toes to the market. But I think I'm going to work on your hands instead. Afterall, you need to learn how to keep your hands to yourself." Punch chirped. "We can make this fun for you also! That way you're having as just as much fun as I am! It's obvious your curious about the kid. The longer you last, the more I'll say about the kid. The twist is, for every finger you can't handle, I will do it to the kid." Punch offered, excitement clear in his voice. Before Aizawa could processes what was said, punch was sitting in his lap, grabbing his left hand.

"Now, let's see. Where shall we start. Let's start with the thumb yeah?" Punch gripped his thumb, bringing the pliers up at the tip of his thumb, pressing the pliers to clamp down. Aizawa grunted at the pain, barely stopping himself from pulling away.

"It was quite easy, getting the kid in here. There was a missing poster for Wash in the station. We didn't even have to lie to him. Heroes were looking for him after he ran out the station, we just did some slight changes on why." Punch said, as he moved down the thumb to the joint, pressing down the clamp until he heard a pop. He let out a pleased noise at the sound.

"Created such a ruckus. Understandably. The kid brainwashed his way out the station, freaked out the coppers out, even brainwashed a hero. They had no idea the kid could do that, I'm wouldn't be surprised if they still haven't realized what had happened." Punched moved onto the pointer finger, pressing down on each joint with the pliers. Aizawa grinded his teeth, keeping himself from yanking his hand away, sending the man a dirty look. All it got him was a smile in return and his middle finger pressed between two pieces of metal.

"Silent pieced it together pretty quickly. Imagine, a quirk that is powerful enough to brainwash heroes. All the possibilities. Silent also figured out how Wash's quirk works, that Wash needs his victims to answer his question for it to work." Another squeeze, another crack. "We used him a couple of times with heroes. Especially when we're escaping. Just point those big wide eyes at them, and heroes melt underneath it like butter on a hot pan. How can you not answer a kid so small? Gives out a little 'Can you help me?' with his doe eyes, and they trip over themselves to help."

Punch gripped the ring finger, inspecting it before setting the clamps on them. “Not married Eraser? Such a shame really. You’re excellent fun.” He mused as he set back to work.

“It was surprisingly easy to convince the kid to help us out on jobs. Sure, it took a bit of work he refused in the beginning. Rewarding him with food was a great way to convince him. It was much harder to convince our partners, they are nervous around quirks like his. Then wham bam the muzzle was made. Bear thought of it, even made it. Kind of ironic seeing what his quirk is. But it worked, kept the clients and partners satisfied, and Silent was happy he didn’t have to listen to the kid. “

When Punch finished with the pinky finger, he paused, tilting his head to the side as he inspected the outcome of his efforts. The joints were mangled and bent in awkward angles, bleeding and puffy, bruises slowly forming. Aizawa was breathing heavily though his nose, body shaking from adrenaline leaving his body. Punch put the pliers down off to the side sighing.

“That’s all I have to say on the little shit unfortunately, I guess our game is done. Well, besides his name I guess. Washer is just short for brain washer. Easier to remember than what ever his actual name is.” Punch shrugged, dropping Aizawa’s hand. Punch pulled out a knife seemingly out from nowhere. Punch griped Aizawa by the chin roughly, forcing him to make eye contact.

“Everything I’ve said is between you and me, okay Eraser? If you tell anyone, that I was the one who told you. I will cut your tongue out of your mouth with a dull plastic knife and make you eat it.” Punch growled out. Punch searched his eyes, apparently finding what he was looking for, a smile grew back on his face and letting go of Aizawa.

“Now, let’s get back to business. I would love to see how the tendons move in the hand.” His voice sing-songed, echoing around the room, causing Aizawa’s stomach to drop.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Any comments on what you thought of this chapter/fic is greatly appreciated!
Its blatantly apparent that i love the ever loving shiz outt of dadzawa, if it wasnt clear earlier, its def clear now. If all goes according to plan, the next chapter(s) will be more interesting!
Thinkin of doin a small one shot of Shinsou getting his quirk in

this AU, well more description of what happened. Let me know if anyone is interested! Comments High key fuel me into writting more. So let me know what yall think!
You can find me on tumblr at coldandhotsoba! It's a bnha tumblr, but i do updates on this fic and my other's on it also. Thanks so much for reading! have a lovely day/night!

# The call

Chapter Summary

Shinsou manage to fulfill his promise.

Chapter Notes

So super duper long chapter..Well the longest one ive done. I could have separated this into two or three parts, each ending on a slight cliff hanger, but I got into the zone in writing, and decided why the heck not post it all at once.
Id like to thank everyone who left comments! i really appreciate them! like alot! You guys rock! I Also appreciate all the Kudos! You can find me on tumblr at ColdandHotSoba! i also do potential plots/ideas about this fic and my other fic (less angst y one, more of a fun one) Also do updates there also.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The weekdays are the worst for him. Even though Shouta's gone, doesn't mean that he can neglect his students. He managed to take three days off from his teaching job, but with Shouta and him gone, the staff can't handle it. He took over Shouta's classes along side his, better to keep his hands and his mind busy. He does trust the other teachers to handle Shouta's class, but he should be the one to handle it. It is his fault that he's been missing so long.
The weeknights weren't any better. He had left his radio station on, letting an intern work his shift. She didn't question it when he said he had to take leave the station for a while.
He spent his nights looking for any clues that they might have missed. He should have known something was wrong. Aizawa usually returns by the time he wakes up, but the bed was cold and empty. He presumed Shouta got held up at the station. He might have fallen asleep in the hallway or the balcony, too tired to make it all the way inside.

*"Present Mic?"*

He had called Shouta's phone, but it went to straight to voicemail. Nothing out of the ordinary, Shouta broke his phone regularly on patrol. He'd fall onto it, a quirk affected it, it got smashed, or it got into the gutter. He broke his burner phones at least once a month.
He waited an hour before he went to look for him. An hour. That hour

could have changed everything.
He followed the underground hero's route that Shouta texted him the night before. He started off walking, but the more he followed it, the more panicked he became. This was one of Shouta's shorter routes, and he was halfway done with the route and no sign of him. He remembers sprinting the rest of the route. He looked down every tunnel, every alley, every crook, every balcony, but nothing.

*"Present Mic? Sir?"*

He only found the alley because he missed a jump and landed on some trashcans bellow. That's where he saw it, the snapped in half yellow goggles surrounded in a large pool of blood. They were laying underneath a body shaped crushed outline on the brick wall. He barely remembers calling Nemuri for back up or the arrival of the police. His eyes were focused on the goggles covered in slowly drying blood. It couldn't have been more than an hour and a half old.
He's too late *again*. First he was too late at USJ and now this. Shouta had tried to rationalize to him about USJ, he had classes and had no way to know. But this. This was all on him. If he didn't wait an hour to go find him. If he didn't convince himself that he's fine, he just held up. He could have started running sooner, if he had ran faster. This wouldn't have happened. Shouta wouldn't be missing.

*"Hello? Are you okay?"*

As the day's piled on, the more questions he got from class 1-A. He couldn't lie to them, they'd know in an instant. So, he told them the truth. The teachers at UA knew, the police knew, might as well have Shouta's students know.
As the day's dragged on, one day became two, two to three, three to four, now its eight. The more people were convinced that they're not going to find him. That they were now looking for a body. He almost got into a fist fight when it was first brought up around him. The only thing that stopped him was Nemuri's hand resting gently on his elbow and her calming voice. Promising that they'd find him alive.

The students were the only ones that didn't seem to lose hope, in fact it looked like Midoriya has only a little more sleep than he's been getting. He couldn't bring himself to tell the kid to stay out of it, any clue the kid might dig up, any help they can use to find him, he'd take it.

Yamada jolted out of his thoughts when he felt a hand touch his arm. Looking away from the clock he zoned out on, he noticed Midoriya

right in front of him. Yamada gave himself a second to ground himself. He felt all the sleepless nights finally catching up to him. His mind wandering away more than normal, but he found music helps. Helps him become more aware, so he has his station constantly playing when he's not actively teaching. He listened to the music that was playing softly for a second. He focused his attention back on the student.

"Why hello there young listener, do you need help with something?" Yamada asks, when Midoriya gave no indication that he would initiate the conversation.

"Um, no." Midoriya mumbled rubbing his hands together nervously. "Wait, uhh yes! Yes! I do have a question. Um my question is, uhhh, um. Oh! When's the next test?"

Yamada gave him an unconvinced look. "It won't be for a couple of week's young listener."

Midoriya nodded his head mumbling a small thanks as he slinked back to his seat. The whole class was oddly focused on Yamada. Feeling a bit unnerved, he waved his hands dismissively at the class. Waiting until all the students returned to their work, Yamada leaned back and listening to his stations show.

The station were currently taking in calls, most of them were song requests for loved ones, or a question's about working at the station. But he paused when he heard a kid's voice, children rarely call at this time, most should be in school at this time.

*"Um hello?" A small voice asked, muffled as if he was pressing his hands over the receiver*

*"Hello little listener, you are on Put Your Hands Up Radio!"* his intern Hana responded.

*"I have a guy here in the shop, he's not supposed to be here."*

Yamada paused, leaning forward he turned the station louder.

*"Are you in trouble? You should hang up and call the police."* Hana's voice was respectively calm.

*"No. He is. This is a hero's show right?"*

*"Ye-"*

*“The loud one.”*

*“Ye-“*

*“This guy shouldn’t be in the shop. He’s a hero too.”*

Yamada felt his heart stop. This couldn’t be.

*“Why do you think the guys a hero?”* curiosity filling Hana’s voice.

*“He has a costume. It doesn’t look like a costume. It looks like Pajamas.”*

Yamada felt himself blanche, staring in shock at the radio.

*“Well, that’s an interesting costume. Where are you?”*

*“In the candy shop by the red light district.”*

Yamada jumped up from his seat, pulling out his phone calling Nemuri. He spared a glance at the students, their wide eyes were focused on the station, Midoriya was standing up as if he was going to go run to the shop himself.

“You all stay here. Stay here. You understand?” Yamada barked as he waited for Nemuri to pick up her phone. “Class gets out soon. Go straight home. Straight home. This is serious, stay out of it.”

He got a few nods from the class, but he couldn’t spare anymore time with them. He won’t be late again. If they heard it, so did everyone else, villains and civilians alike. He ran out the door in search of some back up. He wasn’t going to fail again.

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Aizawa’s breath came out in ragged gasps, hands twitching in pain and the loss of adrenalin. It’s unnerving on how used he is to waking up in pain, getting slightly easier each
time. Either he’s getting use to it, or his body is preventing him from feeling it all. He’s not sure which one he would prefer.

He rolls his head at the door when he hears it squeak open. He listens as small steps stumble in, slowly making their way towards him. He also hears what sounds like something being dragged along the dusty floor. He manages to open his eyes half way, to watch as Shinsou dumped white fabric on him.

He felt Shinsou's small hands grab and free his wrists from beneath the folds of fabric. Luckily, his right hand was already bandaged, he wouldn't want the kid to see the outcome of Punch's fun.
Unfortunately, his left hand was still a mangled mess and uncovered. Shinsou barely paid any heed to the state of his hands, taking out a small key and fiddling with the cuffs.

"Help is coming." The kid whispered as he fumbled with the key. "I called a hero."

"How did you call a hero?" Aizawa slurred.

"I took Bear's phone and called the hero's phone number." Shinsou replied like it was obvious.

Aizawa let out a soft snort at the response. "How did you get their phone number?"

Shinsou let out a quiet cheer as he finally managed to get off one cuff and moved on to the other.

"He gives it out. He has a radio. He's really loud about people calling."

*Hizashi*

Shouta felt the last cuff fall away with a small click.

"I got you your scarf thing. Bear said you had it before, I just had to take it from his room." Shinsou said pulling the chains away from Aizawa, tossing them aside.

"Thanks kid." He mumbled running his hands over the scarf. "When they come, stay with me okay? We're getting out of here."
The kid gave him a bewildered look in return.

"I can't."

"Yes, you can." Aizawa shot back.

He sat there staring at Aizawa like he grew four heads. He stared for a couple of moments before standing up. Backing up to the corner across the room, rapidly shaking his head.

"I *can't.*" waving his arms around, like it would give more of an explanation.
Aizawa opened his mouth to retort, when an explosion shook the room, dust falling from the crumbling ceiling.

“Kid, get over here.”

“I can’t. Silent says if heroes ever come, I have to stay here. They will be mad if they don’t find me here. Punch said he will get me when it’s safe.”

The boy leaned against the wall, sliding down until he was sitting. Resting his chin on his drawn-up knee’s, arms wrapped around tight. Eyes focused on the opened door.

“Your safer away from them.” Aizawa muttered tiredly.

Shinsou didn’t respond, too focused on the only door. The boy is sitting just out of direct eyesight, last to be seen if anyone dangerous entered. Reluctantly, he let the kid be. The kid's spot calmed down Aizawa’s frazzled nerves, he doesn’t want the kid to get between him and any of the other residents here. When or if a hero manages to come down here, he’ll make sure they’ll take the kid before him.

They sat in silence, listening to the occasional explosion, watching the dust settle. Aizawa tried to keep himself awake, but it was getting harder as the minutes passed by. Zoning out, he watched his bandages in his hand slowly turn a dark red as the blood soaked through. He’s sure his leg isn’t so different, perhaps worse.

A loud yell brought him back to the awareness. Only one person, has a quirk like that. He felt his heart beat faster, turning his half-lidded gaze on the door. Not two minutes passed, before a familiar figure stood in the door way.

“SHOUTA!” Hizashi cried out, rushing towards him. He dropped onto his knees besides Aizawa, hands hovering over him.

“Hey ‘zashi” he mumbled, watching Hizashi’s look of relief turn into horror.

“Let’s get you out of here.” Hizashi said, looking for a spot to place his hands. “They’re still fighting outside. There’s a lot of traps up there, looks like they were prepared for something like this. Even have gas masks, first time in a while Nemuri has to focus on hand to hand.”

“ ‘zashi, ta-“

“Im going to pick you up now okay? Don’t try to move too much.”

“Hizashi, take the kid first.”

“What kid-oh.” Hizashi had turned to picked up the ends of the scarf when he finally saw the child in the corner. He sent Aizawa a quick look before approaching the boy.

“Hizashi, don’t-“

“I got this Shouta, don’t worry.” Hizashi cut off.

“Not that, don’t-“

“Hey, why don’t we get you out of here?” Hizashi asked softly, holding his hand out to the balled-up kid.

“Are you a hero?” came a soft voice from the bundle.

“Don’t-“

“Ye-“ came Yamada’s cut off reply.

“-answer him.” Aizawa sighed.

The once animated man now stands frozen like a statue, joints locked in place. Shinsou uncurled unhurriedly from his position hesitantly, eyes focused on the voice hero.

“I promised I’d help you escape.” The quite voice echoed the room.

“You can do that and come with. You don’t have to stay here.” Aizawa slurred.
Ignoring Aizawa’s comment, the boy stood up getting bolder the longer Yamada didn’t move.

“Pick him up and take him to safety.” The boy whispered, pointing a finger at Aizawa.

Aizawa felt his heartbeat in his ears as the blood rushed to them. He tried to think, but his mind was foggy. Trying to shake it off, he had to think. He had one shot to use Erasure. He had enough energy to use it for one second. It should be enough to break it the mind washing. But who does he use it on? He shot his eyes between Shinsou and a slowly approaching Hizashi. It all depends on how Shinsou quirk works. He felt Hizashi’s hands grip beneath his knees and under his arms. Panicking, he active his quirk on Hizashi. The vacant eyes remained.

“’zashi, snap out of it.” He murmured as Hizashi picked him up, walking out the door. He tried to hit him to literally knock some sense into him, but it only came out as a weak tap.

The feeling of relief of finally being out of the room was overwhelmed by panic. He tried to get one last look of Shinsou, but Hizashi's body was blocking him.

"Hitoshi, Hitoshi, stop this. Just come with us." He mumbled as he was carried down the hall. As they were going up the stairs at the end of the hall, he heard the tell-tale sign of the cell door being closed.
---

Aizawa leaned into Hizashi, too tired to put up anymore of a fight. He was being carried sluggishly up a set of stairs and out front.

He let out a slightly hysterical laugh when he looked around the store they just walked into. He was trapped in a damn candy store. He was tortured beneath this colorful mess. The whole place looked like a child's dream. His laughing increased in pitch when he recognized the mascot printed on the boxes and bags of candy. On every cover and flat surface, was a logo that said Happy Candies, and beneath the lettering was none other than Bear's face slapped on it. Snorting, he pressed the side of his face against Hizashi's shirt as they reached the entrance.

Aizawa took in the scene as Hizashi carried him out. The three fully battle equipped villains were currently fighting Midnight and Cementoss. Aizawa heard a shot echo in the air, sounds like Snipe is here also.

Cementoss was fighting Punch, which didn't look to effective. Any time Cementoss trapped him, he would hole-punch his way out. Any attempt at moving the cement in waves towards Punch, ended in the same result. Midnight was currently grappling against Bear. Roars and cursing were being shouted out intermittently. Silent appears to alternate between the heroes, seeing that every once in a while, Midnight or Cementoss actions became jerky when he got closer.

"Aizawa sensi!" Aizawa rolled his head to looking away from the fight and to who shouted.
There stood his problem children, decked out in their hero gear. They were fidgeting nervously in their spots, sending concerned looks at Hizashi and him. It didn't surprise him to see Midoriya, Todoroki, Ururaka, and Kirishima there. What did surprise him was a seemingly reluctant Bakugou standing beside them.

Hizashi must have determined that the direction the children were standing, was the direction of safety. He was slowly being carried closer to the students, as the sound of explosions sounded out behind him.

“What’s wrong with Present Mic? He’s acting weird.” Ururaka asked worriedly, once they got closer.
“I should have you all expelled.” Aizawa murmured. Three pairs of guilty expressions greeted him, Todoroki kept his face as impassive as ever, and Bakugou sent a glare with his arms crossed. “I’m going to presume Midoriya dragged you all here.” That earned him an even more of a guilty look from Midoriya, turning his face to the side. However, Bakugou isn’t the one to follow Midoriya anywhere.
“Bakugou, why are you here?”

“Shitty hair was going to do something stupid.” Bakugou shrugged like it was a good enough answer.

Grunting, Aizawa made a grab at Bakugous arm with the last of his strength. Pulling him along as Yamada walked towards a police line. Bakugou was probably just humoring him, seeing as he was more touching his arm than actually holding it.

“Look, I will not expel you, if you and Kirishima do me a favor.” Aizawa offered, “I will also give you full permission to use your quirk.”

“We’ll do it!” Kirishima announced, Bakugou smacked him on the back of the head.

“We don’t even know what he wants.” Bakugou growled as Kirishima rubbed the back of his head.

“There’s a kid named Shinsou in the basement. He’s behind a cell door, do be careful if you have to blast it open. Do not answer any question’s he asks you. No matter what. Kirishima, go with to make sure he follows this, provide any cover from any explosions. After you get him, bring him to me. Understand?” Aizawa instructed.
Bakugou gave him a curt nod as Kirishima gave two thumbs up, before both rushed off into the building.

“Why them?” Todoroki asked bluntly as they walked out of the police block.

“It’s rational. The kid doesn’t trust heroes. He trusts villains more. As soon as Bakugou blasts the door down and yells ‘die’ the kid probably

wont question that they aren't villains. Kirishima is there mostly for shielding any debris that might come flying at them. He'd probably help drag the kid out, Bakugou isn't that great at comforting people." Aizawa slurred, tongue heavy in his mouth. His eyes slowly drifting shut. Try as he might, he just can't keep his eyes open. He just has to trust that everything will turn out okay.
---

"Hey Bakugou, you think this is the door?" Kirishima asked. It was too simple getting here, almost too easy. The fight had moved down a couple of blocks, giving them a clear way to the candy store. Simply following the already opened doors lead them straight underground into a long hall way. At the end of the hall was were they were standing now, in front of a thick silver metal door.

"How the fuck am I supposed to know?" Bakugou barked, "There's only one way to find out."
Kirishima activated his quirk when he saw Bakugou's hands spark up. Bakugou pressed his hands again the door, letting loose his quirk.

"DIE!" he yelled, as the door blasted open. The door tipped over and landed on the floor.
"BAKUGOU!" Kirishima yelled shocked. "What if he was behind the door?"

"Then he'd be under the door." Bakugou shrugged nonchalantly.

Kirishima gave Bakugou a glare before stepping into the cell. Kirishima squinted in attempt to see in the dimly lit room, his nose wrinkling as the scent of rust, sweat, and metal entered his nose.

"Are you here to get me?" A voice squeaked from the closest corner.

Kirishima turned his head towards the sound of the voice. A small kid was standing in the corner, looking at them quizzingly.

"I can't leave." The kid said when there was no reply, eyes darting between the two students looking at their costumes.

"The fuck you can't." Bakugou growled, as he marched up to the kid picking him up and tossing him over the shoulder like a sack of potatoes. The kid let out a startled gasp when he was picked up, and started kicking his feet. "Come on brat. We're fucking leaving this fucking nasty ass place."

Kirishima opened his mouth to scold Bakugou for his language, but

stopped when he saw the kid visibly relax in the hold. Keeping his mouth shut, they exited like they entered. It was as simple as entering, the fighting looked to be slow down, and was still a couple of blocks down. Still, Kirishima walked behind them just in case, prepared to active his quirk.

The boy was staring at Kirishima, gently swaying back and forth on Bakugou's shoulder as he moved. When they got closer to the police line, Kirishima noticed a couple of ambulance's parked behind the taped off area. Following Kirishima's gaze, Shinsou also realized that they were approaching the officers. Eye's widening in shock, he started to kick.

"Let me go!" he cried, hitting his hands against Bakugou's back.

"Like fuck I will brat! You are going to go over there, and you're going to fucking behave. You are going to do to every fucking thing those damn people say to do. Fucking got it?" Bakugou growled as he shook the boy roughly compared to other people. Oddly gentle for Bakugou though.

The kid stilled, face scrunched up in thought, before giving a pout. The boy nodded his head as he let his body go limp in Bakugou's hold. "Fine." The kid mumbled into Bakugou's shirt.
As they reached the officers, everything seemed to have exploded. Voices yelling over each other, hands touching, and pushing them in one direction and another. Some tried to grab the kid away from them, however. Bakugou refused to give up his hold to anyone, gripping him even tighter. He growled a 'Fuck off' to anyone who tried to pry the child away.
Only when they finally reached a passed out Aizawa that was getting checked in an ambulance and a very disorientated Present Mic, did he relinquish his hold. He tossed the kid into Mic's lap.
"Aizawa wanted this brat." Bakugou bluntly gave as an answer when he saw the confused look on the Pros face. Mic nodded, wrapping his arms around the kid as he tried to wiggle his out of his lap.
"Well, that was an easy mission." Kirishima chirped.
Bakugou sent him a glare.Turning around, he grabbed and then pulled Kirishima away from the ambulance by the arm.
"Let's get the fuck out of here before we can't or they change their minds."

Chapter End Notes

wooo arc one done! This fic def started out as a lil daydream i

had, a little 'what if' didnt really think it'd turn out to be this popular, let alone have potential arcs. I have a couple of idea's for the future arc's, some with angst, some with not.(for those who are worried that itd jump right back in to the angst, dont worry, the bois will get some zzz's some snacks, and some class interactions if things go as plan)

I really appreciate all the comments, they help push me to do this fic. Id like to do a lil shout out to HU9I for the encouragement, and pm been with this fic since chapter 1.

Please let me know what you think in the comments or on my tumblr!
Have a nice day/night.

# Can we go?

Chapter Summary

> Wakin up at the hospital, and a small recap of events and other stuff.

Chapter Notes

> Hello again! Thank you all for your comments!!! love them all! Anyways i made a small post on Punch if yall wanna check it out here, its a quick rundown of his quirk, and hopefully answers any questions. I tried drawing, but ya, uhh, not that great at it, so apologies ahead of time. But its roughly how id imagine how hed look, tried to make him look a bit older, but failed. https://coldandhotsoba.tumblr.com/post/178398446319/bnha-villain-oc

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The insistent beeping is what finally brought him back into consciousness. All he wanted to do was go back to sleep. Just to drift back, he was finally comfortable. He felt dread shoot through him as he came to that realization. He's not supposed to be warm, the cell isn't any where close to be anywhere comfortable. Did they finally sell him? And he was out for that? Where is he now?

The more the thoughts raced through his head, the stiffer he became. He heard the distant beeping pick up in frequency, which caused him to panic more.

"Shouta?" a voice asked cautiously.

He recoiled when he felt something graze his hand, but it went away as soon as it came. Blood pounded in his ears. Punch. Punch came down. Did he come with? Why is he here?

"Shouta, are you awake?" the same voice whispered.

The question made Aizawa's racing thoughts screech to a halt. Punch never knew his name, always called him by his hero name. Taking a couple of breath's through his nose to calm himself down to try and figure out where he was. The room he was in didn't smell like blood and damp air but smelled stale and strongly of antiesthetic. He felt rough but surprisingly warm fabric on top of him and felt his head on

an actual pillow. This can't be the cell, they never provided him with blankets or a pillow, just a crunchy mattress. A hospital? Why was he in- oh. He got out.

"Shouta, can you open your eyes for me?"

He struggled to open his heavy eyes. Squinting his burning eyes against the harsh light, blinking to help them adjust to it. He was definitely in a hospital, nowhere else would be this blindingly white.

"There you are." A familiar voice cooed quietly from his right. Turning his head, he saw Hizashi sitting in a metal chair with his elbows on his knees as he leaned towards him. His hair up in a messy bun, hair falling out of it as if he ran his hands through it too many times. He was still wearing his hero costume from when he saw him last but had replaced the glasses with his civilian ones. He had heavy dark bags underneath his eyes that could have rivaled the ones he had after USJ. Concern grew on his face as Aizawa didn't say anything as he took the time to look him over.

"You look like shit." Aizawa finally croaked out. Hizashi's eyebrows shot up at the sentence, then he started to laugh that turned into a combination of ugly crying laughing.

"Trust me, you look a lot worse." Hizashi choked back. He moved closer to the bed and reached out to touch his hand, but stopped just before touching, hands hovering looking at Aizawa for permission. When Aizawa gave him a short nod, Yamada picked up his hand gently to hold it between his.

"What happened?" Aizawa mumbled hoarsely, watching as Hizashi gently maneuvered his bandaged hand. Yamada let out a deep breath.

"Well, after you went missing, we tried to hunt you down. There wasn't a lot of evidence in the alley where we presumed you were taken from," Hizashi whispered, squeezing the hand between his gently. "You were gone seven days, before I got a call from the station. The station. My radio station. Who would have thought?" Letting out a small huff of amusement.

"Got the call right in middle of your class too. Thought half of them were going to drop dead from shock." When he noticed Aizawa's sharp look, he elaborated. "They were just doing some worksheets, so I had the station on. I even told them to head home straight afterwards."

“Some of them didn’t listen.” Aizawa grumbled out.

“No, no they didn’t. Nedzu already gave them the talk. I’m sure they were terrified after that. Try and not too harsh when you give them your talk. They were just worried. None of them got injured and they didn’t even fight anyone.” Hizashi recounted.

Aizawa’s glare softened up and mumbled out “I’ll take that into consideration.”

“Anyways, it took us an hour to get enough resources to come and get you. They must have known that we were coming. Three guys were standing out front. Must have been fans of the show, not even villains can resist my charms.” Hizashi joked playfully, before his face became somber.

“After that, it was pretty much an outright brawl. Cementoss, Midnight, and Snipe distracted them while I made my way inside. The place was actually pretty elaborate, took me a bit to find you. It even had a couple of traps, mostly it was just fall away floors. The bottom of them were not pretty, nails, glass, one of them looked to be filled with bones. I found out quickly that if I just yelled down the hall, that the false floors would collapse.” He shrugged, squeezing his hand gently in reassurance.

“Then I found the door that led to the basement. Your door wide open, thought I’d be a lot harder to get you out. Then. Then I remember talking to the kid and then nothing. The next thing I knew, I was putting you on a stretcher.” His voice quietly drifted off at the end as he stared intensely at the sheet on the bed.

“What happened to the villains?” Aizawa rasped out, when Hizashi was quiet too long.

“We got two of them, but one of them escaped. Simply used his quirk to escape the cuffs and out the door while the bear quirk guy distracted us. But its only a matter of time we catch him, we know his name.” Hizashi reassured when he saw Aizawa stiffened up. “We interrogated them about why they got you. We know they’re selling people with unique quirks, not to who, but the boy told us he saw some guy with scars on his face with a flame quirk. The police and some heroes are working on the case as we speak.”

“What about the boy?” Aizawa mumbles out when he processed the information that was dumped on him. Punch escaped, but people are looking for him. He will be caught, if not by them, by him.

“Well, I was sitting down by your ambulance when Bakugou practically threw the kid at me. Didn’t look any worse for wear. Struggled a bit on the way to the hospital. But refused to cooperate or talk with anyone. He’s in the children’s unit right now. He’s fine!” Hizashi reassured quickly. “The kid had a couple of bruises and cuts. Some old injuries that didn’t heal right, but he’s fine. The doctors here and Recovery Girl fixed him all up, even the old ones.”
Aizawa let out a small hum at the information, letting his body relax a bit more in the bed.

“You on the other hand, its going to be another day before you can go home. Don’t give me that look.” Yamada scolded, “Your feet are a mess, so even if you wanted to leave, you can’t walk. Your right ribs were broken and your skin was missing from your whole left thigh Shota! What’s even worse are your hands. Your right is okay, Recovery Girl was able to heal most of it in one secession. Your left hand though? I can’t even describe how bad it was. Quoting Recovery Girl, ‘His hands look like when Midoriya used his quirk on it before it healed properly from the last time’. She compared it to *Midoriya’s* hands.” Yamada’s voice was shaking by the end of the statements. Aizawa squeezed his hand as hard as he was able to, which wasn’t a lot. It must have been enough because Hizashi finally raised his head making eye contact with him.

“You have one more secession with Recover Girl before you can head home. Depending on your energy levels, you might be able to go home tomorrow at the earliest. But only after the doctors tell you that you can leave.” Yamada said sternly giving him a glare. “None of this, I feel fine BS. If they say stay you stay. Got it?”

When Aizawa gave a reluctant nod in confirmation, Hizashi let out a sigh and relaxed into his chair. He removed one hand to grab a cup full of ice chips and offered one to Aizawa. He greedily accepted the ice, his throat felt like sand paper and it had burned to talk. After a couple of minutes in silence with Hizashi feeding him the ice chips, he spoke up.

“And the kid?” Aizawa asked softly. Hizashi let out a soft chuckle.

“Well, the kid was unregistered, but that was changed quickly. He almost escaped using his quirk when he first woke up. Luckily, Sansa was in the lobby when he saw a nurse and a doctor escorting a kid out the door in a hospital gown. Turns out, we learned a couple of things about Shinsou in that one instance.” Aizawa raised an eyebrow, as a smile spread across Hizashi’s face, clearly amused. He fed Aizawa

another ice chip before continuing.

“He can’t currently control more than two people, and he’s a sucker for cats.” Hizashi laughed, “Got all wide eyed at Sansa, followed him right back into the hospital. Tried to touch Sansa’s tail multiple times before he was picked up. Babbled the whole time about how cute cats are. Kind of reminds me of someone.” Hizashi nudged Aizawa’s right leg with his elbow, amusement coloring his voice.

“That’s how we got extra information on other locations the villains had. The boy would only answer questions Sansa asked, and only if got to pet his ears while he did. Midnight said she’s never seen Sansa that flustered. Kid kept cooing about cats between each question, almost started crying when he first felt Sansa’s ears. When asked what was wrong, he said Sansa’s fur was so soft.” Hizashi managed to choke out between quiet laughs. Aizawa’s lips quirked up in amusement, not only because of the story, but how much Hizashi was getting a kick out of it. He missed Hizashi like this. Ever since he woke up, his face has been tight, but it finally relaxing

“That’s how we figured out what happened in the house.” Hizashi’s face and tone quickly sombered up as the conversation shifted. “Not how he got there, but everything else, even you.” Aizawa’s squeezed his hand when noticed Hizashi’s eyes started to get a glazed over look. Hizashi gave a quick shake of his head before giving him a small smile in thanks.

“Shinsou can technically leave whenever, he’s been cleared by medical. We just haven’t decided what to do with him. We checked his family, but his parents were both single children, none of the rest of his relatives are currently alive. Even if he did have family that were alive, with the escaped villain, he’d needs some protection. The kid is adamant that they will come back for him, even when we told him two were in jail. He was insistent at least one villain would come get him, that he’s just waiting for them to pick him up. We’re not even sure how big their organization is or any connections they may have.” Hizashi murmured, brushing his thumb against Shouta’s knuckles. “Even if he didn’t think they’ll come back, I don’t think I can dump him in foster care. Shou, the kid already had it rough, I don’t think putting him in there would help him any.”

Aizawa watched as Yamada started to gnaw at his lip in thought. Yamada kept shooting pensive looks towards him, opening his mouth repetitively before finally shutting it. He started fidgeting in his seat the longer he refused to say what he was contemplated.

“You look like a fish stuck on dry land. Spit it out ‘zashi.” Aizawa teased, earning a nervous smile in response.

“Uh you see. Since he needs protection, like *protection* protection, and he did save you when I couldn’t. I was thinking we should take him.” Hizashi rambled out in one breath.

“Sure.”

“I know, I know. We haven’t ever talked about kids. But I think we should do it. I know it’s a huge responsibility and a giant change taking care of a kid, but I think I owe him. Sure, it’ll be a lot of work, not even considering changing our schedules for it to work. We have time to figure it out, you’ll be out of hero work for at least a month.” Hizashi rushed out quickly. “But I mean, the kid has been asking for you for the past day now. He’s obviously already attached, and I know you are too. We couldn’t let him leave his room for obvious reasons, but still. I know it’s a huge responsibility taking care of a kid, but I think we should do it. Wait. What did you say?”
Aizawa let out a fond sigh. “I said sure ‘zashi. I was going to bring it up later when I thought the time was right, but it looks like you beat me to it.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Wanted to make sure you would be comfortable with it, especially after what happened.”

“With the quirk? I’m fine with it Shouta, if I was in his position, I’d probably do the same. Some tall screaming guy coming into my home? I would have used my quirk on him without hesitation. Besides, he’s the one who let me know where you were. We would have never been able to find you without it.” Yamada voice cracking a little at the end. Yamada took a couple of deep even breaths and took the time to look over Aizawa. Reminding himself that Aizawa was with him, that he’s with him and safe. Putting the cup down on the floor he reached into his pocket.

“Are you up for a visit?” Yamada asks unlocking the phone. “After the Doctors give you a quick check up and you eat something, we can get him to come over for a bit. Nemuri is with him right now and she can bring him over after. Fair warning, now that Sansa left he’s not in a good mood. He’s pretty mad at you for leaving him, he’s also angry with Bakugou for ‘tricking’ him.”

Aizawa gave a stiff nod as he reached over to press a button to call the

doctors.

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Hizashi was back in the chair reaching for his now lightly bandaged right hand as soon as the doctors left. He had already texted Nemuri letting her know that Aizawa was up for a visit, and they should be arriving any minute now.

Hizashi was currently babbling to Aizawa about what his class has been doing since his week-long absence. He also learned that the rescue happened yesterday on a Monday and woke up midday today. When Hizashi saw the considering look on his face, he started to enforce that Nedzu gave them both the rest of the week off, and that Aizawa can take as long as he wanted before returning to work. Aizawa shot him a glare at that. Hizashi muttered that he knew he'd want to be back as soon as possible. However, he won't let him return before next Monday at the earliest. Hizashi's lecture on the rules he was going to follow because of his condition was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Midnight stuck her head in the door, before pushing it open the rest of the way.

"If I didn't know any better, I would think you'd like being bandaged up with the way you keep ending up in here recently. Very kinky." Nemuri teased as she sauntered into the room. "I brought you someone."

She motioned to someone who was just out of the doorways entrance.

"Come on kid, you been asking to see him.Here's your chance."

Shinsou creeped into the door way peaking in, with the grouchiest face Aizawa has seen on the kid. He looked better, his face and arms no longer had any bruises, but he was still thin as a rode. He looked even smaller under the harsh medical lights in the baby blue scrubs he was wearing.

As soon as Shinsou saw Aizawa, his face brightened up and made a mad dash towards the bed. His was only chest height to the bed and bounced in place next to it. He gripped the blankets and tried to pull himself up onto the bed. With some help from Nemuri, he was sitting down right by Aizawa's left hip.

“I have to drop this bugger off with you. I got more information to give about the case, so I have to go to the station. You guy’s okay with watching him a bit?” Nemuri questions, when she was given a nod she gave a soft pat on Aizawa’s ankles. “Glad your okay Shouta, get well soon. I’ll see you guys later.” She gave a wave as she exited the room.

“I saw a big cat.” Shinsou blurted out once Nemuri left the room. The words must’ve fallen out of Shinsou’s lips by accident, because he looks as if he’d swallowed a lemon. Hearing the small chuckle Yamada give out, the kid jumped in his seat and snapped his head towards him.

“Yeah?” Aizawa murmured, trying to bring his attention back. The kid looks and feels like a statue sitting there. Body tense and eye’s trained on Hizashi, and he’s not sure the kid has even blinked yet.

Shinsou nodded, keeping his eye’s on Yamada, shoulders hunching slightly. Yamada gave him a small apologetic smile and held his hand out.

“I’m Yamada Hizashi. What’s your name?” Hizashi asked.

“Wash. No, i mean, Shinsou. Shinsou Hitoshi.” Shinsou stumbled out, taking the hand hesitantly before shaking it.

“Nice to meet you Shinsou.”

“You’re the yelling guy on the radio.” Shinsou pointed out, letting go of his hand.

“Indeed, I am little listener!” Yamada confirmed.

Shinsou stared at Yamada for a couple of seconds, lips pursed. He looked at Aizawa, when Aizawa didn’t deny Hizashis claims, he turned back to Yamada.

“You don’t look like the guy on the radio. He has tall hair.” Shinsou lifted his hands up to mimic Present Mic’s signature hair style.

“Oh, that’s just how I do my hair with my hero costume.” Yamada explained, then pointed out his outfit. “See? Still wearing the costume, just got the stuff out of my hair.”

Shinsou stiffened up when he took in the costume. His small hands gripped the blanket tight enough for his knuckles to go white. He glanced away from Yamada and focusing on his lap.

“Im sorry for what I did.” He squeaked out, flinching slightly.

“I forgive you, you didn’t trust me.” Hizashi assured, keeping his voice low. “It’s alright, I’m not angry with you.”

Shinsou slowly untensed at the statement, giving a small smile in Hizashi’s direction. Being reminded of the events, Shinsou face scrunched up angrily and turned to glare at Aizawa.

“You were the one that sent the spiky guy to me.” Shinsou accused. “That wasn’t very nice.”

Aizawa gave a small shrug. “It was a logical ruse.”

Shinsou pouted, crossing his arms and mumbled out that it was still rude.

“Why don’t you tell us more about the cat? Shouta here, loves cats.” Yamada chimed in trying to change the subject. Shinou’s face broke out in a huge smile as he bounced in his seat.

“He was so soft! The softest thing I’ve ever felt! It was like clouds!” he babbled excitedly.

They let him rant about Sansa and cats until his speech started to slur. He started to slowly sink into the mattress until he was laying down pressed up against Aizawa’s side. Hizashi had received a text from Nemuri that she wouldn’t be able to come back tonight and no other hero was free to watch him for the night. So, when he saw the first yawn, he excused himself to go find a chair or a bed they can use for the night. Hizashi managed to come back in fifteen minutes with two large cushioned chairs. He shoved them together to make a bed in the open space available. He then lined the bottom and the sides with extra pillows and snagged a spare blanket from the closet.
Once the boy had finally nodded off beside Aizawa, Yamada picked him up and placed him in the makeshift bed.

“You should go to bed tot, Shou.” Hizashi whispered beside him. “You need all the rest you can get if you want to leave tomorrow morning. Recovery Girl is going to come and give you one more session, if all goes well, we can all leave.”

Aizawa gave a small hum in response, looking at his husband’s tired face. “Lay down with me? There’s cops in the hall, I’m sure if anything happens they’ll create enough noise to wake us.” Aizawa whispered back, moving to his left, to give enough room for Hizashi to squeeze in

next to his least injured side. Hizashi rolled his eyes, as he laid next to him carefully. He brought one arm around Aizawa's middle, slightly squeezing in a faux hug.

"You smell, you need a proper bath." Hizashi mumbled, pressing his face into Aizawa's neck. Aizawa let out a soft snort.

"I'll get to it tomorrow."

"I missed you." Hizashi whispered when he finally relaxed found a position he was comfortable in. "I love you"

"I love you too." He murmured back.

"G'night Shou." Hizashi slurred tiredly.

"Good night 'zashi."
---

"Shouta," Hizashi says, "Shouta, wake up. It's noon. Recovery girl is going to be here any minute and you need to drink this."

Aizawa blinks his eyes open and makes out a bleary juice pouch in front of his face.

"What?" He manages to croak out.

Hizashi was next to the bed, carrying a tired Shinsou who was snacking on what appeared to be taiyaki. In his other hand, he was holding out a straw to Shouta's lips. Both
Shinsou and Yamada were still wearing the clothes they had on yesterday but looked more well rested.

"Drink up before she comes, the extra energy should help. I know you won't eat the hospitals food, and I figured a juice pouch is better than nothing." Hizashi rambled as Shouta reluctantly drank the juice pouch.

"Since when is Taiyaki a healthy breakfast food?" Aizawa asks as soon as the juice was drained.

"It's only for today. The kid never had one, couldn't let that travesty continue any longer. Also, told me that he's my number one listener. Isn't that right?" Yamada asks Shinsou as he tosses the empty pouch in the trash.

Shinsou let out a couple of slow blinks before nodding his head sluggishly against Hizashi, a blush creeping up on his cheeks. “They gave me a radio when they were gone. Yours is the best, even when you scream.”

Hizashi patted Shinsou’s back, “Glad you enjoy it.”

Shinsou shoved a bit more of the cake into his mouth to refrain from commenting. Crumbs cascading down his and Hizashi’s shirt.

A sound of a cane tapping along the linoleum floor drew Aizawa’s attention to the door as Recovery Girl shuffled in.

“Well, it’s nice to see you awake.” She shuffled over to the bed, kissing his forehead. “You should be good to leave after this secession. You can take off the bandages off after you see me again Monday morning. Don’t be on your feet too long either, they still need one more secession, also refrain from using your left hand until then also.” She reached in her bag and pulled out a gummy handing one to Aizawa.

“Eat this then let the Doctors give you one last check over to make sure you are clear to leave.” She ordered. “Yamada make sure he follows this, I don’t want to have to come back because he was being irresponsible. I do have more patients than just you, you know.”

Yamada gave a quick yes ma’am and thank you as Recovery girl made her way out of the room.

“Let’s get the doctors in here, so we can go home. Already got Shinsou cleared this morning for come with us. Not all the paper work, but enough for him to at least leave this place.” Yamada chatted as he sat down maneuvering Shinsou, so he sat in his lap. Once Shinsou settled down, he pressed the call button on the side of Aizawa’s bed to call the doctors.

“Let’s go home. We all stink and need a change of clothes.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Hope you liked the chapter! it was a bit longer than i anticipated, but i hate writing about hospital stuff, so i wanted them *out*. Hope i characterized the characters okay.

any comments/reviews are greatly appreciated! Thanks again for all that have given comments and kudos! ily all! thanks!

# Home

Chapter Summary

They finally make it home

Chapter Notes

Thank you all! I'm so blown away by the response to this fic, its insane. Thank you all for the kudos and comments!
You can rant/rave at me at coldandhotsoba on tumblr. Like on anything, always down to hear, so dont be afraid or nervous!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“All right you trash hobos! You have been blessed to have such an amazing friend. I am here to save the day!” Nemuri exclaimed barging into the room pushing in a wheel chair.

“Hey! Who are you calling trash hobo?” Yamada spluttered from where he was sitting.
The doctors had left not too long ago, finally signing the release forms. Aizawa was sitting in the bed with Shinsou next to him, while him and Yamada were discussing on what to do next.

“All of you. I can smell you all from down the hall, didn’t even have to ask for the room number.” Nemuri teased unslinging a bag that was on her back. Pushing the wheel chair to the side, she walked over and placed the bag onto the edge of the bed so she dig into it.

“I got you all some spare clothes. I did have to grab some close for the kid from a donation bin here, hopefully I guessed his size right.” She said pulling out clothes and tossing it to its owners. “I know Yamada didn’t bring his car. So as a true friend, I’m not going to allow you guys to take the train home. I’ll give you a ride. So chop chop and change, I have to be at work in an hour.”

Aizawa looked at the clothes that was thrown at him, as Nemuri made her way out to the hall. It was a familiar pair of purple sweatpants and a grey sweater. Looking up he saw the same puzzled look he was wearing on Hizashi’s face.

“How did she get into our apartment?” Yamada muttered underneath his breathe, lifting a shirt up with his station’s logo printed on it. Aizawa gave a shrug, “Who knows. Maybe she broke in. Or she used

the key I gave her a year ago when I was gone for a month, so she can make sure the place doesn't burn down."

Yamada shot him the most exaggerated offended look he's ever seen. Letting out a teasing huff as he walked into the bathroom to change, muttering how it was only one time.

"These aren't mine."
Looking beside him, Shinsou was holding up grey sweats and a white shirt. His eyebrows crinkled as he looked at the outfit.

"No. But we can get you new clothes later." Aizawa promised.

"But I want mine." Shinsou grumbled, dropping the clothes into a pile into his lap.

"Your clothes probably went into the trash." Aizawa recalled remembering the ragged and torn clothes that Shinsou wore last. He would have burnt the things if he had a chance, covered in not only Aizawa's blood, but god knows what else.

Shinsou frowned, mumbling about it was still his, gripping the new clothes in his hands. He scooted to the end of the bed, lowering himself carefully off the edge pulling the clothes along with him.

"Hey little listener, you need help changing?" Hizashi asked as he stepped out, carrying his hero costume in his hands. Shinsou gave a tight shake of his head as reply, biting his lip.

"Alright, why don't you go and change while I help Shouta here change?" Hizashi suggested when the boy didn't make any movements. Shinsou eyes darted skittishly to the bathroom and back to Hizashi a couple of times, taking a small hesitant step towards the door.

"We'll be right here when you come back." Aizawa assured. The boy gave a jerky nod and one last glance before hurrying into the bathroom.
Aizawa watched as Hizashi shoved his costume into the bag Nemuri brought, before taking the extra clothes out of his lap.

"I know your going to hate this, but you're not suppose to be on your feet too long." Hizashi said, as he helped Aizawa to turn sideways so his feet dangled off the bed. He rolled up the sweat pants, pulling Aizawa's ankles through each hole. "If you hold on to my shoulders for a sec, we can pull these up quickly. Then you can take off the

hospital gown and put on the sweater yourself."

Aizawa rolled his eyes as he placed his right hand and his left forearm on his husband's shoulders. He let Hizashi take most of his weight off his feet as he pulled the sweats up to his hips then settling him back on to the bed. Yamada started to chatter about today's plans as he pulled off the paper night gown and replaced it with the grey sweatshirt. Just as Yamada put some soft slippers on his feet, Hitoshi shuffled out of the bathroom.

Shinsou was completely drowning in the clothes. The white shirt stopped just above his knees, collar swooping down, and you couldn't see his feet beneath the sweats. It even looked like he tried to roll the pants up but gave up halfway. It kind of reminded Aizawa of what Toshinori looks like when he's in his smaller form.

"I don't have my mask." Shinsou said absently as he dropped the scrubs he was wearing on a table near the bathroom.

Hizashi abruptly stopped talking, giving Aizawa a confused look at the statement. Aizawa watched Shinsou as he shifted his weight on his feet, placing and removing his hands on his face were the mask would rest.

"You don't need it."

"Yes I do. Silent said so." Shinsou rebutted. Hizashi looked even more confused than ever as he silently watched the two go back and forth.

"No. You don't. You don't need to listen to him."

"I do."

"He's a villain."

"So am I." Shinsou said, face puffing up in frustration,

Aizawa opened his mouth to retort, when he felt Hizashi's hand on arm. He shut his mouth and looked at his husband questioningly. Hizashi shook his head and mouthed later.

"Hey Shinsou, why do you think you need it?" Hizashi inquired.

"Because I need it to be good, it stops my quirk. It keeps people safe." Shinsou said like it was obvious.

"You used your quirk on me, and nothing happened to me or Shouta."

Hizashi pointed out.

Shinsou tilted his head at the statement, face twisting up in thought. “Something could have happened.”

“But nothing did. You were being good without the mask. If your quirk does accidently go off, Shouta here can use his quirk to erase it.” Yamada said patting Aizawa’s leg.
Aizawa nodded his head when Shinsou looked at him for confirmation. A sudden knocking at the door halted any further conversation.

“I hope you are all dressed because I’m coming in. Not that it really matters, I’ve already seen everything.” Nemuri said as she opened the door.

Hizashi covered his face as a blush formed. “You promised to never mention that again,” he hissed between his fingers.

Nemuri gave a sly smirk, waving her hand dismissingly. She grabbed the wheel chair and pushing it up to the bed as she made her way further into he room. She got in front of Aizawa with a scowl. “Get in the chair. No fighting. No arguing. You can’t walk, and legally you must leave in a chair anyways. We are leaving, and we are leaving now. I can’t be here any longer.”

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The trip back went relatively smooth, a few bumps here and there, but it went well. Shinsou was adamant that he got to push the chair. He didn’t voice it but made it known he wanted to do it himself. He had placed his hands on the handles and he wouldn’t remove them. He wasn’t strong enough to push the chair and refused to have anyone else touch the handles to help him push. Nemuri and Hizashi ended up pulling on the armrests to move the chair as they made their way out the hospital, giving the illusion that Shinsou was the one pushing it.

Maneuvering himself into the Nemuri’s small car also took a bit of thinking. The car was thankfully pulled up front when they arrived, so they didn’t have to worry about scratching other cars with the chair as they tried to pile in. Even with the car up front, it was still a hazard

trying to get in. Hizashi ended up lifting him into the front passenger seat, while he sat in the back with Shinsou and the wheel chair folded up in his lap.

Once they finally reached the apartment, Nemuri helped them get out of the car but gave a quick goodbye before she had to leave to get to work as she was already running late. Yamada waved goodbye as he pushed Aizawa into the building, Shinsou holding tightly onto the armrest.
For them all to fit into the elevator in one trip, Hizashi had picked up Shinsou and placed him in Aizawa's lap for the ride up. Shinsou didn't put up a fight when he was placed down in his lap nor did he try to make his way off even after they reached the front door.

"All right let me just open this door:" Yamada mumbled as he fiddles with the door keys. He let out a small hum, as the door finally clicked open.

"Alright! Here we are! Home sweet home!" He beamed as he pushed them inside. "I think we should get some showers out of the way and get some food."

Aizawa felt Shinsou shift in his lap as he made to look around the place. The apartment wasn't too large, it had a kitchen off to the right side with a stone bar top that overlooked the living room. It was simply decorated, a small table located closest to the kitchen, a sofa in front of a tv that was surrounded by shelves that were decorated by books and pictures.

The apartment itself had two bedrooms; a master and a guest, and two bathrooms. They never felt the need to decorate the guest bedroom. Currently it only had a bed and a night stand. It did give Shinsou a chance to decorate it how he'd want his new room to look like.

A small gasp and a small grip on his arm drew Aizawa out of his thoughts. Looking down, he saw Shinsou staring at the couch, eyes bug wide and jaw dropped.

"Kitty." He said pointing at the couch.

"That's Mochi. Be gentle with her, she's old." Aizawa said when he noticed the fluffy calico lounging on the cushions.
Shinsou started to wiggle in his lap, making his way off. As soon as he was on the ground, Shinsou darted towards the cat. He slowed as soon as he reached the edge of the couch then crouched to be eye level with the cat. He placed a hand on top of Mochi's head, petting it

softly. Mochi gave him a couple of slow blinks and a soft mrow, before deciding to try and sleep through the constant petting.

Aizawa sat watching as Shinsou as he kept muttering to Mochi about how soft she was and that she's a good cat, while Hizashi took the chance to go shower. He's pretty sure he heard Shinsou sniffle a couple of times as he was petting and complimenting the cat.

"I'm surprised she hasn't ran away yet. Then again, she hasn't been getting a lot of attention this past week." Hizashi said from behind him, hair wrapped up in a towel. "Your turn by the way. I'll watch him while you get clean, I already set up the bath for you. Do you need help getting in?"

Aizawa shook his head and muttered a quick thanks as he went to the bathroom.

He ended up having to refill the bath tube twice. The first two times, the water turned a pinkish brown color from all the blood and dirt that a sponge bath couldn't wipe away. The bandages were removed for the time being and it wasn't a pretty sight. His left leg and the top of his right hand had identical square pink patches of new skin on them. Recovery Girl did inform them that it would scar but should lighten up as time went by to something less noticeable. His left hand now looks like a matching pair to Midoriya's right. The joints looked swollen and aggravated, and the rest of the finger was filled with small scars cross hatching it. It ached when he started curling and uncurling his hand.

"Hey Shouta, are you doing okay in there?" came Hizashi's muffled voice through the door.

"Yeah. I'll be out in a minute." He said clearing his voice, quickly washing the suds out of his hair.

"Take your time. I just ordered some take out it should be here in thirty minutes. I already gave Shinsou a bath in the guest restroom. Let me know if you need help getting out."

When he managed to get out of the restroom and into the living room, the food was already set out on the table. Shinsou was sitting at the table wearing a graphic shirt that went down to his ankles. The shirt was a bright yellow, with the word Hero printed across it in English. Shinsou was swinging his legs happily as he shoved noodles into his mouth.
*If the kid knew what was printed on his shirt, I doubt he'd be looking as*

*happy as he does now'* Aizawa mused to himself.

"I got some udon from down the street." Hizashi said as an explanation as he set some food in front of Aizawa when he pulled himself onto a chair.

"Thanks for the food." He said before he started to eat.

"Oh! I forgot the fruit I cut up." Hizashi said suddenly, getting up and heading into the kitchen. He came back with a plate with cut-up pieces of melon. "Toshinori gave it to me the other day. Just a whole melon. He apologized profusely about not being able to be there the other day. I told him it was fine, but he was really insistent on it, then just handed me this."

"Sounds like him." Aizawa agreed as he slurped up some noodles. His eye's wandered over to Shinsou as Yamada talked about the weirdness of getting a large melon passed on to him in the waiting room.

Shinsou sat frozen in his seat, hand half way to his mouth. His face loss the flush it gained from the bath and he was breathing in sharp rapid breaths. His eyes were glazed as he stared at the fruit. No, not the fruit Aizawa noticed, but the knife on the plate. He quickly tossed a napkin over the knife, covering it from view.

"Hizashi, take the knife to the kitchen." He said while keeping his eyes on the slowly hyperventilating Shinsou. He saw Hizashi snatch the knife from the corner of his eye as he moved right next to Shinsou.

"Hey, Shinsou." He said softly, putting his hand on Shinsou's arm.

"Shinsou, your safe. You're okay." He gently lowered Shinsou's arm from the half-raised position it was in.

"Shinsou." Nothing.

"Hitoshi." That earned him a startled blink.

"Hitoshi, your okay." He mumbled, as he watched the kid's breathing start to slow down.

He heard Hizashi move back into the room but kept his focus on the boy in front of him. After a couple of minutes, Shinsou shook his head a couple of times.

"There you are Hitoshi. You okay?"

Shinsou turned his head to him and nodded his head sluggishly. He felt small hands grip his sweater as Shinsou took the time to do a quick glance around the room.

“Y-yeah, I’m okay.”

“Good. Do you want to finish eating or would you like to go to bed?”

“Bed please.” Came a mumbled reply, as he let go with one hand to wipe tiredly at his eyes.

“Okay, we can do that.” He mumbled, pushing himself on his feet. He pulled Hitoshi from the chair onto his hip.

“I got it ‘zashi” He said when he noticed his partner come up to him, “They said I can be on my feet, just not for too long. It won’t be long” Hizashi gave a curt nod, before he started to clear off the table.

The last time he stood this long was during the last patrol, it took him a second to gain his bearings before he could start walking. He placed his hand against the wall as he made his way to the guest bedroom. It didn’t hurt to walk on his feet, it felt more uncomfortable than anything.
By the time he reached the bedroom, Hitoshi was nodding off his arms, head resting against his shoulder.

“Be here in the morning.” Hitoshi slurred in.

“Yeah, kid we’ll be here.” Aizawa said as he placed the him under the covers. Hitoshi was out as soon as his head hit the pillow, burying himself under the covers. Aizawa made his way out and softly shut the door behind him.

“We need to take that kid shopping tomorrow.” Hizashi said leaning against the entrance of the hallway. “We have nothing for him, all he has is the clothing on his back.”

“Yeah. It’d probably do him some good to get out anyways. Letting him pick stuff out and being around other people.” He said gruffly.

“Come on, lets go to bed. It’s been a long day and tomorrow looks like its going to be another.” Hizashi said as he moved towards him. He threw his arms over his shoulders,
relieving some weight off his feet as they made their way to bed.

“We’ll make sure to keep it quick. We can’t have you walking around

the whole time and I don't want to overwhelm Shinsou. If we miss anything, we can always order it or come back."

"Logical." He mumbled as Hizashi helped him into bed. Hizashi let out a small snort in amusement as he pulled Aizawa towards him under the covers. He ran his hands through
Aizawa's hair before finally settling down beside him.

"God its good to finally be home."

Chapter End Notes

a bit of a long chapter, hope you all enjoyed it. let me know what you think in the comments! Thank you all who have commented! i really ***really*** appreciate it! until next time! and thanks again!

# Errands

Chapter Summary

Mall scene.

Chapter Notes

So ya, i ended up splitting what i have currently written into 2 chapters.. it was like 12,000 words (roughly give or take) and i thought it was too massive for one chapter. So here's a smaller chapter. So this is pure fluff chapter. Sorry to those in the comments that i said that the Class 1A meet up was soon, it'll be in the next chapter., the update for that will probably be within a couple of days, seeing all i have to do is edit.
my tumblr: ColdandHotsoba Come say hi! promise i dont bite.
Hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Shouta,” Hizashi said shaking him gently by the shoulders,” Shouta, wake up, breakfast is ready.”

He blinks his eyes open, looking blearily at Hizashi. The other was leaning over him with his hair down, causing the ends to brush against his face. Hizashi looked ready to go out, wearing one of his more tamed civilian outfits.

Hizashi has a section of the closet just for simple ‘undercover’ civilian clothes, so he won’t be recognized when they are doing errands. Granted, some of them do work, but when he wears the flashier civilian clothes everyone and their moms recognizes him. Seem like today he’s going for one of his simpler outfits, the most eye-catching thing is the white shirt with bright red writing that said ‘It is I, the Frenchiest Fry’ in English across his chest.

Even if Hizashi is ready to go, he’s not ready to get up yet. After giving a couple of slow blinks as he looked Hizashi over he pulled the covers up over his head. When he felt Hizashi tug the blanket, he held on tighter curling up to keep them in his grasp.

“I don’t want to ‘Zashi.” He mumbled hoarsely into the blankets. His limbs felt like lead dragging him down, the movement he just did was a challenge within itself. It just took too much energy to move, it felt like he was pushing his body through thick mud. He knew he

probably slept more than he should have, but he can't bring himself to get up. Hizashi must have come to the same realization, because he felt the resistance on the sheets give up as Hizashi let go.

"All right, you have enough time to sleep for another hour or so. We do have things we need to get done today, unless you want to stay home?"

"No. I'll go. Just a couple more minutes."

"Alright, but when I come back, I'm bringing in the big guns."
"You're not allowed to use your quirk to wake me anymore after the last incident 'zashi. It does not work, and it scared off the neighbors." He grumbled, relaxing back into the bed.

"Not that, I'm bringing in the bigger guns." Hizashi sing-songed as he exited the room, "I'll wake you up in an hour." He managed to give a grunt in agreement before he fell asleep.

---

"Shouta, time to wake up." He heard Hizashi say from beneath the covers. He rolled over pulling the pillow over his head.

"Shouta, this is your last chance. Resistance is futile."

He grunted tightening his hold on the pillow so its pressed flush against his ears. It barely did anything to mute out any sound, but he can pretend. He can handle anything Hizashi could dish out, from the quirk use, tickling, and just dragging him out the bed, he can soldier through it all. If he can wait Hizashi out, he can get another couple of hours of sleep. With a goal in mind he mentally prepared for Hizashi's antics.

"Alright, you know what to do right? It's your time to shine."

*My time to shine? What?* Then he heard it. Little pitter patter of feet coming his way. *Shit*

He felt the edge of the blanket by his feet lift followed by a grunt as Shinsou struggled as he got on the bed and under the sheet. He laid still, as Shinsou slowly crawled under the covers and made his way up to the top of the bed, hands and knees pressing against him as he went along. He let out a small grunt when he felt Shinsou's knee dig into his side before he finally stopped. He gripped the pillow over his head as he felt small hands touch his neck. After several attempts of trying to

pry the pillow out of his hands, Shinsou gave up and changed plans. He heard a small huff as Shinsou wiggled next to him, attempting to force his head under the pillow with him. Having some pity for the struggling kid, he loosened up his hold, allowing the kid to go underneath.

“Hi.” Shinsou said once he was next to Aizawa’s ear.

“Hi.” He grunted back, turning his head to the side to face the kid. Shinsou was closer than he thought, their noses can almost brush against each other and he can feel warm breath on his face.

“You missed breakfast. It was yummy.” Shinsou said touching his face. “We had eggs and rice. I helped.”

“Yeah?”

“uh huh! He said after you wake up we can go get ice-cream! So, let’s go Eraser.” The boy chirped as he squished Aizawa’s face between his hands.

Aizawa paused at that. The kid just called him Eraser. Thinking back, he doesn’t think that the kid has ever said his name. Or anyone’s name for that matter, well at least not their real name. Always used their code name, hell when he first gave out his name to Hizashi he said Wash before giving his own name.

“Hey, you know you can call me Aizawa or Shouta right? You don’t have to call me by my hero name. It’s okay to use both our names.” He managed to say out between squished cheeks. Shinsou tilted his head to the side and blinked owlishly at him.

“Okay. But only if you get up.” Shinsou said squishing his face further. Only letting up once Aizawa gave a nod. Shinsou pushed back the pillow and the blankets as he sat up. He scooted off the bed and grabbed Aizawa’s hand.

“Let’s go!” Shinsou urged tugging on his hand trying to pull him off the bed.

“We have to get dressed first.” He said sitting up, running his free hand through his hair.

“Okay!” Shinsou beamed. Aizawa rubbed his eye before getting the full picture of the kid. His face had more color in it than he’s ever seen, the food and sleep doing him good.

His hair was more violet and fluffier than what he remembered from the cell. He was still scrawny and paler than Aizawa would like, but that would take time for them to fix. The kid was still wearing the large shirt Hizashi gave him to sleep in.

He shot his husband a frown and motioned towards the clothes. Hizashi gave a shrug and then a thumbs up. “Alright I’ll leave you guys to get dressed. I’m going to go clean up the kitchen. Bye!”

Sighing Aizawa looked away from his quickly departing partner and to the kid in front of him.

“Go put on the clothes you came with yesterday okay?” he asked. The kid gave an eager nod before running out the room. With the kid gone, he took the chance to slip into a sweater and a pair of loose pants, unwilling to give up any warmth he gained from the bed.
Just as he pulled the sweater over his head he heard a thunk followed by a soft ‘ow’ from behind him. Looking over his shoulder, he notices Shinsou sprawled out on the ground.

“You okay?” he asked as Shinsou sat up.

“I tripped.” Shinsou got up tugging on his pants. Without them rolled up, the pants looked two times longer than they needed to be completely dwarfing the boy. Unfortunately, these are the only clothes in the house that would even remotely fit the boy, but he can’t have the kid tripping every five seconds. Sighing Aizawa went to the night stand and got out a pair of scissors.

“Come here Shinsou.” He said as he sat on the floor. Shinsou gave him a confused look, before he carefully walked over to him trying not to trip. He lifted and place Shinsou’s foot onto his leg, taking the scissors to cut the bottom of the pants at ankle height. Once finished, he did the same with the other foot. Since he already had the scissors out, he cut off a couple of inches off the bottom the shirt, instructed Shinsou to turn slowly in place as he went.

“Shouta, What the hell is the kid wearing?” He heard Hizashi say from the door way.

“Clothes.”

“Those are not clothes. Those are scraps.”
He leaned back and looked at his handy work. Sure, they weren’t completely straight; the shirt cut at a bit of a slant and hems ragged, but it made the clothes more manageable. He’s no seamstress, but he

doesn't think it was that bad.

"He was tripping over them. I did the rational thing and cut them. The kid doesn't mind."
He looked up in time to see the look of pure disgusted on Hizashi's face.

"Of course he doesn't mind. He doesn't know any better." Hizashi spluttered out

"We can always change his clothes as soon as we buy him a new pair." Aizawa shrugged as he got up.
Hizashi still had disgust written plainly on his face as he went and scooped Shinsou in his arms despite a small sound of protest from the boy.

"Shouta. Look at him. Face what you've done, take a good look." Hizashi said, while shifting a confused Shinsou in his arms. "You did this to a child. A poor innocent *child*."
Aizawa rolled his eyes at dramatics which earned him an equally dramatic gasp from Hizashi.

"Let's go Shinsou, you don't deserve this. No child deserves this- this monstrosity that horrible Shouta put you in. We have to fix this." Hizashi said in mock outrage. Shinsou stared at Hizashi critically before giving him a very serious curt nod in agreement as they made their way out the door.

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After a bit of convincing from Hizashi, they decided to take their car instead of the train. He doesn't really like the hassles that come with taking the car, finding the train easier. However, Hizashi brought up some good points. They don't know how much stuff they are going to buy, but they know they'll be buying enough to make traveling with a bunch of bags and a small child difficult. The car also gives them a chance to drop stuff off at the car if it becomes too much to handle. Hizashi also pointed out, that with the car they can leave earlier without waiting for the train, incase Shinsou gets too tired to continue. He knew that Hizashi meant him, especially with the amount of emphasis he kept putting on the kid, but he couldn't argue with the facts.
He had gotten use to walking on his feet, felt more like walking on pincushions on numb feet then pain. But he knew he probably had a couple of hours tops before he wouldn't be able to handle walking on

them. With those factors the plan was to get in and out as fast as they can manage and take breaks when needed.

Shinsou was holding his hand in a death grip as they walked through the shopping center. Lilac head swiveling side to side as he took in his surroundings. Aizawa had to nudge him aside occasionally to stop himself from getting tripped up when the kid got too close as he pressed up against his leg as they walked.

“Where to first?” He asked looking at Hizashi.

“Clothes. We are getting that kid out of that as soon as possible. I saw a kid’s store over there.” Hizashi replied quickly pointing and then pulling them in the direction they needed to go.

Aizawa was not prepped for the chaos of a children’s store. Everything was organized, but it was just so overwhelming. The store was large and colorful with their assortment of children’s clothes that looked to be ranged from toddler to tweens. Kid’s were racing around the store dogging in between the displays and ails, mothers were huddle in groups here and there looking at clothes or talking, and it all sounded like they were at a children’s concert. Aizawa is pretty sure him and Hizashi were the only adult men in the whole store, even the workers were women. He shifted his weight onto his other foot as Shinsou press harder against his side.

Hizashi reached out tug on his upper arm sleeve, leading him towards a section of the store that looked to be Shinsou’s age range. Once at the displays, Hizashi took up some clothes and held them up to Shinsou comparing sizes.

“All right Shinsou, looks like you are a size small. You can get anything you want, but it has to have an S on it like this okay?” Hizashi said holding up a shirt pointing to the S sticker on the shirt. Shinsou looked at the sticker with an intensity that it didn’t deserve, before nodding his head. He reluctantly let go of Aizawa’s hand in search of clothes he wants.

Hizashi and Aizawa followed behind him as Shinsou made his way around the store. They picked up some underwear and socks while the kid browsed the outerwear. As time went on, he observed a couple of things about Shinsou. He would frequently look behind at them, as if to make sure they were still with him. He wouldn’t stray father than five feet from them the whole time. He also avoided the hero merchandise table like the plague, anytime he would look in that

direction he diverted his eyes quickly. Majority of the clothes he picked out were plain in color, he does have a couple of shirts with cat's and sayings printed on it. The one thing constant between the clothes were that everything was the softest things available. The sweater and jacket he snagged were the largest fluffiest things in the store. He also got a purple cat onesie that Hizashi showed him with utter amusement, telling him he can match with Mochi.

As they were heading to the check out, Shinsou stopped suddenly so he was standing in the middle of the ail, biting his lip in thought. His eye's kept darting towards the hero merch and back to them. Before Aizawa could say anything, Shinsou took a deep breath and walked determinedly towards the merch. They stood still as they watched Shinsou dart through the section before digging into a pile of clothes and hurrying back like it physically hurt him to be over there. He had a black shirt tight in his grip when he nervously approached them, refusing to look up at them.

"Can I-. hm. Is this-. um. Is it okay if-. Ugh." Shinsou stuttered out before he completely stopped. His lips pursed, cheeks puffed up in frustration. "This!" He finally blurted out holding out the rumbled-up T-shirt, which Aizawa took and unfolded it to get a look at it.
It was a black shirt with a pair of familiar headphones on the center of the shirt surrounded by yellow "Present Mic" lettering.

"Do you want this?" Aizawa asked, seeing as Hizashi is too busy sounding like a dying whale to respond.

"Yeah." He mumbled.

Hizashi moved in quickly picking up the kid giving him a hug, swinging him back and forth. "Of course you can Little Listener!" Aizawa rolled his eyes, as Hizashi continued to chatter into Shinsou's hair on how he's honored that he'd wear his shirt and he can have everything and anything he wanted. As Shinsou was getting squeezed to death by Hizashi, he did a quick glance at all the items in the cart to make sure they have everything. It seems like they had enough for two weeks of clothing, along with a couple of pairs of shoes. He wasn't so worried about the winter clothes, summer was fast approaching. They can always go shopping later when the season approaches, Shinsou can make due with the couple of sweaters and the light jacket he already picked out. With his two companions still distracted he quickly made his way to check out, eager to get out of this chaotic store.

After paying, he found them sitting on a bench outside of the store, Shinsou eating a slowly melting vanilla ice-cream cone while Hizashi was on the phone.

“Finally got your ice-cream.” Aizawa pointed out once he sat down next to them on the bench, stretching his legs out to give his prickling feet a break. Shinsou gave out a happy hum, as a he concentrated on his dripping treat.
Knowing the way that Hizashi was moving his hands and mumbling into the phone, he must be on call with the station. What ever is going on, Hizashi was not happy. His face was contorted, and his mutterings were getting faster as he started to get more agitated. Aizawa is always surprised the station could understand him when he started doing that. Hizashi let out a huff as he ended the call and shoved it into his pocket.

“I got called into work later. They need me to do some paper work and run the show tonight. The intern that is supposed to cover me is out sick and the other one is out of town. I tried to get them to just play music on a set playlist, but they’re worried about views. The ratings have been going down this past week.” Hizashi seethed, “I told them I needed the whole week off, but corporate is being insistent.”

“It’s alright. We’re almost done here anyways. We just need to pick up some bathroom stuff and some bedroom stuff and we can go. We can tag team it, one of us can pick up the bath stuff, and the other can let him pick out some stuff for his room.” Aizawa reassured, “My feet are starting to hurt and its starting to get late anyways.”
Hizashi let out a small frustrated sigh before shoving the phone into his pocket and standing up from the bench. He picked up the bags of clothes that Aizawa set on the floor, slinging them over his shoulder.

“Alright. I’ll do the bathroom stuff, I know you won’t be able to pick the right shampoo for the kid. I’m not going to let you ruin his hair.” Hizashi teased lightly, but Aizawa can still hear the undercurrent of frustration in his voice. “Meet you at the car after?”

Shinsou looked up when Hizashi stood up, he was just finishing the last piece of his treat, shoving the rest of it into his mouth.
Aizawa gave a grunt in agreement. He grimaced slightly when he stood up and took one of Shinsou’s sticky hands into his own. “Alright, let’s get this over with quickly.”

The rest of the trip went by smoothly. Shinsou picked out dark blue sheets that had a matching comforter with little white stars scattered

across it, he also picked up a green cat nightlight. Aizawa tried to encourage him to pick out more stuff for the room, but Shinsou was resistant. Kept repeatedly say that he didn't need anything else. Aizawa did manage to convince him to pick out a couple of plush cat toys and some art supplies. When they paid and arrived at the car, Hizashi was already sitting in the driver's seat blasting music.
As soon as they got home, Shinsou ran dragging bags behind him saying he's going to get changed. Yamada made a half-aborted sound, saying how they should wash the clothes before he wears it, but shut his mouth when he remembered what the kid was currently wearing. Letting the situation go, he went to go get ready for work.
Aizawa shuffled his way to the couch and laid down closing his eyes. He brought his hands up to his temple to start slowly messaging it as he felt a migraine building up He probably pushed it a bit too far today. His left leg felt sore and his feet were throbbing in pain. Perhaps he should have stayed home, but he didn't want Hizashi and Shinsou out by themselves just in case. Not that Hizashi couldn't handle it, but it's a lot more difficult to handle any attacks when you have a kid in your possession and no back up.

"Hey, so there's some left overs in the fridge for the both of you when you guys get hungry. You missed breakfast and lunch, and Shinsou seems to believe the ice-cream was his lunch. So please eat it, I won't be back till late, so don't wait up." Hizashi said as he re-entered the living room.
He relaxed further into the couch as he listened to Hizashi's footsteps putter around as he wandered around collecting stuff he needs for work. He felt Hizashi brush his hand through his hair as he passed by the couch.

"I'm going to be as quick as possible in the station, but you should be asleep and have eaten by the time I get back. You know what? Never mind. I change my mind. I'm just going to heat this up for the both of you, that way I know you guys ate. I don't need the both of you starving. I can't tell if Shinsou is just not used to eating often, forgets to eat, or just doesn't think he's allowed too. But I found out that if I place food in front of him, he will eat it." Hizashi said adamantly as he moved around the kitchen.

"Stop mother henning," he grumbled out when Hizashi's chatter went into a lull.
Just as he heard the click of the oven go on, he heard smaller steps enter the kitchen followed by Hizashi cooing. "You are too adorable! I'm going to grab more shirts for you from the station if you'd like? I'll get one in every design and color."

“Zashi, don’t get them all. I don’t think well have enough room for all that.” Aizawa said dryly.
Hizashi let out a huff, before stage whispering to Shinsou how he’ll bring some back anyways.

“You’re going to be late.”

“Alright, alright, I’m going. Dinner is in the oven, it should be ready whenever you want to eat. Stay inside and stay safe, see you guys later. Love you both!” Hizashi shouted as rushed out the door.

The apartment went abruptly still as soon as the door shut. The silence is always deafening when Hizashi leaves. Some people find his constant talking annoying, but Aizawa loves it, not that he’d admit it to anyone. He always feels hyper alert when things get too quiet, body too tense to ever settle down. Even when Hizashi is gone, he’ll turn on the radio just so it can consume the silence. He’s only slightly positive that Hizashi knows this and that’s why if he’s not talking, he’ll make sure something is making noise.

A soft meow reminded him that he was not actually alone in the apartment. He listened as Shinsou gave out a small ‘here kitty’ followed by another meow from Mochi. He finally peaked his eyes opened when he heard Shinsou let out a small hum in triumph next to him. The kid was currently wearing the purple cat onesie with the hood up, while holding a slightly flustered looking Mochi in his arms.

“We match.” Shinsou beamed.

“You do.” He agreed, earning him a giant smile in return. “Are you hungry?”

“uh huh.”

“Alright, put Mochi down and go sit at the table.” He said as he hefted himself from the couch and made his way sluggishly to the kitchen. He pulled out the left-over rice and fish that Hizashi had in the oven and dished it out onto two plates.
Dinner was quiet as they both ate. He did have to repeatedly stop Shinsou from feeding the cat his own food, which earned him a wounded looks from the kid. He had to assure him multiple times, that the fat cat was indeed well fed and didn’t need his food as well. After cleaning up, he shuffled his way back to the couch to lay down. Only to be greeted by Shinsou as soon as reached the couch.

“Can we-. The show. He’s doing the show. I always listen.” Shinsou

said pointing to the silent radio.
Aizawa gave a nod as he reached over Shinsou to turn on the radio. Soon the room was filled with Hizashi's voice as he talked about the top songs of the week. He slowly sank down to lay down on the couch to listen and rest for a bit. He was half asleep when he felt Shinsou climb onto the couch to join him. Blindly, he pulled the kid up by the back of his pajamas and position him so he's laying between the couch and him. Shinsou let out a little indigent huff at the manhandling, before settling down resting his head on his shoulder.

"I like his show." Shinsou said into his side.

"Yeah?"

"Um-hum! I got to listen to it all the time. As long as I was good they would turn it on."

*Fuck. I hate villains* "Well, we can listen to it every time. No matter what."

Shinsou let out a soft okay with his face pressed into his shirt. About halfway through Hizashi's show, he felt the kid's breathing slow down and even out. He should probably put the kid to his actual bed, but he couldn't find the energy to do so. He adjusted his position to let some blood flow back into the arm Shinsou was laying on before he relaxed back into the couch, quickly falling asleep.

He woke abruptly to the tell-tale sound of a phone camera shuttering.

"Yamada, I will break your phone." He croaked out.
"You can, but it won't get rid of the evidence in three, two, one, and sent. Nemuri now has a copy." Hizashi whispered back. "And you know the only way to get rid of that, is to pry it from Nemuri's cold dead hands."

Before he can respond, he felt Shinsou's weight lift off from him as Hizashi picked him up. "Come on, lets get you both into bed."

Chapter End Notes

Ya, so next one will be going to UA, for them to finally meet up with the class. Any comments or kudos are greatly appreciated! Please let me know what you think of the chapter!
Have a nice day/night!

# First day

Chapter Summary

Meeting class 1A

Chapter Notes

So this one is a long one for sure. I have a couple of explanations at the bottom notes for some of my head cannons for this fic, helps explain a bit of the situation.
Thank you so much for all your comments and kudos!
Once again you can find me at ColdandHotSoba on tumblr!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The weekend went by relatively peaceful. They spent the whole time in the apartment, Hizashi made sure he'd got the weekend off with both his hero and radio jobs, so he wouldn't have to leave. The time was filled with catching up in school paperwork, unpacking and setting up Shinsou's room. They also took advantage and made sure to have time together to help Shinsou adjust to his surroundings and for them to get to know each other.

They found out that Shinsou was not a morning person at all. Hizashi had to drag him out of bed both mornings to eat breakfast, and it still took Shinsou a while to fully wake up. He would only give out grunts or hums in response to anything, only becoming fully awake after he ate something. Hizashi was slightly disappointed in this, grumbling about how he wanted a morning buddy.

What concerned them the most was Shinsou's relationship with food. The kid wasn't a picky eater; at least he hasn't complained about anything they've given him yet, but he would never tell them or admit he was hungry unless prompted. Even if they heard the kid's stomach growling from across the room, he wouldn't say anything about it. On Sunday, Hizashi noticed that kid squirreling away parts of all his lunch into the dresser in his room. The kid looked terrified when they pulled out the drawer and saw it filled with old left overs. Aizawa was more surprised that it hadn't smelled too bad than that the kid was hiding food in the first place. The drawer even had some of the rice and fish they had eaten for dinner on Friday and looked to be a portion of eggs from breakfast. Even after they explained that he can always ask for more food if he was still hungry and he can eat

whenever he wants, Shinsou still looked scared. Which prompted Hizashi to offer to replace the expiring food with some prepackaged food, which he explained would last longer than the leftovers. Shinsou reluctantly agreed but was still skittish about it, even as he carefully observed the exchange. He ended up moving his snack food stock underneath his bed when he thought they wouldn't notice.

Aizawa ended up pulling Hizashi aside one night to fully explain everything he knew about the kid and the situation. Not only so Hizashi doesn't have to stumble around in the dark and end up pushing too hard in areas that may cause more harm than good, but it was also so the kid doesn't have to repeat what happened. Shinsou can always tell Hizashi if he ever feels like he wants to, but he thought it was important that Hizashi knew, to at least get a grasp on what may be ahead of them.
Knowing the full story also helped explain some of the habits that Shinsou has. Not only with his issues with food, but also his relationships with them. It's almost like he expects them to just leave him alone. If they were in another room and quiet for a while, Shinsou will come in and check to see if they are still there. After that he'd change rooms to join them, bringing whatever he was doing from the old room.

Aizawa had also caught him watching the door too intensely on multiple occasions, when asked what he was doing, he said he was waiting for them to come. That sent shivers down Aizawa's spine and freaked Hizashi out enough to go buy extra deadbolts for the door. Rationally they knew the villains wouldn't know where they live; only Nemuri and the school knew where they live, but the way the kid said it with such conviction that it put them on edge.

Shinsou also loves physical contact, which Hizashi also adored. If either one of them stopped moving long enough, they'd have a small kid attached to them. If they were walking around too much for the kid to keep up or he wanted to do something in another room, he made sure Mochi was always within his reach.
The kid already had Hizashi wrapped around his little finger, all he had to do was look at him and he'd cave. If Shinsou got bored with coloring next to him or wanted to move around he'd seek out Hizashi. No matter what Hizashi was doing, he'd drop whatever it was to pick up the kid then continue working. Shinsou would also glue himself next to Hasashi's legs as he cooked, prompting Hizashi to ask if Shinsou would like to help. Which led to Shinsou helping with every meal, to Hizashi's utter delight.

Hizashi and him also spent time discussing on what to do with the kid come Monday. Hizashi made one last ditch effort to try and convince him to stay home, but was quickly denied. He already missed two weeks of school, he wasn't going to miss another day. He already spent more time recovering than he did after the USJ incident, and he was a lot worse off then.

They didn't have to think too hard about putting the kid into daycare, immediately agreeing it would be a bad idea. Shinsou was still under their protection while the villain was out, and especially when the kid is convinced he'll show up again. The daycare wouldn't be able to provide adequate protection and they didn't want to put other young children into any possible danger. They finally came to the decision that they'll just take the kid to UA with them. It'd be the safest place for him and they can keep an eye on him. They made a call to Nedzu to explain the situation and he was surprisingly quick in approving the arrangement.
Telling the kid that he was going with them to UA was a lot harder than getting the Principals permission. After explaining that he would be spending time at UA and that UA is a school for heroes, Shinsou ran out the living to barricade himself in his room. It took them an hour to convince him to exit the room, Hizashi ended up using Mochi as a bribe to draw the boy back out to the living room. They spent the rest of the night trying to reassure the kid that one of them will always be with him and nothing will happen to him. Shinsou had only looked half convinced when he reluctantly agreed before he finally went asleep.

That's how they all ended up in Recovery Girls office before school was supposed to start for his last session, with Shinsou wearing his new Present Mic shirt while drooling on the actual hero's shoulder as he slept in his arms, and him sitting on a cot.

Aizawa was glad that this was the last session, to finally be done with it all. It was irritating not being able to move as freely as he'd like, the wounds tugging uncomfortably anytime he over stretched or moved too quickly. Even though his injuries were lightly bandaged, it was still a pain and he just wanted them off. Recovery Girl kept reminding him throughout the checkup, that the scars will be permanent but will fade in time. He kept assuring her it was fine, that it'll just match the one on his elbow. He sent his husband a glare when he let out an amused snort when Recovery shoved a candy into his mouth to shut him up.

"Oh, shush or you'll wake him." Chiyo scolded as she sent a quick

glance to the sleeping Shinsou.

It reminded Aizawa of the hassle of getting Shinsou here. The kid was half awake the whole time, barely coherent. He ended up having to dressing Shinsou himself with the clothes that the kid carefully picked out the night before. Hizashi somehow managed to get the kid to eat a piece of toast in this groggy state. He was sure the kid ate it on autopilot as his head kept nodding off as he chewed on the toast. When they were ready to go, Shinsou had his head in his hands resting against the table. He did wake a bit when Hizashi picked him up, but promptly fell deep asleep as they walked to school.

“Alright, you are free to go. Still take it easy, no hero work for a month. Your tendons and muscles are still prone to tearing until then.” Chiyo said, “And if you come back because you tore it because you were doing hero work, I won’t heal it. Got it?”

“Yeah, got it. Thanks.” He said getting up stretching out to test out his range of motion. The new skin felt a bit tight as he moved but nothing uncomfortable.
Hizashi gave her a small thanks and a goodbye as they made their way to the teacher’s lounge.

“Thank god its empty.” He muttered when they reached their desks. “I don’t even want to think what would happen if the kid wakes up surrounded by professional heroes.”

“We did give him a heads up before coming here, but he was definitely out of it this morning. Probably still drained from the freak out the night before.” Hizashi whispered back,

“Can you watch him during homeroom? I have a meeting with the rest of the heads of departments in a couple of minutes.”
Aizawa gave a nod as Hizashi gently transferred the kid from his arms into his lap. He placed the yellow bag they had packed for Shinsou, filled with coloring books, some picture books, and a black stuffed cat.

“Thanks, I can watch him after if you need me too.”
Aizawa quietly pulled out the lesson plans for the next couple days and looked over them. As he worked he heard some of the other teachers enter the room but a quick glare and a promise of a painful death, they stayed quiet and left as soon as they were done. The only exception was Nemuri, who stayed quiet but took multiple photos on her way out, whispering about a future scrapbook.

As he was packing up to go to class, Shinsou started to finally stir.

Shinsou was looking around eyes half lidded.

“We’re at UA.” He said when he noticed the dazed expression on the tired face. Shinsou gave a small yawn in response before closing his eyes again.

“Come on kid, were going to class.” He sighed, moving the bags and the boy into his arms to make his way to room 1A.

He truly dreaded this. He knew his class, they were a nosey bunch and no way would they let this go. He doesn’t even know why he planned a lesson for the day, it’ll probably take the whole class for them just to settle down. What was his only savior was that his main problem children haven’t see Shinsou yet, as far as he was aware, only Bakugou and Kirishima saw him. Which was good, he knew that Bakugou wouldn’t point out that this was the kid he dragged out the building and Kirishima probably wouldn’t call the kid out in front of the whole class. In hindsight, he should have told them if they ever discussed what happened, he’d expel them.

“Are they in there?” Shinsou whispered into his shoulder.

“They should be. I’ll be there with you the whole time, there’s even a desk by the board you can sit at and color. Hizashi will be here for his turn after mine. You won’t ever be alone with them.” He replied. “You ready to go in or do you need a minute?”

Shinsou let out a sigh before giving a tiny nod against his shoulder, fists gripping his capture scarf. Taking it as his cue, Aizawa took a deep breath, pushing the door open with his shoulder and was immediately greeted with students shouting.

“Quiet.” He demanded, quirk activated. The class abruptly settled down at the display.

“We were just glad you are okay sensei.” Uraraka shouted out from the back of the class.

He opened his mouth to respond, but Shinsou took the moment to peek out at the class. The bags Aizawa was carrying had blocked him from the classes view, but as soon as lifted his head too look around it became null.

The class exploded with questions yet again as they caught sight of the wild purple hair. Sighing he set down the bags while he waits out their shouts. Shinsou quickly shoved his face back into his shoulder,

mumbling about how it gotten too loud. Shinsou stiffened in his grip when he heard Bakugou growl out that they all needed to shut the fuck up. When Bakugou followed through and released a small blast, Shinsou whipped his head in his direction.

"*You.*" Shinsou hissed sending a death glare at Bakugou. The class went deadly silent as they all turned their heads from Shinsou to Bakugou.

"Wow, what did you do Bakugou? He just got here." Sero asked.

"Shut up, you wanna be gum tape dispenser." Bakugou barked out. Aizawa put Shinsou down on the ground once the kid started to wiggle in his grasp. He decided to sit this one out as he watched the kid cross the class to stomp up to Bakugou.

"Hey spikey! You're a liar." Shinsou growled when he reached the desk, his arms crossed, and face pinched up angrily. Aizawa had to hand it to the kid, Bakugou was an intimidating sight. Bakugou's hands were still smoking from the quirk use, his perpetual scowl in place, and was a good foot and half taller than the kid, but Shinsou was staring him down like a pro.

"I'm not a fucking liar you rejected paintbrush." Bakugou snarled back.

"Yes you are!" Shinsou stomped out.

"I never lied to you, you fucking brat."
"Yeah huh! You're a hero."

"Well, actually he's not a hero, at least not yet. He's just in training, but if you-" Midoriya started to mutter.

"Shut the fuck up Deku." Bakugou snapped back, sending a glare at Midoriya before turning back to the fuming five-year-old in front of him. "I never said I wasn't a fucking hero."

"Still, you tricked me, and that's lying."

"Look here you fucking purple demon, the only reason I got you the fuck out of there was because Dead eyes said he'll expel me if I don't." he growled letting off small blasts.

"Hey Bakubro, maybe you should-"Kirishima tried advised softly, before he got cut off.

“Okay.” Shinsou said.

“What?”

“It’s okay, you’re not a full hero. It’s okay that you lied.” He shrugged patting Bakugou’s steaming hand as if he was comforting him.
Bakugou narrowed his eyes looking at the kid critically.

“Why would you say he’s not a full hero?” Kirishima asked.

“Because he did it for himself.” Shinsou said bluntly.
Kaminari let out a snort in amusement before quickly covered his mouth when Bakugou sent a glare his way.

“Stop hogging him Blasty, we want to know what’s going on too.” Mina whined.

“Yeah! We have questions.” Hagakure chimed in, arms waving around from her seat.

“I think that’s enough for now.” Aizawa said once the students started to get up and move to get a better view of Shinsou.

“Is he your son?” came from the back row by Todoroki.

“I think he would have mentioned it before.” Yaoyorozu contemplated.

“Aizawa never tells us anything. He does kind of look like him? Like the hair sticking up like that?” Satou sounded out.

“Awh sensei! Why were you hiding your son from us?” Mina exclaimed

“Wait does that mean Sensei has a wife?!?” Mineta yelled.

“Well, he is old. It’d make sense for him to have a wife by now.” Jirou interjected.

“Everyone calm down! I’m sure Aizawa sensei will explain.” Iida shouted.

All the sudden Aizawa had the floor again as they all looked to him for confirmation. He took the opportunity to try and get the class back on track and talk about todays schedule but was met with opposition.

“Sensei! You can’t go missing for weeks and then come back with a

kid and act like nothing happened!" Uraraka said.
He looked around at all their determined faces before sighing and shoving the materials back in his bag. Checking time and saw they only had about 15 minutes left of homeroom, it should be enough time to sate their curiosity.

"Alright. Here's the deal. You can ask him questions for the remainder of class. Him. Not me." He emphasized. "Somethings are still under investigation and an open case, so be tactful of your questions. If he doesn't want to answer it, drop it and don't push it. If either he or I say stop, you stop. You only have this class to do so, make your questions count."
He received a bunch of nods and excited chatter from the class agreeing to the terms.

"Hey kid," Shinsou reluctantly looked away from Bakugou to him. "You can ask questions also if you want. I'll be right over there in the sleeping bag." Shinsou gave him nod before turning his attention back to Bakugou.
---

Kirishima was a little worried about the staring eye contest Bakugou was having with the kid. It was more one sided really, Bakugou was outright glaring at the kid but the boy was only looking at him curiously. It was like a small rabbit in front of a temperamental dog, the odds of it working out low.
Kirishima wasn't dumb and he knew that Bakugou also recognized the kid from that night. The boy may be cleaner and dressed better, but what other kid would Aizawa drag back after being gone for so long? Especially if they were in the same building during the duration that Aizawa was missing.

Kirishima watched as everyone dragged or turned their desks to face the boy, after multiple failed attempts to encourage him to stand up front. They gave up after the kid kept refusing to leave Bakugou's desk. The class ended up scooting their desks closer to Bakugou's or as close as they can manage before Bakugou sent off warning blasts, telling them to back the fuck off. Kirishima would bet money that the kid was only next to him because of the quirk, he had kept his eyes trained on the hands the whole time as sparks flew.

"What's your name?" Hagakure asked when everyone finally got settled.

“Wash-Shinsou.” The kid muttered, looking at the floating uniform quizzically.

“How old are you Shinsou?” Midoriya asked.

“I’m five!” Shinsou beamed holding out five fingers.

“What’s your quirk?” Mina chirped leaning over Hagakure. The smile immediately fell off Shinsou’s face and was replaced with a sour look.

“Skip.”
They sent each other some confused looks, before Todoroki changed the subject.

“Were you the kid that was in the building with Aizawa?” Todoroki said dryly.
Midori smacked Todoroki’s arms whispering harshly that he can’t just ask it like that. Todoroki just shrugged back saying he wanted to know.

“Yes. I was in charge of him.”

“What do you mean by-“

“Stop. You can ask questions about him, but not that. That’s off limits.” Aizawa said gruffly from the corner of the room. “This is not an interrogation. You have five minutes left before English, make your final questions “
Kirishima felt himself sweat drop. He would have to disagree with that statement, it seemed like an interrogation to him. Twenty teens surrounding and questioning a kid? Sounds like an interrogation to him.

“Are you living with Aizawa?” Tokoyami said, cutting to the chase.

“uh hum!” Shinsou said excitedly, “I get to play with Mochi.”

“Mochi?” Sero asks leaning in.
Shinsou grabbed the end of Bakugou’s desk as if to stabilize himself as he practically vibrated in excitement. “Mochi is the best cat in the world! She’s the softest and lets me touch her paws and she sleeps all the time but that’s okay because that’s when I can pet her the most!”
Kirishima barely caught the quick panic look Bakugou sent him before it was gone, as the kid in front of him started to tear up.

“Her feet are so small. It’s the tiniest of toes. It’s too tiny. And her ears

are so soft, I love her so much.” Shinsou choked out, rubbing his eyes with the palm of his hand.

“uhh, who’s your favorite hero?” Kirishima rushed quickly to change the subject. It didn’t look like anyone else knew what to do with a teary-eyed kid. Shinsou let out a couple of sniffs and wiped his eyes a couple more times.

“I don’t like them. But I do like Present Mic’s music.” He mumbled out as he pulled out the hem of his shirt to show the Present Mic earphone design on it.

“Oh! Then your in for a treat next class! He’s our teacher. You can meet him!” Uraraka clapped her hands together.
Shinsou tilted his head and owlishly blinked at her, “I see him all the time.”

“Wha-“ She was quickly cut off as the front door to the class opened with a slam.

“Hey Listeners! I hope you are all have your homework ready to turn in!” Present Mic broadcasted as he entered the room.
There was a purple blur, as Shinsou shoved his way between the desks and beelined right into Present Mic’s legs with an oof.

“Hizashi up please.” Shinsou said tugging onto Mic’s pants leg.
Present Mic crouched down and picked him up to propping him on his hip, giving Shinsou a hello and asking how he’s doing.

“Wait! How does he know you?” Mina yelled out. “Was that your real name? How does he know that?”
Shinsou looked over at them with a perplexed look as he gripped onto Mic’s leather jacket.

“I live with him.” Shinsou deadpanned.
Kirishima covered his ears with his hands as his peers simultaneously started yelling again. Mic’s face had on a clearly fake smile as he looked frantically at Aizawa who was getting up to leave.

“You got this.” Aizawa said patting Mic empathetically on the shoulder as he left the classroom.
---
They managed to weasel out from Present Mic that Shinsou was indeed living with both him and Aizawa, but he wouldn’t budge on anything else. He kept dancing around his and Aizawa’s relationship, but we came to conclusion that at the least they are boyfriends, at the

most they're married. Present Mic also made a small slip up and did mention that the Shinsou was living in the house Aizawa was at for a while, and that's why he's staying with them. Present Mic managed to get lessons started after the ten-minute grilling secession he went through. Shinsou ended up coloring in a desk in the corner of the room as the lesson progressed.

The rest of the day went by as normal, Shinsou left with Mic after the class ended and another started. After lunch, Aizawa came back to 1A to teach Hero Economics, bringing the tike with him. Somehow, Shinsou ended up coloring on the floor next to Bakugou, occasionally showing him his finished art. To Kirishima's slight surprise, Bakugou would praise him on his work in a very Bakugou way. At least the kid took it as a praise, absolutely grinning when Bakugou tells him that "It doesn't look like complete shit' and hurries to draw another picture.

"Alright class, todays hero training will be rescue work. However, since I haven't done all the paperwork to be cleared, Midnight is going to teach for today." Aizawa announced as he straightened out the papers on his desk. "Shinsou, it's time to go."
Shinsou was laying on his stomach, still coloring next to Bakugou's chair. His face was scrunched up as he concentrated on his drawing, the yellow crayon in hand worn down. He looked up at the mention of his name and shook his head. "I want to stay here."

"Me and Mic ae going to be at the lounge doing work, neither of us can be here." Aizawa explained, shoving the rest of his things into the bag.

"That's okay. I want to stay with Spiky." Shinsou said as he continued to scribble on his paper. Bakugou shot him a dirty look at his nickname, but the boy either didn't see it or completely ignored it.

"Nemuri will be here instead." Aizawa tried to make clear.
"That's okay, I still want to stay with Spiky."

Aizawa paused in front of the class and studied the kid. He looked relaxed enough as he colored there, too relaxed for a kid who's scared of pros while being surrounded by future heroes. Now that he recalls, he did stay next to Bakugou the whole class.

The boy probably wanted someone physically close but didn't come to him because of the attention he'd get from being in front of the class. It was logical that the kid would pick the temperamental teen as the next best option out of the rest of the students. For one, Bakugou kept

the other teens out of range. Anytime one of them leaned over to see what Shinsou was doing or to try and touch the fluff that is his hair, Bakugou would let off a small blast telling them to get the fuck away from his desk. Two Bakugou's personality screams confrontation and that attitude is the closest thing that Shinsou could relate to since leaving the store. Bakugou's character did make a good halfway point from the villains to the stereotypical bright and chipper personalities of heroes. That's the one of the biggest reasons why he'd think Shinsou would be comfortable enough to stay with Bakugou. The other is that Shinsou has already met and had spent time with Nemuri when she watched him at the hospital, probably gaining some trust out of it.

"You sure you want to stay here with Nemuri? This is your last chance to change your mind."
Shinsou let out a hum in confirmation, exchanging the yellow crayon with an orange.

"Alright, stay with Bakugou until Nemuri comes, then stay with her." Aizawa said as he made his way out of the door. Shinsou let out a small 'uh hum' still too focused on his drawing to look up. Aizawa made eye contact with Bakugou right before exiting the room and sent a stern glare. Bakugou crossed his arms and let out a small 'tch' and then nodded his head at the unasked question. Aizawa nodded back then walked out closing the door behind him.

"Look!" Shinsou said jumping up, holding out the paper he was drawing to Bakugou. Kirishima leaned forward to try and get a look at the drawing the kid spent majority of the class on. He almost snorted when he recognized the figure in the drawing. It had stick figure that was surrounded by explosions from what Kirishima can make out. The figure was wearing Bakugous' hero costume, with the trade mark spikey hair, and had a giant frown and angry eyebrows making it's face.

"I think it needs more explosions." Bakugou said after squinting at the artwork when the paper was shoved into his face. Shinsou quickly pulled back the paper to look at it, his eyebrows furrowed as his eyes scanned the drawing.

"You're right." Shinsou agreed with a sharp nod. "I have a brighter red."

Shinsou got up and left Bakugou's side and walked to the desk by the white board analyzing the paper in his hand. He sat down on the floor

in front of the desk, pulling the yellow bag in his lap as he dug around into.
Kirishima picked up his head from where it was resting on the desk when he heard the familiar heavy footsteps approach the room.

“I AM HERE TO COVER FOR MIDNIGHT!” All Might exclaimed as he entered in All Might fashion.

“All Might!” He heard Midoriya squeal from his seat.

“She had something to come up. But no fear because I am here!” All Might explain as he entered further into the room. All Might paused just as he reached the desk, finally noticing the boy on the ground.

Kirishima looked over at the now frozen Shinsou. He was still sitting on the floor, one arm frozen half way into the bag from where it was digging inside. Shinsou’s face was a chalky white, purple eyes blown wide, and his body shaking slightly.

Kirishima gave a small frown as he watched All Might approach Shinsou. He’d seen people get so excited about meeting a hero before that they would pass out, but something seemed differently in this case. Shinsou seemed to shrink in on himself as All Might got closer instead of reach out like most fans do. He seemed even smaller when All Might towered over him, the pro’s hero’s 7ft height completely dwarfing the small child.

“You must be the kid I’ve been hearing about.” All Might said zealously. “You’re Shinsou right?”
Somehow Shinsou’s eyes got even bigger, his hands gripped the bag tightly. Eyes darting to Bakugou who was leaning back in his seat with his hands resting behind his head, giving him a slight panic look. When he noticed that Bakugou made no movement to move or do anything, he looked backed to All Might.

“You were looking for me?” Shinsou asked, voice cracking.

“Yes, I wanted to-“ All Might said and abruptly stopped. All Might’s body became unnatural stiff, the joints locking into place making him look like a replica toy soldier.

“A-all M-might?” Midoriya asked when All Might didn’t budge or continue talking after a minute. The only sound that permeated the air was Shinsou’s heavy breathing. Shinsou slowly got up from his spot, keeping his eyes trained on the pro as he scooted around the hero.

“Is he okay? What happened?” Uraraka said nervously from the back of the class.

“Oi! Where the fuck do you think your going?” Bakugou growled out, slamming his hands on his desk as he stood up.
Shinsou let out a small sound and gave him a deer in headlights look at being caught half way out the class. Shinsou gripped his bag tighter as Bakugou stalked up to him.

“Just gonna fucking leave? Did you do this?”

“Do you think I did it?” Shinsou squeaked out, eyes darting towards the exit.

“Yes I fuckin-“
Kirishima pushed his chair back with a clatter when Bakugou froze, glare dropped quickly and replaced with a blank dead eye look.

“Bakugou?” Ojirou asked confused by the prone form in front of him. Shinsou gave the room a frantic look before bolting out the door.

“Iida! Go after him!” Midoriya order as he got up and approached All might. Iida gave a quick ‘I got it’ and ran out the door, quirk activated to catch up with the kid.

“Someone should probably go get Aizawa.” Asui said, as Midoriya was waving his hands in front of All Might’s face, letting out a string of panicked mumbling under his breathe.

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Aizawa was slowly making his way through the large pile of paperwork in front of him when he saw Nemuri casually enter the lounge.

“Nemuri, why are you here and not with the students?” He asked dryly when she sat down at her desk. She looked over her shoulder at him when the question gained her attention.

“I got swamped with some head department papers, I feel like I got two times more than Yamada. It’s really unfair.” She continued when he saw him twitch an eyebrow up. “You don’t have to worry about

your favorite students, Shouta. I sent All Might to cover me."

"You sent All Might."

"He was available, and he's always happy to teach that class. Why? Is he not allowed to?"

*Fuck* Aizawa got up abruptly, papers scattering as he rushed out the door, ignoring Nemuri's shouts.

He felt his heart thud in his ears as he ran down the corridor. All Might is the worst person for the kid to meet on the first day. He was planning of slowly introducing the teachers one by one. Preferably starting with Nedzu, hoping the animal like shape would calm the kid, then slowly working their way up to the number one hero. He skidded slightly when he reached Class 1A, causing him to body check the door frame.

All Might had his back facing him, standing rim rode straight. Midoriya and Todoroki were in front of him, the former talking frantically and arms moving erratically. Bakugou wasn't standing too far from the door. Bakugou's expressionless face was in plain view as Kirishima, Mina, Sero, and Kaminari were poking him. Mumbling about how weird it was to see him so still. The rest of the class looked to be in various stages of shock, only some managed to move enough to stand next to their chairs unsure of what to do.

"Where's the boy?" He deadpanned, when no one noticed his entrance. He did a quick scan of the class room and didn't see the child anywhere.

"Sensei! What happened? Is this a quirk? Can you use your quirk on them to get rid of it?" Uraraka rambled out, voice pitched high. "My quirk would be useless right now. Where's the kid?"

"He ran out. We don't know where he went, but Iida went after him. That was a while ago though."

Aizawa let out a shaky sigh. If it has been a while, Iida should have caught up and brought the kid back by now, being the fastest in the class. Him not being back strongly indicated he's probably also under the influence of Shinsou's quirk.

He sent a quick glance at the stationary All Might. He doesn't know how long Toshinori has before transforming back into his small form. He doesn't want to rely on Shinsou's quirk to keep him in the form,

hell, he doesn't know if it can keep him in that form. He needs to get the student's out just in case he does shrink in front of them and let loose one of the biggest secrets UA is keeping.

"Okay class, here's a deal. To who ever finds the kid and gets me to him first, I'll give extra credit in search and rescue." Aizawa said loudly, drawing the student's attention. "The faster you manage to find him, the more credit you get. If I find him before you, no credit will be given, and tomorrows class will be spent doing conditioning."

"What about All Might and Bakugou?" Jirou spoke up.

"They'll be fine here. They're not in or will be in any danger here. Now you better hurry up or I'll beat you." He said as he ran back out the door. He was half way down the corridor before he heard the scraping of chairs being pushed back.

After an hour of not finding the kid, Aizawa felt like pulling his hair out. They'd searched everywhere a kid had time and access to, but he was no where to be found. After fifteen minutes of searching, he caved and texted Hizashi and Nemuri to tell them the kid is gone, and they in return ended up bringing every available teacher in on the search. Then finally, *finally* they found him.

Kouda had approached him saying that one of the animals found him at ground beta. Aizawa was confused on how he got all the way out there until he got to the broken-down building Shinsou was hiding in. Outside the entrance stood a still Iida, the engines on his legs still steaming slightly.
He stepped quietly and carefully through the door to the building as he shuffled through the loose ground. The demolished building only had three walls up, the fourth creating a pile of rubble that was mixed in with household items. He didn't have to try too hard to find Shinsou's hiding spot, seeing that there was a gridlocked Yaoyorozu crouched in front of an opening holding a yellow backpack. He gently took her by the elbow and moved her over, so he reach the entrance to the rubble.

The size of the tunnel was smaller than Aizawa would like, he had no chance in climbing in after the kid, the most he can do is reach his arm in. When he peered into the opening, he saw a shock of purple at a dead end at least 7 feet deep into the tunnel. Shinsou had his head buried in his knees as he hugged them, letting out a couple of choked sobs, not noticing the newcomer.

“Hey Shinsou.” He murmured softly, laying on his stomach in front of the entrance. Shinsou jumped in his spot at the sudden voice, body shaking slightly.

“Why don’t you come out of there?”
The only response he got was the soft scrapping sound as Shinsou’s shoes moved against the ground as he pulled his knees up tighter against himself.

“Can you come out or are you stuck?”

“Go away.”

“It’s okay Shinsou, you can come out. You’re not in any trouble.”

“I said go away! I don’t want to see you. I don’t want you!” The boy keened, voice sharp.
There was a moment of silence as Aizawa thought of a way to respond, before he could figure out what to do, Shinsou continued.

“You’re a liar.”

“Shinsou please come out.”

“Y-you couldn’t do it yourself huh?” Shinsou choked out angrily into his knees. “Y-you had to send i-in All Might to turn me in.”

“Shinsou, that’s not what happen-“

“No! No that’s how it happened. You were scared, so you sent the strongest hero. He said he was looking for me and he *knew* my name. He *knows* me. He knows I’m a villain. You lied. You said nothing would happen! All heroes are the same. Silent was right all the long.” Shinsou said venomously between sobs. “They take people with quirks like mine and put them into jail to get popular. Taking a villain like me down that would look great. Taking down a brain washer that killed their parents. I- I-I j-just don’t understand why you wouldn’t take me to jail instead.”

Aizawa kept quiet as Shinsou let out the small rant, his small body shaking in frustration.

“No, we would never do that to you, Hitoshi. You haven’t done anything to deserve being taken away.” He said in a hopefully soothing tone. “Do you think me or Hizashi would put away people who didn’t deserve it?”

A couple of seconds went by, only interrupted by the occasional sniffle, before Aizawa saw Shinsou give a small shake of his head.

“You’re right, we wouldn’t. We also wouldn’t let anyone else take you, we’d fight anyone who tried. Even All Might.”

“Even All Might?” he heard Shinsou repeated quietly into his knees.

“Especially All Might.” He confirmed without hesitation.

Shinsou looked up from his knees hesitantly, eyes peering out from above his knees. He sat there just observing Aizawa before he started slowly crawling towards him. When he was within reach, Aizawa pulled him the rest of the way out of the tunnel and into his lap. Shinsou quickly shoved his head into his neck and let out a small sob before outright bawling, hands gripping the hair on the back of Aizawa’s head. He held the kid as he let it all out, rubbing his back mummering how it’s alright.

When the kid finally stopped crying and pulled back to rub his eyes, it sent Aizawa into a slight panic. There was blood steadily trickling out of Shinsou’s nose, covering the lower half of his face. When his eyes zeroed in on the blood, Hitoshi started to frantically try to wipe off the evidence with the back of his arms, effectively spreading the mess all over his face.

Aizawa’s mind raced trying to figure out how the kid got hurt in the first place. Then it clicked, if Bakugou and All Might are still under affects of the quirk, Hitoshi currently has four people under his control. According to records he should only be able to control two at a time. They don’t know how long he could handle, but an hour and a half was long for any quirk useage.

“Hitoshi, I need you to let go of your quirk. You’re pushing yourself too much, you need to stop.”
Shinsou stopped moving and looked up at him with eyes wide in alarm.

“I-I c-can’t” He said, panic lacing his voice. “I can’t. I want to, but I can’t. It won’t go.”

“It’s okay, it’s okay we can fix it.” He mumbled rubbing the boys back as he felt the kid’s breath pick up. “Can I use my quirk on you? It should stop it.”
Shinsou let out a choked sob before nodding his head and shutting his eyes tightly. Aizawa knew his quirk worked when he heard Shinsou

give out a relieve sigh and went boneless in his arms.

“S-sensei? What happened?” He heard a befuddled Yaoyorozu mumbled out from were she was sitting on the side. “When did you get here? What happened? I don’t remember?”

“Come on, lets get back to class. I only want to explain this once.” He sighed, as he got up from the floor keeping Hitoshi in his arms.
As they made their way back to the classroom; dragging along an equally confused Iida and a fidgeting Kouda, he quickly sent out a text to Hizashi saying that they found him, and he’d meet them at the class room.

The walk back was quiet, only interrupted by the soft ‘sorry’ Shinsou kept saying repeatedly into his scarf, and the low whispers between the students following him. The closer they got to the classroom, the harder Shinsou trembled in his arms.

“Alright, you guys go in first.” Aizawa said turning to the students when they reached the classroom. “I’ll follow you in a minute.”
When the door opened as the students entered, yelling from inside the class permeated the hall before they were plunged back into silence when it closed. Aizawa stood just outside the doorway, giving both of them a chance to collect themselves.

“I’m in trouble.” Shinsou said softly. “They’re going to be so mad.”

“No, you’re not in trouble. They’re going to be more confused than anything. I’ll explain everything, you don’t even have to talk. Just let me know when you’re ready to go in.” He replied sincerely. Shinsou rubbed his face against his scarf, staining the fabric a soft pink color as the blood was wiped off.

“Okay. Ready.” Shinsou straightened out in his hold, giving him a determined look. It would have been cute, if it wasn’t for the red smeared around the lower half of his face.
Aizawa opened the door to the class room and was greeted with one of the most chaotic scenes he’s witnessed from the class. Bakugou was cornered in the far end of the room by the ‘Bakusquad’, with the most irritated face he’s ever seen. Bakugou was yelling at them to back off he’d explode their faces off if they don’t stop, small explosions already being let out. The group of friends; ignoring the threat, kept asking him if he was okay, how did it feel, and that they were glad he was back.

Over by the desk stood All Might rubbing the back of his head with

his hand explaining to a worried looking Midoriya that he's fine and doesn't even remember anything. The rest of the class kept shouting out questions to All Might or were grilling the newly entered Kouda, Iida, and Yaoyorozu.

"There's my boy." Aizawa looked over at the familiar voice, seeing Hizashi approaching them.

"Hizashi, you can't just say that in front of the class." Aizawa hissed quietly, eyes darting around to see if any of the kids heard over their own yelling. Rationally he knew the class probably knew their relationship, but he didn't want to be that obvious about it.

"Not you." Hizashi rolled his eyes and plucked Shinsou out of his arms. "I want to see my little boy, here he comes." He sing-songed as he settled the boy on his hip. Hizashi paused at the sight of Shinsous face before taking it in stride. He pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket and started to wipe the kids face off despite Shinsou's small sounds of protest, small hands trying to push the pros away.

"I'll go and get him cleaned up and explain to him the All Might situation, while you talk with the class." Hizashi said as he ended up just rubbing the blood around with the handkerchief. Aizawa let out a small sigh before agreeing and saying to give him fifteen minutes to explain. He didn't really want to explain, he knew it was necessary at this stage, but it still doesn't mean he wants to.

He cleared his voice loudly making his way up to the front of the room to draw everyone's attention, as Hizashi made his escape.

"Eraserhead, I am so sorry-"All Might started, but stopped when Aizawa raised a hand at him.

"It's alright. We didn't plan for you to meet him this soon, but shit happens. "He said then turned to face the class. "I think the best way to explain is if you ask questions." He raised his hand in a stop sign when they started all shouting out questions at once. "I will only answer if you go one at a time."

"What happened?" Hagakure rushed out.

"Shinsou used his quirk."

"Whats his quirk?" Uraraka asked

"He can gain control and influence other people's actions."

“Brainwashing.” Kaminari whispered under his breath, even with how quiet he said it, it still echoed around the still room.

“That’s. So. Cool. How does it work? Does he get access when people talk? Is it contact? How many people can he control? Can he make them do anything? What are the limitations?” Midoriya continued to ramble in his seat, only stopping when Bakugou turned around and banged his hands on the desk telling him to stop muttering in his ear.

“His quirk only works if you answer his questions and if he chooses to.” Aizawa said. He wasn’t sure about the second half, the kid’s control is shaky at best and so is his understanding of the kids quirk. He made a mental note to remind himself and Hizashi that they should really work on Shinsou’s quirk control and get him comfortable with it. “We haven’t found a way yet to break them out of the affects without stopping Shinsou’s quirk by either erasing it or him letting it go. The only known lasting effects the quirk has is memory loss, so you can stop questioning the ones that were under it, they won’t be able to answer them.”

“But why did he do it?” Satou asked.

“He doesn’t like heroes. Doesn’t like is putting it mildly, he absolutely distrusts them.” He lets out a sigh and continued explaining when all he got was confused looks. “Put yourself in his shoes for a second. He was living with villains for the past year being convinced heroes are the bane of society. The exact opposite of what you all may have been told growing up. You go to a place filled with everyone you were told to avoid. When you finally let your guard down after getting used to it, here comes this hulking figure that represents everything you’ve been told to fear, leaning over you in a booming voice. Would you use your quirk in that situation to get away?”

There was no response as they slowly took in the sparse information they received. A couple of sounds of agreement accompanied a few muttered out yeah’s after a bit.

“Is it safe to have him in the classroom? He can control us at any time. What if he controls us and makes us do something horrible?” Mineta stammered out from his desk.
Aizawa squinted his eyes and glared him, until the student started to visibly shrink into his seat and started to try and stammer out explanations.

“You all will be fine. This is a *child* we are talking about. He used his

quirk to escape and if he used it on purpose after this, you probably deserve it. He's a child and still learning on how to use his quirk. I'm sure you all had accidents with your quirks as kids. Hell, all of you are still learning how to master your quirks and you have ten years on him." He said sweeping his eyes across the class. "If anyone and I do mean anyone, gives him any shit about his quirk, I will make sure that as long as I am your teacher, you will be pay for it. I will make hero training a living hell for you, I will push you so hard it will more likely break you than make you. I will drag as many teachers into it as possible, so it won't just be my class that would be intolerable, your whole day will constantly be shit. Do I make myself clear?"

He heard a couple of audible gulps before there were frantic nods and a squeaky 'crystal clear' from Mina. A knock on the door dragged his eyes away from his students. Hizashi was in the door way with the door opened just enough for his head to peek inside.

"We're finished. I took him to Recovery Girl when he started to complain about a headache, he's out like a light." Hizashi said from the door way. "I'm going to take him home. Schools ending soon, and I'd rather avoid the rush when it gets out."

Aizawa gave him a curt nod giving him a go ahead and saying that he'll be finished soon and will pick up all the paperwork from their desks.

He spent the remainder of class getting the students perspective of what happened during the incident. Iida said he had reached the boy just as the kid made it to the entrance of the building, not managing to make it too far. Iida recalled that the last thing he remembers is Shinsou asking why he's following him.
He also learned that Yaoyorozu had found him long before Kouda did, but made the mistake of answering Shinsou's question if anyone was there. He decided to give both Kouda and Yaoyorozu extra credit, given the fact he never did warn them about Shinsou's quirk. He was debating on giving Iida and Bakugou credit for being under the quirk, but both refused it saying they didn't earn it. By the time he settled what happened and the students were more at ease, the bell rung indicating the end of class.

"Eraser I would like to sincerely-"All Might started when the last student finally left the room, but cut himself off at Aizawa's glare. To be completely honest, Aizawa forgot that the number one hero was even in the room.

“Don’t apologize. Mistakes were made but it’s done. If you want to know the whole story, you can ask Nedzu for it. Anything else can wait for tomorrow. But right now, I just need to get home.” He said dryly as he passed Toshinori to do just that.

Chapter End Notes

Why tapping them didnt break them from teh quirk
-It has to hurt them for it to break shinous quirk, and how hard you hit depends on who you are hitting. Youd pratically have to throw a quirk fulled punch at All-mights large form to break it, vs a small pinch on a young kid for example.
-SInce shinsou was unregistered for so long, and they havent fully understand how it works, they dont know they need pain or anything like that to break the quirk
-Also they need to use erasure on SHinsou, not the brainwashed ppl for it to go away. It's already in affect by the time the victim is under.

Thank you all so muchf or all your comments and kudos!! i reallllllyyyyy appreciate them! let me know your thoughts on the chapter! thanks! have a good day/night

# Cupcakes

Chapter Summary

Aizawa finally makes back home.

Chapter Notes

sorry for how long it took to update! This is a bit of a filler chapter until the next! i promise the next update will be quicker! You can find me on tumblr at ColdandHotSoba
andddd i guess if u want to push for an update, u can totally bug me there.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He ended up coming home three hours after school had been let out, two hours later than he expected nor wanted. He managed to evade Toshinori for the most part as he tried to get everything done so he can go home. Anytime he saw the blond coming his way, he'd duck away or picked up his speed to out walk him. Unfortunately for him, All-Might was not one to give up and still tried to apologize to him long after the fact he was told it was unnecessary. When Toshinori finally got him cornered, he sent the pro a hard glare that had the number one stuttering before he finally caved and said he'll see him tomorrow.

When he was finally able to ditch the bumbling blond, he met with the Principal in his office. He knew it would take a while to discuss what had happen during hero training, but he didn't think it would take two hours. Most of the time wasn't even spent talking about the incident, the first thing Nezu said when he walked through the door was that he was already made aware of the situation. The rest of the two hours were spent talking about his student's progress and Nezu constantly peddling him tea and biscuits.

At one point he thought he would never leave, until his own personal hero of the day came through the door. The conversation was cut short when Recovery Girl entered the room to give Nezu the last bit of paper work that he needed so he can be cleared for training. When principal was distracted, he quickly made his escape mouthing a 'thanks' to Chiyo, who then waved him off. He quickly grabbed his and Hizashi's stuff from the teachers lounge and made for the doors. He waved off a couple of linger students and teachers alike, telling

them if it wasn't important they can tell him tomorrow, and finally made his way home.

Aizawa let out a small groan when he *finally* made it back to the apartment. He shifted the bags around in his arms, so he can reach into his back pocket to grab his keys. He pushed the door open with a grunt as he tried to keep everything in his hands. As soon as he opened the door his nose was assaulted with a sugary sweet smell.

"Hey! Welcome home! We already had dinner, but there's a plate for you on the stove!" A voiced yelled from the kitchen
Aizawa looked over and saw Yamada standing in the kitchen covered in flour, with a mixing bowl resting on his hip as he stirred. Aizawa couldn't help but shudder at what Yamada was wearing. It wasn't because of the loose green pants or the hideous purple shirt, it was that god-awful apron. It was the pinkest, frilliest apron he's ever laid eyes on, and had 'I don't just drop mic's ;)' printed across it. Nemuri had bought it as a gag gift for Yamada, after he dropped a mic on national television when he was DJing. Hizashi ended up staring at the fallen mic for a solid minute before someone from the crowd yelled out that he doesn't only drop mics, but he also dropped panties. Hizashi turned red at that and wouldn't look anyone in the eyes for days.

Aizawa would burn the damn apron if he could, but Yamada loved that ugly thing, saying it was a gift from the heart. He's pretty sure that Yamada only kept that thing to watch Aizawa go through all five stages of grief every time he sees that thing dragged out.

"What are you making?" He asks sending a death glare at said apron as he walked over to put the bags down.

"Cupcakes! Hitoshi said he wanted to give something to apologize and we already had ingredients." Yamada chirped as he filled the cupcake tin. "He's at the table right now decorating, and he's doing a great job at it."

Aizawa heard a small 'uh-huh' respond at the statement and peaked his head into the dining room to see how it was going. His eyebrows immediately shot up when he saw the cupcake filled table. There had to be way more than twenty, and Yamada was still putting another batch into the oven. They were all brightly colored with various sprinkles and candies placed on top of them. Not only were the cupcakes decorated, it looked as if Shinsou also decorated the table with sprinkles, seeing as there were more on it than the actual

cupcakes.

Shinsou standing on top of a chair so he can comfortably reach as he decorated one of the cupcakes. His eyebrows were furrowed with his tongue sticking out as he concentrated on putting sprinkles carefully onto a frosted cake. Shinsou did a double take when he saw him approach the table, and he moved the cupcake he was working on over to the side and picked up another.

“I made this one for All-Might. Do you-would..hm.. This is All-Might’s cupcake to say sorry.” Shinsou stumbled out as he held out a cupcake. It wasn’t a bad job considering it seemed like he was just throwing a bunch of toppings on it, but Aizawa can definitely tell it was made especially for All-Might. The white frosting was covered in a mound of yellow sprinkles with bits and pieces of blue and reds scattered around. What really stood out was the two tuffs of All-Might’s hair on the cupcake that were made from the Bananarama candy that Yamada loves.

“Do you want to know if he’d like it?” Aizawa asks to the expectant face in front of him once the silence dragged on. Shinsou quickly nodded his head and bit his lip as he looked back down to the cupcake.

“I think he would like what ever you gave him, but you did a really good job decorating it.”

Shinsou looked up and smiled at the compliment. He let out a happy hum as he set down the cake carefully and began working on the next cupcake. Noticing that Shinsou was thoroughly distracted with pouring red sprinkles, he got up and went to the kitchen.

He came up from behind Hizashi just as he set down the now cooling treats and wrapped his arms around his waist as he leaned into him.

“Tough day?” Hizashi joked.

“You can say that.” He let out a small snort as he pressed his face against the back of Hizashi’s neck. “Finished all the paperwork and got the okay that we can continue with our original agreement with Hitoshi. Nezu didn’t have any problem with him still coming to the school.”

Aizawa felt more than heard the flat hum that Hizashi let out, body gently vibrating at the sound. Aizawa tightened his hold at the sound. Hizashi had let out a bit of his quirk in that hum. He only did that

when he was thinking too hard on something, causing his control of his quirk to faulter.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Hizashi. I’ve known you too long to know that it’s not just nothing.”

Hizashi let out a small sigh and turned around in his hold to face him. Yamada wrapped his arms around his waist and pulled Aizawa forward as he leaned on the counter behind him.

“I’ve noticed that he won’t ask questions, and I’m sure you’ve noticed also, but what happened today made it really clear. When we got home, he woke up from his nap. I *knew* he wanted to ask me something, but he wouldn’t just outright ask. We ended up playing verbal charades until I figured out he wanted to know if we were mad at him. Hell, the only time I heard him ask a question was in that rat invested basement.” Hizashi mumbled, keeping his voice down so the child wouldn’t hear him. “I just. I just don’t want to miss something important. What if he needs something and we don’t find out until it’s too late because he won’t ask? I don’t want that to happen. I know we should talk to him about it, but I don’t know if we should talk about it tonight or wait until later. It’s been a long day for all of us and I don’t want to stress him out too much.”

“I don’t think it would hurt too much if we did it now. He seemed calm when I saw him a minute ago. Besides, we can always back off if he becomes too distressed.” He mumbled as he got out of Hizashi’s embrace and started to walk out. He looked over his shoulder at his husband when he reached the doorway. Hizashi was still standing where he left him, gnawing on his lip as he thought. Aizawa rolled his eyes as he grabbed his hesitant husband’s hand to pull him to the table, telling him he was overthinking it and that’d turn out okay.

He sat down across from Shinsou, while Hizashi went to sit next to him, whispering harshly as he walked by that this wasn’t supposed to be an interrogation. Shinsou eyes darted between the two adults as they stared at each other, trying to will the other to say something first. Aizawa let out a sigh as he caved first and focused his attention on the now confused looking kid in front of him.

“We want to tell you something.” He said dryly when he finally made eye-contact.

Shinsou clenched his hands and looked down at the table, bottom lip trembling. “I’m leaving.” He said voice wobbling.

“No no no no, you’re not leaving!” Hizashi said as he sent a sharp glare at Aizawa.

“You’re not leaving.” Aizawa confirmed after he felt Hizashi kick him from under the table. “We just want to ask you a question okay?”

Shinsou gave a small nod and wiped his face with his forearm before looking back up.

“You know you can ask questions, right?”

“I’m not allowed to.”

“We are allowing you to. You’re not with them anymore. You can ask questions. Anytime you want to ask something, you ask it. You can ask any question you’d like.”

“But my quirk.” Shinsou mumbled as he reached up and traced the light scars on his face with his fingers. Yamada carefully pulled the small hands away from his face and replaced them with his own. Yamada’s hands dwarfed the small boy’s face, covering most of it as he cupped his face. Yamada gently ran his thumbs over the scars, slowly taking note of each individual one. Aizawa watched as he saw anger wash briefly over Hizashi’s face before it went solemn.

“It’s okay. The only way you can learn to control it, is if you ask questions. The more you practice the better you’ll get. If you end up using it on us, we won’t be mad. We’ll never be mad, I promise. And if you don’t think you can stop, we’re here to help you.” Hizashi murmured. “I wasn’t the best at controlling my quirk either. My parent’s can no longer hear because of me and I also hurt my own ears that I messed them up.”

Shinsou’s face wrinkled up in confusion as he looked at Hizashi’s ears. “It looks okay.”

Hizashi let out a chuckled and reached up pulling out one of his hearing aids before handing it to Shinsou. “It’s hard for me to hear, so I wear these to help me hear better. It’s kind of like glasses, but for your ears.” Hizashi explained as Shinsou turned the aid around in his hands. “I take them out a lot of the time when I’m home, so if I don’t hear you, you can tap on me to get my attention.”

“Sometimes Hizashi speaks with his hands because he can’t hear well. Would you be interested in learning how to speak with your hands?” Aizawa asked when it went silent for a while as Shinsou fiddled with the hearing aid.

It would only be rational for the kid to learn sign language. Hizashi normally takes off his aids as soon as they were both at home and used sign as the main form of communication. Lately though, Hizashi has only taken them out late at night since the kid moved in. Hizashi admitting that he’d rather keep them in longer, so he can hear any potential break in’s while Aizawa was still healing, not wanting to be caught completely unaware.

Aizawa also realized it would also be a great way to encourage Shinsou to start asking questions. Like taking a baby step, letting him get comfortable with asking questions before saying them out loud. He’s not sure how far Shinsou’s quirk extends, but he’s going to presume that Shinsou needs to ask a question and get a verbal response. If so, Shinsou can ask all the questions he wants in sign language as he gets comfortable and won’t have to be terrified that’d his quirk would go off. It’d also be useful for him to let them know if he needs anything, without stressing about his quirk or that he’s asking a question in the first place.

“Yes please.” Shinsou says as he hands back the aid to Yamada. Hizashi visibly perks up at the response and scoots in closer to the kid. “I can teach you a couple before you need to go to bed. We can start off with some finger signs.”

Chapter End Notes

> Sorry for the short chapter! promise the next will be longer! Thank you for all the comments and kudos you guys leave! Its super duper appreciated! Let me know what you all think! Thanks again and i hope you have a good night/day!

# Sorry

Chapter Summary

Cupcakes gets passed around, apologizes said, teachers met.

Chapter Notes

Im so sorry this one took so long! i swear i thought i would have updated sooner, but work went crazy. I got called in alot more and with longer shifts. So i apologize ahead of the time, especially for how rushed it seems. I'll try to make the update shorter, but no promises this time.
Thank you for everyone who has stayed with this fic for this long,and for every comment(s) and kudos.
You can find me at ColdandHotSoba on tumblr! come say hi! send me your head canons! love to hear from yall!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa laid in bed unwilling to leave the warmth of it just yet. He can hear movement in the other room, but he still doesn't move to join them, not needing to get dress for another ten minutes. He opened his eyes half lidded and turned his head towards the door when he heard Hizashi bustle into the room, muttering about how he can't find it. Following not too far behind him was a yawning Shinsou.

Hizashi was already dressed in his hero costume and was currently on his knees as he searched for something in the closet. Hitoshi was half a foot behind him, sluggishly following Hizashi around the room, trying to get the older man's attention by grabbing the other. Hitoshi was close in grabbing Hizashi's jacket multiple times but was always too slow. Just as small fingers were about to brush against the fabric, Hizashi would move to go check in another area. Hitoshi would let out a soft high-pitched whine every time he missed but didn't give up and continued to sleepily stumble after Hizashi.
Shinsou let out another small whine as he just missed Hizashi as the voice hero walked right by him as he went to check the bathroom.

"'Zashi, what are you looking for?" Aizawa asked, taking pity on both the kid and the man. He might know where the thing might be, which would slow Hizashi down enough for the kid to actually have a decent chance at catching up.

“My hero shoes! I can’t find them anywhere! I swore I left them at the front door, but they aren’t there! I must have moved them. And you know how I have to have my boots; my other shoes won’t go with this outfit, they would clash horribly. I need to find them.” Hizashi said as he moved out from the door and crossed the room towards the dressers. Hitoshi let out a small huff when Hizashi rushed right by him but turned to follow the hero.

“If you don’t have feet, you won’t need shoes and you wouldn’t be able to run from me anymore.” Hitoshi said voice still rough from sleep, rubbing his eyes with closed fists. “It would solve everyone’s problem.”

Hizashi suddenly stopped, causing Hitoshi to run straight into his legs, and stared down at the kid with a look that was a strange combination of shock, horror, and contemplation. Hizashi bent down and swooped the startled boy into his arms and crossed the room towards the bed. Aizawa let out a small grunt as a small weight was dumped onto him. Shinsou immediately latched onto him, shoving his head underneath his chin and hands clutching his clothes.

“Take your Kid.”

“My kid?” Aizawa asked giving Hizashi a confused look. Did Hizashi not see Shinsou as his? He thought he had. He hasn’t acted like he doesn’t like Shinsou or didn’t build some sort of connection with him. Maybe he was missing something? But Hizashi did bring up taking Hitoshi home first, maybe he second guessing the adoption? The paperwork hasn’t gone through, did they even start it? Does it matter? Does he have to choose between the two? He doesn’t think-

“He’s your kid when he says weird stuff like that, the rest of the time he’s ours. When he’s being extra cute he’s mine” Hizashi said, startling Aizawa out of his spiraling thoughts.

“He’s not wrong. If you don’t have feet, shoes would be useless.”

“’He’s not wrong, why don’t we just cut off your feet.’” Hizashi lowers his voice and slumps his shoulders, giving his best impersonation of his husband.
Aizawa lets a small grin escape at the performance and mouths that they have sharp enough knives to cut bone. Hizashi pales and his smile wavers slightly, before he slowly starts backing out the room.
“Keep an eye on him, while I finish getting dress and hide every knife we have.”

Aizawa let out a small chuckle as Yamada makes a quick exit out of the room, disturbing the boy laying on him. Shinsou moves around on his chest, causing him to briefly get a face full of purple hair before he's making eye contact with purple eyes. Shinsou reaches up and puts both hands on each of Aizawa's face and gives him a serious look, eyebrows pulled together and eyes intense.

"Can-. Hm. Can I…" Shinsou pauses, lips pursed in thought. Aizawa watched as the kid opened and closed his mouth repeatidly, willing to give the kid as much time he needs to figure out what he wants to say. Shinsou shakes his head the sits back, his eye face pinched in concentration. Shinsou carefully brings a hand up and curls it right in front of his face. When Aizawa looked at the hand curiously, Shinsou lets out an agitated huff and continues with his hand held out. He then makes a fist holding it up for a while and then tucks the thumb under two fingers and holds it out expectantly.

Aizawa looks at the hand and it suddenly clicks that Shinsou is finger spelling at him. He watches Shinsou's hand as he carefully continues spelling out his question. It has a few mistakes here and there, but everything can easily be fixed. Shinsou did forget how to sign the letter 'P' and said the letter out loud, Aizawa had reminded him by showing him the sign, Shinsou quickly copied it and then continued signing the rest. When Shinsou finished, he put his hands in his lap, biting his lip as he waited for the verdict.

"You should ask Hizashi. I'm sure he'd say yes and would love to see how good you are at signing."

Shinsou gave him a smile before nodding as he slid off the bed and ran off to find Hizashi.

Aizawa took the time to get up and go through his morning routine. Once he was dressed and ready, he went into the kitchen.

Shinsou was standing next to the door; fully dressed wearing a cat t-shirt that says everything is 'Purr-fect', eating a cupcake looking like the cat that got the canary. Hizashi was standing not to far away, biting on one fist as he attempts not to shed the tears in his eyes.

"You gave him the cupcake." He said bluntly.

"I could not *not* give it to him!" Hizashi declared, his voice sounding slightly wet. "He did so good with his finger spelling and we only went over it four times last night! Four times! He can have as many cupcakes as he wants."

Shinsou perked up at that but gave a small frown when he was reminded they still needed to give them out to other people. Aizawa picked up their bags along with two that held the cupcakes.

“I want to carry them.” Shinsou said through a mouthful of food as he shoved the last bit of the cupcake into his mouth, reaching his hands out to carry the bag that was the same size as him.

“Well, you can’t carry the cupcakes and play a game with me.” Hizashi sing songed, as they exited out the front door. Shinsou turned, jogging up to Hizashi and grabbed his free hand, quickly losing interest in holding the cupcakes in promise of entertainment.

“What type of game?”

“How about we play I-Spy while we walk?”

“Okay! You go first!”

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Never again. They will never play that game again. Any time Shinsou made a guess of what Yamada saw, he would run up and touch it and then call out his guess. Shinsou’s first attempted guess, he ran up to a bird, which flew away quickly to his utter disappointment. Even after explaining he can just say what he thinks Yamada spotted, he still ran to touch the buildings, fences, signs, and any plants he wanted to guess. The final straw was when Shinsou made a move to touch a pissed off dog through a picketed fence. Yamada had quickly pulled him away, right as the dog’s jaw snapped shut were the boy’s hand were just a second earlier. Hizashi ended up changing the game to ‘Guess this sign’. He signed simple words, like food, water, and cat, and Shinsou would guess what it was and repeat the sign back to him.

When they finally made it to the school, it was a relief but also caused a spike in anxiety. Him and Hizashi decided last night that since Shinsou already met the number one hero; the biggest obstacle they had hero wise, that they should just rip off the proverbial band aide and have Shinsou meet the rest of the teachers. They had wanted him to meet them before school starts, so they can both be present if something does happen. Hizashi had texted the rest of the staff last night in a group chat, letting them know that they would like them to meet him before class starts, and they had all agreed.

Aizawa looked down when he heard Shinsou inhale sharply, his eyes were large and had pulled his hand out of Hizashi’s.

“Cat.” Shinsou awed pointing down the hallway. Confused, Aizawa looked to where he was pointing and saw that at the end of the hall was Nezu talking to Toshinori. Aizawa let out a relief sigh when he noticed Toshinori was in his smaller form. They had told him that they were coming, but they wanted to give Shinsou enough time to be ready to meet All Might, preferably later in the day.

“No, that’s not a-“ Aizawa started as Shinsou took a step towards Nezu. Hizashi went to retake his hand, but Shinsou ran in a full on sprint down the hall before Hizashi could grab him.

“..cat” Aizawa sighed as he watched Shinsou run up beside the principal and looked up at him in awe.

“This is going to be great.” Aizawa said sarcastically as he watched Shinsou grab one of the principal’s hands? Paws? Nezu looked down startled as he just noticed the boy, who was now analyzing his palm.

“At least he’s not scared of him?” Hizashi whispered back as they got closer to the group.

“Cat!” Shinsou squeaked out excitedly when they reached them. He started to bounce on his feet excitedly and started to finger spell as quickly as he can to Nezu . It was jerky and had more errors than he had earlier as Shinsou’s hands were vibrating from excitement, causing him to fumble.

Aizawa pulled his capture weapon over his mouth to hold in a snort when Shinsou finished signing, asking Nezu if he can please pet his ears. Hizashi showed no such restraint, laughing loud enough for it to echo down the hall. He did have the decency to explain to a confused Toshinori on what Shinsou had asked.

“Shinsou, why don’t you give Nezu a cupcake instead?” Hizashi managed to choke out. Shinsou gave an eager nod and went to pick out a cupcake out of the box Aizawa opened for him. He bent down and leaned over the box contemplating them. His looked back towards Nezu and jumped when he finally noticed Toshinori standing there, too distracted by the ‘cat’ to notice him earlier.

“The blonde is a hero.” Shinsou muttered under his breath, as he shifted so his back wasn’t facing said man.

“He’s actually All-Might’s assistant.” Aizawa replied.

“He knows All-Might. But what I did.. Is.. is, hm.. He is angry because

of what I did.” Shinsou whispers back with wide eyes.

“He does know him, I promise that he’s not mad and that he’s really nice.”

“Nice and not a hero.”

“Not a hero.” Aizawa confirmed

Shinsou gave one last glance to the pair before returning his attention back to the cupcakes. He carefully picked up a purple sprinkled one and a gold one. He gets up and hands Nezu the purple one, and grins back when Nezu says he loves purple cupcakes.

“Thank you, my boy. My names Toshinori what’s yours?” Toshinori asks when Shinsou finally leaves Nezu’s side and hands him the golden cupcake.

“S-shinsou.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too.” Shinsou mumbled as he backed up to hold onto Hizashi’s pants leg as he kept a nervous eye on the tall blonde.

“I think it’s time to go and give the other cupcakes you worked so hard on, to the other teachers.” Hizashi says as he patted the kids back reassuringly. They say their goodbyes to the other faculty members as they headed into the lounge.

Meeting the other teachers went smoother than Aizawa thought it would. Shinsou was more excited passing out the cupcakes he made for each teacher, than meeting them. They had showed him pictures of everyone, so he can get an idea who he would meet, but he used it more as an inspiration on how to decorate their cupcakes. Each cupcake he made was color coordinated to match each of their hero costumes, and Shinsou was extremely proud of his work.

They had warmed up by having Shinsou give his silver, red, and black cupcake to Nemuri first. She had set the cupcake on her desk before picking up Shinsou and giving him a hug, saying that’s how family thanks each other. Shinsou went stiff when she first wrapped her arms around him, but then slowly melted and returned the hug. They ended up having to pry Shinsou out of the bear hug Nemuri had him in, when she wouldn’t let go after 5 minutes.

After that, it was a quick greet and meet with the other teachers. Shinsou had given each teacher their cupcakes as he introduced himself and them in return. Aizawa remembers the conversation they had with Ectoplasm in the group chat the day prior, about how he wanted to wait a while before meeting Shinsou. When Mic and a couple of other teachers interrogated him on why, Ectoplasm admitted that with the way he looks, it tends to scare smaller children. He had replied saying that he wouldn't scare the kid at all. After a bit of convincing, Ectoplasm agreed to be there, but he remained reluctant.

He was right, as usual, Shinsou wasn't even phase when he dropped the blue and gold cupcake at Ectoplasms desk. In fact, Shinsou ended up following Ectoplasm around until they needed to leave for class, even then it was hard to get Shinsou away. Ectoplasm ended up making a copy of himself, so the real one can leave to get his classroom prepped for class, while the copy distracted the boy.

They were standing outside of class 1A listening to the commotion coming from the other side. The students chatter was muffled by the door, the occasionally 'shut up' and 'He's going to be here soon' could be heard.

Shinsou was fiddling with a couple of papers and his backpack strap as he stared at the door apprehensively. The previous night, he didn't think the cupcakes would be a big enough apology to the people he brainwashed. They had assured him that it would be and that no one was mad at him, but he was insistent. He had drawn each student and All Might a different drawing, using more glitter than crayon if the state of the table was any indication. Shinsou had refused to show them what he drew, insisting that its for their eyes only.

The kid did give him a sneak peak of Yaoyorozu's because he was proud of a cat he drew. He had drawn Yaoyorozu in her hero costume surrounded by orange and grey cat blobs, but Shinsou had repeatedly pointed to a white cat in the photo that was almost as large as Yaoyorozu. In green writing above the cat; that matched the one above Yaoyorozu, was 'Mochi'. As soon as Aizawa said it was a great drawing, Shinsou put it carefully in his backpack with the others, telling him that's all he's going to see.

"You ready to go in?" Aizawa asks once Shinsou appears to have calmed down a bit. The boy looks up at him and gives him a small nod. Shinsou reaches up and opens the door and steps inside, causing the room to go silent.

Aizawa follows the boy inside the room and sets down the bags. Most of the students were focused on Shinsou as soon as he entered the room, who did not like the attention at all and moved closer to him. Shinsou gave Aizawa a wary look before letting go of his jumpsuit. He got in front of the class and gave a low bow.

“I-I’m sorry for what I did yesterday. I-it won’t happen again. P-please accept these cupcakes as an apology.” Shinsou mumbled out the rehearsed line. Shinsou jumped but kept his bow, as the class started to talk at him all at once in a jumbled mess. Iida got up in his seat and waved his hands around, yelling about how all them talking wasn’t doing any good.

“As Class Rep, I would like to accept your apology on the class behalf, but your apology is unwarranted so please stand up.” Iida said once the class went quiet again.
Shinsou looked up confused at him as he processed what was said to him, squinting his eyes at Iida as he looked him over. He must have seen something in Iida’s expression because his eyes started to look watery. “But I worked really hard on them.”

“What?” came a confused voice from the back of the class.
Shinsou turned and faced Aizawa, rubbing away unshed tears with the palm of his hand. “They don’t want my cupcakes.”

“No! We want them!” Mina yelled out from her seat.

“Yeah! That’s not what he means!” Sero shouted as he got up.

Aizawa rolled his eyes as the class started to get louder as they announced their enthusiasm for the treats. He crouched down, pulling out and opening the cupcake boxes. A flustered Shinsou took that as his cue to start passing them out, happy to have some sort of distraction.
Shinsou kept his eyes glued to the floor as he passed out the cupcakes, giving a small nod in return for any thank you’s he was given. Once they were passed out, he went back and picked up his pictures he had left on the desk.

Shinsou walked up to Iida and mumbled out another sorry and handed him one of the papers and quickly leaving before Iida could even look at the picture.
Iida stared at the picture he was given; blue glitter was reflecting off the lights. Uraraka leaned over Iida’s shoulder when Iida didn’t move after a minute and let out a pfft.

“That looks just like you Iida! He even got the arms down!” Uraraka managed to let out between her laughter. “How did he even know about that?”

“I might have talked to him before his quirk was activated.”

“You caught up with him and the first thing you did was give him a lecture?” Tsuyu said when she turned in her seat to look at the picture also.

“Yes.” Iida confirmed as he adjusted his glasses, causing Uraraka to let out another laugh.

While they were talking, Shinsou had given Yaoyorozu her drawing, but paused to see her reaction before leaving.
She reached to the inside of her arm and used her quirk to make a small frame. She gently placed the picture inside the frame, then showed it to Shinsou so he can inspect her handywork, who gave a small nod in approval.

“Thank you so much Shinsou, it’s really pretty. After school I’m going to take this home and put it on my desk.” She told him as she propped the frame on the corner of her desk.
“It’s my very first hero art and I love it, thank you for making it for me.”

Aizawa could see the faint blush forming on Shinsou’s face before he paled as he turned to give out the last one. Shinsou had the drawing clenched in his small fist as he walked passed Mineta and Midoriya to get to Bakugou’s desk.

Shinsou edged closer to Bakugou and held out the paper, eyes looking everywhere but the other boy.

“I’m sorry.” He muttered when Bakugou turned to him.

Bakugou gave him a long look, before taking the drawing. “Don’t fucking apologize.”

“But-“

“Don’t you fucking dare. Do you think I’m fucking weak or something?”

“No. but-“

“I can handle some fucking twerps quirk, you just caught me by surprise. It won’t fucking work next time got it?”

“okay.”

“And!” Bakugou exclaimed letting out an small spark in his hand, making Shinsou drag his eyes from the floor and up to him. “The red glitter with the explosions could have been fucking worse, it doesn’t look like a unicorn shat all over it. The cupcake isn’t too bad either.”

Shinsou absolutely beamed at that, he turned and gave Aizawa a giant grin as he made his way back to the front of the class room.

“Ugh, I hate chocolate cupcakes.” Mineta muttered lowly from his seat. Aizawa was barely able to hear it over the chattering, and it didn’t look like any of the students or Shinsou heard it, too interested in their own conversations. Aizawa opened his mouth to get the classes attention to continue on with their day, but stopped when Bakugou whipped around in his seat to glare at the smaller student.

“You’re going to eat every fucking bit of that cupcake or you’re going to be BFF’s with Recovery Girl after training.” Bakugou growled.

“You can’t send me to Recovery Girl outside of training, you’d get in a lot of trouble for fighting outside of class. Especially since we’re not fighting today, it’d be extra suspicious. Besides we never get paired up to fight.” Mineta smirked with his arms crossed confidently.

Bakugou made a move to get up, his hands crackling when Aizawa let out a couple of coughs to get the students attention.

“Alright class, I got a couple of announcements to make.” Aizawa said once he made sure Shinsou was situated in his desk coloring. “Today All-Might will be joining us in hero training today, since he was unable to do so yesterday. Hero training will be focused on making your quirks more flexible. TO do so, your partners will be more unconventional than normal. Some examples of pairings would be, Ojirou versus Todoroki and Mineta versus Bakugou.”

Bakugou turned slowly in his seat and gave Mineta the biggest shit eating grin. He brought up a finger and dramatically ran it across his neck, grin getting larger when Mineta gulped audibly. Mineta started to give out short stuttered mutters as Bakugou’s grin got larger, enough that even had Midoriya shrinking into his seat. Bakugou only turned back around once Mineta shoved the whole cupcake in his mouth in one go.

---

The rest of the day went by quickly. Shinsou stayed quiet in his seat the whole time Aizawa and Hizashi lectured. Even when the teachers switched, Shinsou opted to stay in the class. He told him that Bakugou has been teaching him sign between class periods, and that he wanted to surprise Hizashi with new ones. Aizawa was skeptical before he signed to Bakugou, asking if this was true and got a 'yes I am teaching him' response in sign. It also helped that Kouda confirmed that Bakugou was indeed teaching Shinsou sign and that it was correct.

Aizawa had met with class later in the day at Ground Beta for hero training. All of his students were already dressed and out in the training field, clustered in groups as they chatted. Shinsou was standing off to the side with his drawing and the last cupcake gripped in one hand, causing the paper tor crinkle. Aizawa set some equipment down as Shinsou ran towards him when he finally noticed him.

"All-Might is going to be here any minute, are you ready?" Aizawa asked. Shinsou looked up, eyebrows furrowed and eyes darting around looking for said man, then gave a small hesitant nod.

"He's going to be mad." Shinsou murmured.

"No, he won't be mad I promise."

"He will do something."

"He won't, everything will be fine."

"W-what… w-w-what if he does?" Shinsou asks hesitantly, hands gripping tighter causing the paper to let out a crinkling sound.

"Then I'll stop him." Aizawa shrugged.

"Promise."

"Promise."

Aizawa saw the tension leave Shinsou shoulders at the confirmation, but it quickly came back when the Number One Hero landed in the field announcing that he was here. Aizawa gave him a gentle push on his back, when Shinsou just stood there , trembly slightly as he stared

at All-Might. Shinsou turned and gave him a wary look, before walking on shaky legs to the boisterous hero.

Toshinor finally noticed the kid after a couple of minutes, but only after Midoriya subtly gestured towards him. All-Might crouched down as Shinsou approached apprehensively, trying to make his seven-foot frame less imposing.

Shinsou slowly closed the distance between them, standing in front of him on wobbly knees. He turned and gave Aizawa a concerned look, who only motioned for him to continue. Shinsou looked back to All-Might, and opened his mouth then shut it. He tried two more times to say something but all that was let out was a tiny wheeze.

Aizawa can see the panic set in from where he was standing, Shinsou started to tremble a bit more and his eyes were wide, hes not sure if the kid was even breathing. As he went to help calm the kid down or get him away for a bit, he saw Shinsou bring up his hand and formed a fist. For a split second, Aizawa thought Shinsou was going to punch All Might, but Shinsou slowly brought the trembling fist to his chest and rub it in circles.

“He’s saying he’s sorry.” Kouda spoke up, when he saw All-Might’s confused face. All-Might gave out a small cough covering his mouth with his fist, as if he was trying to cover his small blunder.

“It’s all right Young Shinsou, it’s me that should apologize. I’m somewhat unaware of how intimidating I may come across, especially with younger children.” All-Might explained.

“I’m sorry for putting you in such a position that you felt the need to use your quirk.”
Shinsou stared with wide eyes as the hero bowed is head in apology. He let out a small distress sound, before patting Toshinori’s head with his free hand, causing him to look up.

“This is for you.” Shinsou murmured holding out the now crumbled up paper and partly squished cupcake. The pro gave him one of his signature smiles before taking them both, thanking him. Shinsou gave All-Might a considering look, Toshinori’s smile wavered at the intensity of it. Shinsou gave a curt nod at whatever he saw in All Might’s expression before heading back to Aizawa.

“Now that’s all settled, I need you all to pair up and do some sparring as a warm-up before we start training.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! I know its a bit short and rushed, but ill try and make the next chapter better.
Thank you all for any comments/kudos you have given. Truly appreciate it, it totally fuels me and i love hearing from you all.

# Practical test

Chapter Summary

The Practical exam is in session

Chapter Notes

So bit of a filler chapter, before things start picking up again.

SO fan art? For this? I am currently dead. which btw the chapter is devoted to and i owe half the remainder of my life to.

By Nansequitting aka generic
^ go check them out!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa took the chance to check on the sleeping Shinsou, while the class discussed what today's final may have instore for them. He was slightly impressed that the young boy could sleep over the nervous chatter as the students theorized what their heroics final may be. Shinsou was still curled up in his yellow sleeping bag, using a stuff black cat as a pillow, and a worksheet held tight in one grasp as he slept

Shinsou had felt left out when everyone else in the room was doing worksheets or taking notes and wanted to join the class. So they gave him little purple cat printed notebook for his classwork, a green one to take notes in, and also printed out activities he can do quietly.

When class was in session, he would write out what the teachers were lecturing in his cat notebook. Most of the notebook was filled with drawings of things he's seen or stuff he wants to share, and his 'notes'. His notes were a bunch of swirls and zigzag as he scribbled, occasionally there would be a word or random letters written in large childish handwriting. After the end of each class, he would go up to the teacher to make sure his notes were correct. Midnight got into the habit of having small stickers she would stick on it, congratulating on his good note taking skills. This quickly spread around the staff, who were now competing over who had the better stickers, which was determined by Shinsou's reactions to them. So far Ectoplasm is winning with the holographic kitten stickers.

If the class was working on worksheets, he insisted on some of his

own. Hizashi had made Shinsou a lesson plan for the year for him, since he's unable to traditionally go to school. It mostly consisted of small worksheet packets for him to finish by the end of the week, learning how to write, count, and English.

At first Shinsou had struggled with the worksheets but refused any help, saying that he could do it alone. But as students and teachers alike walk by; taking a peak of the worksheet, would subtle as possible help guide him, he started to seek help. Now if he has an issue or a question, he would wait till the class got quiet and ask the teacher that was there or any student that didn't look to busy or was done with their work.

Some students thought this was cute, until Shinsou got up during the middle of the lecture and went straight up to Kaminari asking if he could help with his English work. When Cementoss paused the lesson and asked why Shinsou had asked Kaminari, he replied saying that Kaminari was just drawing in his notebook. Sure enough, when Cementoss checked the notebook, there was a realistic drawing of him on the blank page. This happened two more times; once to Mina and another to Sero, before the class made sure to look to like they were always be pay attention unless they wanted more work or detention with Midnight.

"Sensei? Should we go get dressed now?"

Aizawa turned and looked at the nervous Midoriya in front of him, hands wringing in front of him. Obviously the one the class decided to send forward to ask like a sacrificial lamb, if Aizawa goes by the expressions some of the other students held.

"Sure. I'll meet you all in the field."

Aizawa had put the last of his items into his bag when he noticed that the students seemed to be taking their time packing up. He shot Mina a quizzical look when she stood next to her desk, bag on her shoulder, but made no move to leave.

"We promised we would wait for him." She said nodding her head in the sleeping boy's direction. "He said he wanted to go to the finals with us."

He let out a sigh and rubbed his forehead his fingers, great. He wanted to keep the boy out of this one, hoping that Kan could watch him. He doesn't know how Shinsou would react to the tests, and he doesn't know if he wants to find out. Even if the pro heroes will not be

fighting at their full potential, what they can still do is intimidating. Shinsou has only ever seen the students fight each other and they weren't at the same level as the teachers are.

It's been a week and a half since he's been accompanying them to the school, and he's finally warming up with the other pro heroes. He does still have some reserves with All Might, going out of his way to cling onto him or Hizashi when he enters, but always shyly greets the number one hero. He just doesn't want the kid to see them in action and for his opinions of the heroes' change.

"Shinsou, it's time to get up."
Shinsou shifted around in the bag, letting out a sigh as he buried his face deeper under the covers. Aizawa barely heard the soft "No" over the sound of the fabric moving.

"Shinsou, let's go."

A small pale hand reached out from the small head opening. It formed a fist before the middle finger popped up.

Aizawa froze as he stared wide eyed at the gesture. The once bustling class went completely silent as one by one noticed what had happened. It seemed like an eternity before the silence was broken as Bakugou started to cackle from were he stood.

Aizawa shook his head as he broke out of shock, and gave Bakugou a glare, causing the student to snicker behind his hand.

"Shinsou. What do you think that means?"

Shinsou form froze in the bag at the tone of his voice before it started to move upward until a weary purple head poked through.

"It means no."

"Is that what Hizashi taught you?"

Shinsou shook his head before singing no the proper way. "Hizashi said it was like this. But Bakugou said this way also means no and that it would get people to go away faster."

Bakugou's cackling could barely be heard over the shouts of 'Bakugou!' as the class yelled at him. The majority of the class seemed to pounce on the opportunity to scold him, Iida must have used his quirk to shoot across the class room to give his 'This is not how a hero

should act!' speech.

Kouda quickly caught his eye as he started to frantically sign that he had no idea that Bakugou taught him that, and all he's seen him being taught were simple phrases and words.

Aizawa was signing back that it was okay and that he's not in trouble, when he felt a tug on his pants leg.

"You're mad." Shinsou mumbled as he looked up with wide eyes, mouth turned down in a frown.

"Not at you, but don't ever use that again okay?" When he got a nod in return, small face scrunched up in confusion, he turned his glare to the class before him. "And for that, I'm going to make your final harder Bakugou. Now, if everyone is not on the field in fifteen minutes, I'll increase the difficulty of it tenfold."

Aizawa pressed Shinsou against his leg to get him out of range as the class stumbled over each other as they rushed out the door.

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Aizawa rolled his eyes at the exaggerated pout he received from Shinsou, only getting stronger when he saw the eyeroll. Shinsou puffed up his cheeks in frustration and turned the look in Yamada's direction, hoping for a better outcome.

He had tried to explain to Shinsou as they walked to the field, that no he will not be taking the hero practical exam. Shinsou did not agree with him and kept insisting that he should take it also, that it was only fair if everyone else took one, he should also.

Shinsou's ramblings about how he wanted to take it, only stopped when he saw Yamada. He ran straight into the pros legs and then held his arms up in a silent request. Yamada did not hesitate to pick up the kid propping him on the hip as he gave a hello.

"What's wrong little Listener? Is grumpy Eraserhead giving you a hard time?" Yamada teased.

"Uh huh, he's being mean." Shinsou mumbled as he leaned against the blond hero.

“He wants to take the exam and I won’t let him.” Aizawa interjected.

Hizashi let out a laugh when Shinsou jutted his lips out further and crossed his arms. “Trust me, you wouldn’t want to take it.”

“But the other kid gets to take it.” Shinsou whined as he pointed to the approaching students.

“They’re all older than you and they have been training for this.”

“But I’m older than him!”

“Who?” Hizashi inquired. Shinsou squirmed in his arms to get a good look at the class now standing before them. Shinsou squinted and turned his head side to side as he scanned for who he was looking for.. Right when Aizawa thought the kid was messing with them, Shinsou’s arms shot out as he pointed.

“Him! I’m older than him.” Shinsou shouted as he pointed. “I’m taller than him, so I’m older. If he can take the test so can I.”

Aizawa saw Hizashi cover his mouth to muffle the laugh that was trying to escape, when he noticed it was Mineta that was being pointed at.

“Just because Mineta is shorter than you, does not mean he’s younger than you. No matter how much he acts like it.”

Mineta let out a small offended noise as some of the students chuckled at the statement, but they all quieted down as Nezu got up to explain what the exam entails.

Shinsou continued to sulk on Hizashi’s hip, sending him an occasional pout, as Nezu explained the rules about the practical exam. When Nezu announced that Midoriya and Bakugou would be paired against All Might, he interjected and informed them that All Might would not be wearing the weighted bracelets. If he took slight enjoyment at the devastated looks he received, he didn’t let it show on his face.

Once Nezu was done and the students preparing, they went up to drop off the kid with Recovery Girl. Shinsou still glowered at him with his arms crossed as they reached the monitoring room.

Aizawa ran his hands through his hair as he looked at Hizashi for help. Any worry about if the kid was comfortable with them, it was out the window now. If Shinsou was comfortable enough to throw a

small tantrum without fear of punishment, he'll assume they've officially got past that hurtle.

Hizashi was the one to finally manage to convince Shinsou to stay in monitoring room while the testing happened. They had to promise that they'll be back as soon as possible, and someone will always be with him, before he let go of Hizashi's jacket.

After Shinsou finally settled down at one of the tables, sitting beside Recovery Girl as he colored, Aizawa gave a quick goodbye as he went to the suburban arena to start the exam.
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When he arrived back to the monitoring room, it wasn't with much fanfare. Recovery Girl gave a distracted wave from over to where she sat watching the screen, but Shinsou completely ignored him, eyes glue to the screen broadcasting the Nezu vs Kaminari and Mina Fight.

Aizawa paused as he started to walk to a chair, when he saw the tv channels changed and instantly recognized the ground beta arena. It was time for All Might to hold his exam. No way does he want Shinsou to see this, especially since he's finally able to be in the same room as the pro without being completely terrified.

Aizawa tried to steer him clear of the televisions and show him a table where he could color in the far corner, but Shinsou was insistent. He said he wanted to watch spiky take his exam just like he did for the others. He was unclear if Shinsou actually wanted to watch or just wanted to watch just to spite him for not allowing him to take the test, but it quickly became clear when he saw the kid go pale as All Might entered the screen.

"They're going to be okay." He reassured when he saw Shinsou grow tense when all might throw the first punch, completely decimating part of the city. Shinsou gave him a tiny nod as he continued to stare at the tv with wide eyes.

As the fight progressed, he observed that Shinsou jump any time All Might seemed to suddenly appear somewhere, too fast for the cameras to catch, or anytime he threw out a punch. He had a white-knuckle grip on his stuff cat as he watched the flashing screen.

When the fight finally ended, Aizawa stumbled back shock as he suddenly had an armful of a crying kid. He adjusted his hold as

Shinsou kept muttering apologies.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” Shinsou mumbled into his shirt as rubbed his face in it, effectively smearing tears and snot around. Aizawa rubbed his back in attempt to sooth him. “I don’t want to take that test. Ever.”

He stood there rocking him slightly, for what seemed like hours before Yamada finally came through the door. He gave Yamada the most ‘Help me, I don’t know what to do’ look he could possibly convey.

“uh so how about some ice-cream to celebrate? I miraculously survived the bugs, Shouta wasn’t made into a popsicle, and Shinsou completed all his homework for the next two weeks. If that’s not a reason to celebrate, I don’t know what is.”

Aizawa felt Shinsou pick up his head up from his shoulder at the mention of ice cream. Shinsou gave one last wipe across his tear stained face before giving a nod.

“Can I get strawberry?”

“Sure buddy, you can even get two scoops.”

Okay, maybe next time he’ll pick out how to distract the 5-year-old instead of Hizashi, preferably by not giving him a sugar rush.

Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading!!!!!!! Bit of a shorty, but it was a bit of a filler chapter. But thanks to all who have left kudos or/and comments! And thanks to all that have stuck with this! especially the ones from the beginning! i appreciate the heck outta ya.

once again u can find me at coldandhotsoba on tumblr, feel free to bug me!
i hope you have good day/night!!

# Packed

Chapter Summary

Packing for the trip.

Chapter Notes

alright!! after this! the plot thickens like corn starch!

And id like to thank domineeringscarves for helping me out with this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He could hear Hizashi grumbling into the phone from the other room as he packed. He had made a simple checklist for this chore to make it easier: Toiletries, all his spare hero suits, spare phone charger, and enough socks and underwear to last the week.

When he normally packs it would only take him about ten minutes to shove everything in the suitcase, but he's been packing for 15. He was ready to shut the suitcase, when he noticed that he was missing socks. Which was weird because he usually packs them first. Shrugging it off he went and grabbed more from his dresser.

Shoving the socks into their spot, he paused and stared at the opened suitcase on his bed. No underwear. Now he knows he packed these, especially after Hizashi teased him about how he should bring his cat printed ones. He turned and walked back to the dresser, listening carefully as he did so. As soon as he heard the sound of moving fabric he turned around quickly.

A small pale hand could be seen reaching inside the suitcase from the other side of the bed.

"Shinsou."

The hand froze, clutching a couple of pairs of socks before retreating out of view.

Sighing, Aizawa walked around the bed, crouching down he lifted the sheets to peer under the bed.

Shinsou was laying on his stomach, staring at him like a deer in

headlights as he was surrounded by multiple pairs of socks and underwear. Curled amongst the socks was a disgruntled Mochi. She opened one eye and glared at him from her makeshift nest. She let out long annoyed meow before she turned so her back faced the incoming light.

“Shinsou, do you want to come out?” He asked breaking the silent stare off they had. Shinsou laid there considering his options, before shimming on his stomach to get out from under the bed. Once out, he sat on crossed legged and looked at him warily while clutching a pair of socks.

“Why are you taking my socks?”

“You’re leaving.” He remarked bluntly.

“I am.”

“I don’t want you to go.”

“I need to go.”

“You’d be dead to me.”

Aizawa felt himself sweat drop at the very serious look he got from Shinsou. Would the kid really disown him like that? Would he not forgive him for leaving for a week? The kid had said it in such a matter of fact tone with such a straight face, it made him wonder if the kid knew something he didn’t.

“What?”

“Dead people are gone forever. You can’t talk to them or be with them when they are. I won’t be able to talk or be with you. You will be dead to me when you’re gone.” Shinsou explained as he watched Mochi crawl out from underneath the bed. She gave a long stretch, arching her back, before making herself comfortable in Shinsou’s lap. Momentarily distracted, Shinsou reached down and rubbed the behind the fat cat’s ear until she let out a loud purr. The small smile that had formed on Shinsou, was replaced with a frown when he remembered what he was saying. “You’re leaving me.”

“Shinsou, that’s not how that works, I just won’t be with you. I will be leaving, but I can still talk to you. I can call you every day and you can call me whenever you want.” Shinsou gave him a pout, and mumble under his breath on how it wouldn’t be the same. “Besides,

you're going to have so much fun with Hizashi, you wouldn't even notice I'm gone."

Shinsou still didn't look convinced. He sat looking like a super villain in a bad spy movie, as he pet the cat in his lap with a scowl on his face. Aizawa felt slightly guilty as the kid gave him a sad look, even the cat looked like he was disappointed in him.

"No, no, no, I'm not going." Hizashi said into the phone as he entered the room. He gave Aizawa a small smile in acknowledgement as he headed to look through his nightstand. "Look I have my calendar right here in my hands, it's supposed to be in two weeks."

Hizashi paused, listening to the response as he rested the phone between in shoulder and his ear as he flipped through his planner.

"What do you mean they changed it? Since when? Shouldn't I get a say in this?" Hizashi growled into the phone, he started to scribble frantically into his planner. "You can't just change stuff on a man like that! I got stuff planned for this weekend!"

Yamada's face pinched up, eyebrows furrowed, and lips pressed in a thin line. His eyebrows got closer together as the man on the other end continued talking and he became more frustrated. He made eye contact with Aizawa and rolled his eyes, pointing to the phone mouthing that it was his manager.

"Yeah, uh-huh, I'll call you back when I get this figured out. Goodbye...Bye… Goodbye, I'll get back to you soon."

Yamada hung up with a sigh and flopped on the bed. Shinsou jumped slightly when the bed moved but went back to his current mission of giving Aizawa his best guilt tripping look.

"They changed the date to the festival to this week." Hizashi mumbled into the sheets. "I'm trying to cancel, but they're not budging. Give me a couple of seconds to think of a way to get out of it and I'll call them back."

Aizawa got up from his crouch and sat on the bed besides Hizashi's head. He nudged Hizashi's shoulders to get him to continue, which only earned him a high pitch whine before he shoved his face further into the fabrics.

"Is it the one you've been excited for months now? The one where your going to host the whole thing?" Aizawa asks, as he shuffles a bit

closer to Hizashi, tapping his hand for permission. Hizashi turned his hand over. He grabbed it and gave it an encouraging squeeze.

“Yeah it is. I’m sure they can find some other host. Hell, Fukukado is supposed to be there, she’d make a great host.” Hizashi sighed.

“You’re supposed to be getting an award Hizashi, Midnight will record it for me. You don’t have to cancel.”

“What are we supposed to do with Shinsou? I mean he can come with me. I could have an assistant watch over him while I host? It might get a bit crowded at times, but it should be fine?”

“The event is twelve hours a day for seven days, and that’s ignoring those after parties you go to keep investors happy.” He said as he pulled out his phone. “Shinsou’s five, he’s not going to be able to handle or keep with all that. You’ll have a cranky, tired kid with you all week. And to bring him to a major public event? You know that one guy is still out there, he could see him on tv. I’ll just ask Mandalay if it’s okay if he comes with me.”

Shinsou stopped petting the cat and perked his head up at the mention of his name. He gently persuaded Mochi off his lap with his hands, before crawling onto the bed. He shoved himself between Hizashi and Aizawa.

**Mandalay**

***You:*** *Something has come up. Is it okay if I bring a kid with me?*

***Mandalay:*** *oh? Is it your kid? The one Midnight told me about?*

***You:*** *Can I bring him along? He’s a quiet kid, he’ll stay out of the way.*

***Mandalay:*** *Of course he can! It’d be good for Kota to have someone around his age around.*

Aizawa glanced away from the screen when saw purple hair enter his vision. Shinsou was leaning over towards him, hands on his thighs to give him extra height as he tried to look at the screen.

“What do you think?” he asks as he tilted the phone towards him, so the kid can see better. Shinsou analyzed the screen, face scrunched up in concentration. He stared at the screen for a couple of minutes before looking up at him, face serious as he came to a decision.

“I can’t read all of that.” Shinsou deadpanned. Hizashi snorted into the covers in amusement at the anticlimactic conclusion. Shinsou pouted and poked Hizashi on the head with a finger, saying how that wasn’t very nice.

“Would you like to go to camp with me?” Aizawa asked, trying to get them back on track as Shinsou kept poking Hizashi, who teasingly pleading mercy.

“Camp.” Shinsou stopped his onslaught and looked at him confused.

“It’s a quirk training camp. They’re going to go and train their quirks to make them stronger.”

“Make their quirk stronger.” Shinsou mumbled, more to himself then to them. He brought up his finger, and slowly started to finger spell out ‘how’. Hizashi whispered a good job, earning him a giant smile in return.

“They’re going to use their quirk as much as they can and for as long as they can to push it to it’s limits. Once there, they can push past that limit, and make a new limit.”

“Camp doesn’t sound like fun. I thought they were supposed to be fun.”

“Of course camp can be fun!” Hizashi exclaimed pushing himself up all the way. “They’re tons of fun activities you can do at camp! It’s just that this is a training camp, so they’re going to be focused on their quirks.”

“Uraraka says she gets sick when she uses her quirk a lot. That doesn’t sound like fun.” Shinsou rebutted. Aizawa and Hizashi exchanged looks over the kid.

True, the camp didn’t seem appetizing to anyone. He’s not even sure his students even know what they are excited for and if they’d still be excited if they know how much work it would end up being. There wasn’t much fun involved in this, just a lot of training…..and puking.

“There’s a fun game planned.” Aizawa said.

“The game is fun.” Shinsou said skeptically.

“Of course, it’s called..” Aizawa trailed off, sending a panic look towards Hizashi. Hizashi nodded and let out a hum, drawing Shinsou’s

attention.

“Oh! it’s called.. it’s called.” Hizashi stumbled, as he gestured with his hands. “It’s a test! A test…A test of courage! Yeah! A test of courage!”

“A test of courage.” Aizawa asked deadpanned with an eyebrow raised. Even Hitoshi was giving hm a skeptical look.

“You don’t believe me? My own family.” Hizashi gasped theatrically bringing a hand in his chest dramatically. “A test of courage is very fun!”

“Really.” Shinsou doubted, looking to AIzawa for confirmation. Aizawa shrugged, equally unconvinced.

“Hey! Such little faith in me! It’d be fun! The two classes against each other, each taking turns to scare each other! It’d be fun! Unless…” Hizashi said cryptically, lowering his voice.
Shinsou leaned forward with wide eyes. “Unless.” Shinsou whispered just as quietly.

Hizashi shift his eyes back and forth, as if he’s looking for eave droppers then motioned Shinsou to move in closer. He leaned in, closing the gaps between the two, and cupped his had to whisper stage whisper into Shinsou’s ear. “Unless you’re scared.”

“No!” Hitoshi gasped fervently, eyes wide as he hit the bed with his hands. “I’m not scared! I’m not scared of anything!”

“You’re not scared of anything?”

Shinsou nodded his head, “Uh huh! I’m scared of nothing.”

“Then you’ll do it?”

“Yes!”

“Then you better go pack a bag!”

“Okay!” Shinsou chirped excitedly before sliding off the bed clumsily and running off to his room.

“How much do you want to bet that all he’ll pack is his cat onesie and his stuffed cat.” Aizawa asks as he watched the boy run off, flinching when he heard a loud thunk, followed by an I’m okay.

“I’m not a fool Shouta” Hizashi laughed as he pressed his forehead

against his shoulder. “I’m not taking that bet. I’ll go help him pack his bag while you’re finish packing yours.”

However, despite Hizashi’s words, he didn’t move to get up and instead draped himself on Aizawa.

“Did you pack enough clothes? Your toothbrush and toothpaste? Shampoo? Soap? Spare shoes? Did you pack a hairbrush? I know you tend to forget to pack it, but you can’t go the whole week without brushing your hair, and I don’t think Vlad or any of the Pussycats would appreciate you using their brush.”

“Yes ‘Zashi, it’s all packed.”

“Even the brush?”

“Even the brush.”

“If I go and check the bathroom, will your hairbrush be on the counter? If I do-“

“’Zashi,” AIzawa interrupted, turning around in Hizashi’s arms to face him. He cupped the other’s face to make sure he doesn’t try to look away. “It’s going to be all right. It’d only be a week.”

“How do you know? It seems like every time you leave my sight, something happens. First it was USJ then you got kidnapped. Doesn’t this trip seem too soon? Are you even cleared for hero work? This seems way too soon. Way to soon. I’m sure I can cancel, let me just call my manager again.”

Aizawa turned Hizashi’s face back to focus on him when he reached to get his cellphone. He rubbed his thumbs across the top of Hizashi’s cheeks until he dragged his eyes away from where the cell laid and back to him.

“It’s going to be okay. Everything is going to be fine. No one knows where we are going besides you, Nezu, and everyone else that’s going to be attending. And if something does happen, I won’t be alone. Kan and the Pussycats will be there. It’ll be okay.”

He felt Hizashi slowly relax in his hold as he processed the information. “You’ll call me every day?”

“I’ll call you everyday” AIzawa confirmed.

“You’re right. Of course you’re right. It’ll be safe. No one knows were the camp is at and it’s going to have six pro heroes on site.” Hizashi mumbled. “I mean what’s the worst that could happen?”

The sound of glass shattering from the other room made them flinch, a small oops quickly followed.
“IT WAS MOCHI'S FAULT!” they heard Shinsou yell out. Aizawa gave Hizashi an exasperated look, which only caused Hizashi to chuckle.

“I’ll go help him, just finish packing. We can order food in tonight as a last hurrah before you guys leave.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the short chap after such a wait! Super promise the next chapter will be longer! Probably by a lot! (if all goes according to plan)

Oh! and the thing Shinsou said about leaving, ya i had my little cousin say that to me when i went to go to spend the night at a friends house... Low key terrifying, and still haunts me at times. So you're welcome!

Thank you all for reading and any comments and kudos are greatly appreciated!

anddddd you can find me at coldandhotsoba! feel free to bug me about updates!
hope you all have a good day/night!

# Hero Haters United

Chapter Summary

Start of the camp arc and introductions are made!

Chapter Notes

AHH got some Punch art from an amazingly awesome friend!
Punch
punch's mom(?)
both done by kiwi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The hair on the back of his neck stood on end as he felt eyes on him. Shifting the heavy bag in his lap, he turned his head; as if he was looking out the window, to subtly look behind him. Purple eyes glared back at him, unwavering in its intensity even they realized they were caught.

Aizawa sighed when Shinsou's glare just got deeper, his eyebrows furrowing further, and arms tightening in its crossed position across his chest.

It was not easy getting the kid onto the bus to go to training camp. It was easier getting everything packed that they needed for the week. Hizashi packed a special bag just for the ride, it was filled with enough snacks to feed the whole class and plenty of activities for a kid to be entertained with for two weeks. What turned the tides was when they were saying their goodbyes. When Hizashi said goodbye and gave them one last hug, Shinsou was suddenly hit with the realization that Hizashi wasn't going to go with them.

He stared at them in confusion as he slowly asked in sign language, where the older man's bag was and why he was saying goodbye. After Hizashi corrected a few mistakes and showed him how to sign bag, he signed slowly while saying out loud that he wasn't going with them. As soon as the words were out of Hizashi's mouth, the crying started.

It took them thirty minutes to pry the child off Hizashi's leg that he had clung too. It would have ended quicker if Hizashi didn't hesitate and called his manager to see if he could cancel, giving Hitoshi hope. Ultimately, after a bunch of promises that it'll go by so fast and they would all go get ramen when they come back, he still had to tug the

child off Hizashi.

It probably wasn't the best way to separate them, but they were already running almost an hour late and couldn't afford any more time. However, this allowed Shinsou to focus his ire from the situation and onto him. The crying had quickly turned into anger, and he was soon blamed for being the sole reason they had to leave Hizashi behind.

Shinsou refused to talk to him since they arrived on campus to help with the bus. He had set down and glowered at him from his spot as he watched Aizawa pack up the bus and did a head count to make sure everyone had arrived. Even when they themselves loaded onto the bus, the child ditched him with the heavy loaded travel bag, to go squeeze himself between Bakugou and Kirishima.

Bakugou took one startled look at the kid as he pushed the blondes leg aside to make room, then placed his headphones in and looked out the window. Kirishima had scooted over a bit to give the kid enough space before starting to talk to him.

Kirishima frowned when he noticed the look Shinsou was wearing along with the short abrupt answer he was getting. He leaned down and started whispering softly to the pissed off kid. There were some nods and head shakes before Shinsou took hold of Kirishima's hand then went back to glowering in his direction.

Kaminari and Sero turned around in their seats,looking over their headrests, to the trip behind them. Kirishima gave them a slight shrug and jerked his head, motioning to the pouting child. They nodded conspiringly, then started to try and entertain the kid as the bus left the city. After failed attempts, and refusals from anything that was in the travel bag, they finally succeeded. Sero managed to distract the kid by sticking a rolled-up piece of tape; so the sticky side was facing out, onto the floor. Sero then placed a finger against his lips when Shinsou gave him a confused look and whispered for him to wait.

Not too long after, Mineta got up from his seat near the front, and tried as subtle as possible make his way to the back of the bus where the majority of the girls were sitting. Unfortunately for him, he stepped right into the tape. He tripped forward and landed belly down, causing his torso to also get stuck against the rest of the tape. He quickly started to struggle and then complain when he couldn't get free. Aizawa let it continue for a second, listening to the small childish giggling, before asking Sero to free the other student.

Aizawa set the bag on the open seat as he saw the bus pull off to the side to a viewing point. Stretching, he got up as the bus made a full stop.

“Everyone off the bus. This is going to be your only chance to stretch your legs for the remainder of the trip.” He called over his shoulder as he got off the bus. He heard a couple of sighs of relief as they slowly piled out of the bus and out onto the dirt opening.

“Shinsou, come over here please.” Aizawa called, when he saw him getting helped down off the bus by Kirishima. A frown quickly formed back on Shinsou’s face as he scowled back at him.

“No thank you.”

“Shinsou, please come over here.”

Shinsou dramatically held up his hand that was gripping Kirishima’s tightly. “He said he gets scared on trips away from the city and that he needs someone to hold his hand, if I let go now, he’ll get scared.”

Kirishima gave him a sheepish smile, rubbing the back of his neck, before mouthing a sorry. He crouched down and whispered something to the boy. Shinsou leaned in as he listened intently and whispered something back. Kirishima gave him a small nod and murmured something else. Whatever he had said worked, Shinsou gave Kirishima a look of pure determination before going to Aizawa.

Aizawa quickly picked up the child as soon as was within range. Shinsou made a small high pitch sound in surprise before begrudgingly relaxing in his grip. Aizawa backed up further from the distracted students as he saw a black car pull up.

“Hey there Eraser.” A familiar voice chirped when the car doors opened.

“Long time no see.” He bowed slightly at the arriving heroes. He glanced at Shinsou when he felt a sharp tug on his scarf.

Shinsou’s eyes were impossibly huge as he stared at the newly arrived heroes. He absently minded started to tug harder onto his scarf as they approached and introduced themselves to the students. Aizawa brought a hand up to his throat and loosened up the capture weapon as it started to choke him from the constant pulling.

“The training camp has already begun.” He managed to choke out,

when the students started to frantically scramble to the bus as they realized the true reason why they had stopped.

Aizawa tightened his grip on Shinsou when the ground beneath them shook as Pixie-Bob used her quirk. Shinsou gasped as he saw the students fly out of their view and off the edge of the cliff. He started to squirm in his grip, almost causing him to drop him. He set down the wiggling kid once Pixie-bob straightened out the road with her quirk, who immediately bolted. Aizawa reached out to grab him, fingers brushing against his shirt, but he was too quick and was running towards the edge.

He felt his pounding heart slow down when he realized the kid wasn't running to the edge of cliff, but to Mandalay. Shinsou abruptly stopped and crouched behind Mandalay a foot away as she yelled down instructions to the dazed students. He had his arms wrapped around his knees as he watched her tail sway side to side as she moved. His hands reached out to touch but would quickly pull it back when it moved away.

"Didn't know you had a kid Eraser." Pixie-Bob said next to him as they watched the kid. Sighing he turned and faced her sly smirk.

"How are you Pixie?"

"It's surprising that you have one." She continued, completely ignoring his question. "I can't believe you would settle down and have a kid before I do. I was sure you'd live in your apartment with twenty cats and your students would have to check up on you to make sure you weren't eating cat food for every meal."

"Says the person who dresses up like a cat."

Pixie-Bob rolled her eyes and cocked her hip. "I'll have you know, we love our costumes and so does the public." She bristled slightly when Aizawa gave her an unconvinced look. "It's true! Besides, it's not like I go out in this all the time. I know it's not the costume that is putting people off. Right? It's not that bad…Is it?"

"Excuse me, Eraser." Aizawa let out a sigh of relief when he heard Mandalay, cutting off the potential freak out Pixie-Bob was about to descend into. Mandalay was standing behind him with a smug smile and jerked her head behind her. "Is this your kitten?"

Shinsou had his hands gripped tightly onto Mandalay's brown tail; his small hands barely encompassing it, allowing the tail to lead him back

to the group.

“That’s Shinsou Hitoshi.”

“They’re cats.” Shinsou blurted out suddenly as he stared wide eyed at the tail. He jumped suddenly when the tail jerked slightly in his hands when Mandalay turned to look at the boy now beside her.

Shinsou dragged his eyes away from the tail and looked up, paling slightly when he noticed the hero’s attention on him. He slowly let go of the tail as if he was in front of a dangerous predator, scared if he moved too quickly it would pounce. As soon as Shinsou let go, he ran the few steps separating them,right into his legs with an oof.

“Yes, they dress as cats. They’re hero team name is the Wild Wild Pussycats. That’s Mandalay and that’s Pixie-Bob.” Aizawa introduced as he pointed to each hero who waved back.

“Oh! that’s reminds me.” Mandalay looked in the direction of the car. “Kota! Why don’t you come out and say hi?”

A boy huffed as he slid out from behind the car and dragged his feet to them. The child had a scowl across on his face and his arms were crossed by the time he reached the group.

“This is my Nephew Kota,” Mandalay introduced placing her hands on the boy’s shoulders.

“Hi.” Shinsou mumbled nervously as he clung to his leg. Kota eyebrows furrowed as he gave a small hello back. The awkward tension between the boys was broken when Pixie-Bob’s phone chimed.

“Ragdoll and Tiger are done talking to the other class. We should probably start heading back ourselves. We still have to get food done and make sure all the rooms are cleared.”

Aizawa broke the two kids eye contact and lifted Shinsou to sit on him hip. He quickly agreed with the others that they’ll take the bus down and meet them down the mountain.

The rest of the bus ride was filled with noise. Shinsou; completely forgetting his grudge against him, started signing as fast as he could, questions about the Pussycats. He managed to answer all of his questions, even though most of it was unrelated to them. Shinsou had asked typical questions like what they did and what were their quirks. However, these stereotypical questions were followed by if they were

actually cats and if where they were going will be filled with wild cats.

When they finally arrived at the camp, Shinsou was practically vibrating in his excitement. It quickly died as soon as he got off the bus and saw Kota get out of the car, freezing in his spot. Aizawa questioned his hesitancy for a second before it finally clicked. This is the first time Shinsou will be around a kid his age since he came to live with him, and this is assuming he had contact with kids his age before everything.

Shinsou he wrung his hands in front of him nervously, eyebrows furrowed and a small frown on his face as he looked at the other boy.

“He’s not going to bite.” He leaned down and whispered into the boy’s ear. Shinsou flinched startled, but then gave him a pout.

“I know he wont bite.” He mumbled back, eyes shooting to Kota then back to him. “I.. I don’t know just don’t know how. I don’t know how to start.”

“Go and talk to him.” He felt like a hypocrite as soon as those words left his mouth. He can count on one hand how many times he’s initiated a talk with someone to attempt to make friends with them. Hizashi, Nemura, and Tensei were the ones to initiate a conversation. Actually, he can’t remember starting the first conversation outside of work.

Shinsou looked as unimpressed as he felt with the advice he was given. He gave the child a slight push, which earned him a betrayed look before he audibly gulped and continued forward.

Aizawa felt himself breakout in cold sweat as Shinsou determinedly stomp up to Kota. He really needs to make sure that he doesn’t learn anything else from Bakugou. He should make sure Shinsou learns more from someone like Kirishima or Hizashi, someone who’s social skill are more tolerable and can get along with anyone. At this rate, he’s learning social etiquette from him and Bakugou, which is not a good mix if you want to make friends.

“Do..d-.. You like heroes.” Shinsou stumbled out loudly, voice laced with anxiety. Aizawa was barely able to retrain himself from face palming.

“No! I do not! I think heroes are selfish.” Kota snarked back, crossing his arms across his chest. Shinsou’s eyes got wide at the

announcement and he broke out in a huge grin.

“Me too!”

“Even so, I still don’t intend to hang out with someone who lives with heroes.”

“But..”Shinsou asked, head tilted to the side and eyebrows pinched in confusion. ”You live with heroes too.”

They stared at each other dumbfoundedly, as if they were already questioning all their decisions in their short life on how they winded up in their situation.

“That’s true.” Kota mumbled out with his eyebrows furrowed.

“I have a lot of coloring books we can color if you want. I just got a bunch of new ones.”

“Yeah okay. We can do that in my room.”

The astonished adults watched as the kids dragged the heavy activity bag across the ground, chattering amongst themselves as they entered the cabin.

“That’s a first.” Pixie-Bob noted as the silence stretched on as they looked at the open-door way.

“Did they really just bond over their hatred for heroes.. In front of heroes?” Mandalay asked bewildered.

“I think they just did.”

Chapter End Notes

> Sorry for the short chapter, if i did it all, it would have been massive and would take wayyy longer to post. I promise the plot will pick up soon!
> Thank you for reading and any comments/kudos!! they are greatly appreciated and i have no words to describe how much i do.
> Have a good day/night!

# Test of Courage

Chapter Summary

The test of courage

Chapter Notes

So this chapter is dedicated to Kiwi
Anyways, so this is a big chapter, so sorry about that.
You can find me at Coldandhotsoba on tumblr!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The past days took a lot out of him, but it seems like Shinsou was only being fueled.

Aizawa didn't see the child when he ran off with Kota until dinner time. He had finished unpacking the bus and made sure everything was prepared for his students. As soon as he called for dinner, Shinsou appeared, dragged a reluctant Kota behind him while talking a mile a minute about what they did. Dinner seemed to take longer just because Shinsou would talk between large mouthfuls of food.

Shinsou only seemed to gain even more energy after dinner. He went off to go explore the rest of the grounds with Kota, only learning later that they went along the divide between the hot springs. He came back excitedly saying that he wanted to swim also. Shinsou followed him around the cabin as he made sure the remedial classroom was prepared. Anytime he paused to consider something, Shinsou took this as his chance to try to convince him that they should go to the hot springs. He reluctantly agreed after everything was prepared for tomorrow and with the hope that a long soak in warm water would tire the kid out.

That did not happen.

He took to the water like a duck. Shinsou swam along the shallow water but made sure he never to stray too far from him. As soon as he got bored of swimming around in little circles and blowing bubbles in the water, he turned his focus onto him.

Anytime he leaned back and closed his eyes, Shinsou would splash water at him. At first, he thought it was unintentional, only getting splashed from the kid's wild strokes. However, after the third time it

happened, a large wave of water going over head causing him to sputter out the water that got in his mouth, he knew better. Shinsou had his mouth under the water, trying to muffle his giggles as he watched him as he spat the water out of his mouth. Even after the following water fight, the kid still wasn't tired.

As he was playing a game of chess with Kan after they dried off, Shinsou was darting around the shared room in his cat pajamas. Digging in his bag, throwing stuff behind him as he looked for what he wanted to show them. He ended up showing Kan everything that Yamada got him for the trip and then explaining the drawings that him and Kota had made earlier. Shinsou slowly started to slow down after all the excitement wore off. His started to drag his feet as he moved around, letting out an occasional yawn, until he finally crawled into his lap and promptly fell asleep.

The next morning, all the energy came back with a vengeance. He woke up before the sun rose, bouncing and tugging on his sleeves until he was awake. As soon as they left the room, he tore out of it like a bat out of hell and went straight to Kota's room. He didn't see Shinsou again until it was time to take the students to go training. Shinsou pouted the whole way to the grounds as he complained that if Kota wasn't coming, he shouldn't either.

Luckily, Ragdoll stepped in and started talking to him. If Shinsou didn't already look at the cat hero like she hung the moon, it was definitely there after he learned about her quirk. He was inseparable from her after he learned that she also had an invisible emitter quirk like him. He trailed after her, hanging on every word she said, even if it wasn't directed to him. Nodding along when she gave critiques or instructed students techniques.

Aizawa finally managed to pry him away from Ragdoll when it was time for bed. He thanked her profusely for allowing Shinsou to tag alone but she laughed it off saying it was fun to have a kid that enthusiastic hanging around.

Aizawa opened an eye as he felt the zipper to his bag unzip and a small weight pressed against this side. Purple hair brushed against his nose as Shinsou squeezed into the bag with him. Shinsou let out a huff as he wiggled next to his side until stilling when he got into a comfortable position.

He raised an eyebrow as he looked down at the kid when he started burying himself into his armpit.

“Rough day?” Aizawa grumbled as he zipped the bag closed, blocking out the chill of the room.
Shinsou let out a murmur in agreement then gave a small sigh. “I messed up.”

“Hmm? How?”

“I wanted to eat with everyone, but Kota wanted to go to the secret hideout.” Shinsou mumbled as he pressed his face into his side. “I don’t think he liked that. He told me that heroes only like to show off their quirks, so they aren’t actual heroes and he hates all heroes.”

Aizawa hummed as he threaded his hands through the purple hair. Shinsou’s tense body slowly loosened at the motion.

“I said that he can’t hate *all* heroes.” Shinsou yawned, hands gripping his pajamas. “He would have to hate his aunt. He said he doesn’t hate *hate* his aunt. So I said then he doesn’t hate all heroes. I don’t think he liked that either.”

“I’d imagine so. I wouldn’t worry about it too much. It’s late and you were both tired.” He muttered to the dosing boy. He rubbed his back, feeling his breathing slowdown as he fell asleep. “I’m sure it would blow over by tomorrow.”

The next morning, Kota avoided Shinsou like his life depended on it. Anytime Shinsou would talk to him, he would get one-word responses or just a grunt. Shinsou slowly stopped trying to get a reaction and went to eat breakfast with him. Shinsou’s eyebbrows were furrowed as he looked down at his breakfast as he thought, occasionally shooting glances over at the boy but remained in his spot.

Shinsou forgot about his predicament when Ragdoll came over and asked if he would like to be her assistant for today’s training exercises. He nodded quickly, shoving the rest of his food into his mouth to follow her as they left the training grounds.

Aizawa had thought that Ragdolls more eccentric personality would have deterred Shinsou, he should have realized that Shinsou was used to living with Yamada. The boy stuck close to Ragdoll again during training, practically glued to her side. He held onto her yellow tail as

she jumped around the grounds. When he would lose his grip, he would speed up to capture the elusive tail, as if it was game Ragdoll didn't know she was participating in. This pattern repeated throughout the day, seemingly unnoticed by the heroine, only turning around to check to make sure the boy was still with her.

Shinsou was undeterred and kept at it, the only break he took was when he got to announce the test of courage along with Pixie-Bob. After that he couldn't keep still, practically vibrating from excitement, which only increased as the time drew nearer. He asked Kota if he was going to go also but was promptly snubbed and told that he would rather do anything else than hang out with a bunch of wannabe heroes. Shinsou stood frowning as he watched Kota stomp off, only leaving when it was announced that they were leaving.

Aizawa rubbed the sleep from his eyes, letting out a yawn as they stood in the forest. He felt Shinsou gripping his pants and bouncing next to him as Pixie explained the rules.

"Not So fast." He said as students started to chatter excitedly after the announcement. "It pains me to say it, but the remedial class will be having lessons with me instead."

Ignoring Mina's outburst, he let his eyes wander over the class as they paired up. He made eye contact with Bakugou once things had settled down. The blonde raised an eyebrow questioningly, before giving a nod when he saw the kid animated kid next to him.

"You stay with Bakugou and Todoroki okay?" The words barely left his lips, before Shinsou nodded and bounded over to the group. Once he saw Shinsou grab the agitated blond's hand he turned to his class, quickly capturing them with his scarf when they tried to make a run for it. "All right, lets head back to camp."

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Bakugou let out a grunt as the hand in his tried to tug away, he fastened his grip and pulled Shinsou back to him. The kid puffed up his cheeks with his lips pursed and yanked his arm again.

"You're not getting ahead of us, so stop fuckin squirming." Bakugou ordered, pulling his arm back when Shinsou tried to make another

bolt for it. “Fucking dead eyes will have my fucking head if I lost sight of you.”

“Do…do..” Shinsou let out an agitated sound, before slowly finger spelling ‘do’ with his free hand. “We have to hold hands.”

“Fuck yes we do. I don’t trust your ass not to run away as soon as I let go. I don’t see why the fuck you want to go ahead, we’ll get there eventually.”

The kid puffed up his cheeks with his lips pursed, as he thought it over. He opened his mouth a couple of times, as if he was going to refute it, but quickly shut it when he saw the pointed glare Bakugou gave him. Shinsou let out an annoyed huff before he matched his pace.
Bakugou turned and sent a glare at Todoroki when he heard a muffled snort. “Shut it half n half, your ass is also on the line.”

“Wasn’t me.” Todoroki said dryly.

Bakugou froze when he heard another stifled laugh. He dragged his eyes away from Todoroki’s unamused face and to the path. In the middle of the dirt trail there was a small lump. He took a s step forward to investigate but froze when the black lump came speeding towards them. He jumped backwards, pulling the kid behind him as the black mass picked up at an alarming speed and slowly grew in size.

Bakugou felt his heart pump loudly in his chest. He kept his face purposely blank not to show how much the thing unnerved him but did put one hand in front of him. He felt Shinsou loosen his hold he had on the back of his pants as the thing abruptly stopped a foot from them. Keeping his distance, he squinted down at the thing to try and make out what it was. Wait. Is that hair?

As if to answer the question, it started to grow, rising out of the dirt as if it was water. Pale skin peaked from beneath the dark hair as it parted and kept growing until just as dark eyes were above the ground. The eyes blinked at them slowly then a hand came out from the ground and reached towards them.

“She’s stuck.” Shinsou blurted out from his hiding spot behind Bakugou’s legs, breaking the tense stare off. “Help her.”

Todoroki let out an unimpressed sigh and stepped around the girl to continue down the dirt path.

“Come on, let get going.” Bakugou said, pulling the kid along with him. He tugged encouragingly when the boy stopped and stared at the sunken in girl.

“You’re not going to help her.” Shinsou mumbled as he waved goodbye to the girl. She raised a pale hand from the dirt and waved back. A couple of defeated groans could be heard coming from the bushes at the display.

“No. Its probably her fucking quirk. If she got her self fuckin stuck, then one of those other dipshits in the fucking foliage can get her out.”

“That’s not nice.”

“It’s not supposed to be fucking nice.”

“Shinsou.” Todoroki said once they caught up with him down the path. “Everyone here has been working on improving their quirks, they wouldn’t go all out with it for a game like this. They all have a firm grasp on controlling their quirks, so she wouldn’t be stuck. If she was stuck, she would have asked for help. She was just trying to scare us.”

Shinsou looked up at Bakugou quizzically, who nodded in confirmation. Shinsou still didn’t look convinced, dragging his feet slightly, he took another glance back at the girl. She was now sitting crossed legged on the ground and gave him an encouraging wave. “See? She’s fucking fine.” Bakugou grumbled. “C’mon I don’t want to be out here all night. Let’s get this shit over with.”

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“Vlad, let’s start with practice maneuvers.” He said as the students finally accepted their fate. He heard a couple of groans in response to the lesson plan. Vlad uncrossed his arms and got up from his spot against the desk. He opened his mouth to respond when he was interrupted.

“Two villains are attacking us, there’s probably more coming. Everyone head back to camp Immediately, do not engage.” Mandalay’s shaky voice echoed in his head.

Aizawa felt his blood run cold. His eyes shot out towards the window and saw thick smoke rising above the forest’s tree tops.

It looked bad, the blue fire was everywhere if any indication of the smoke was accurate. All the students are out there in the dark, kids are out there, *his* kid is out there.

“I’ll look after the other students,” He looked pointedly to the wide-eyed students,as he turned and ran out the door. “you protect them.”

Is it the league? No, not again. He will not have a repeat of the USJ incident. If it’s a full-scale attack, we’re in big trouble-

His thoughts were abruptly cut off when he saw a figure out from the corner of his eye, he quickly jumped up onto the building, barely avoiding the blue fire.

“Looks like your concern got you distracted, Eraser.” A smooth voice said as the blue flames stopped. He activated his quirk on the other man. The scarred man’s face was kept blank as he stared up a him.
“Nice move. Guess you really are a pro.”

He didn’t hesitate to throw his capture scarf at the villain when he started to move. “Not so fast.”

The grunted as he brought the villain to the ground. He made sure to keep his quirk active and his eye sight trained on the other. As long as the man’s quirk was erased, it didn’t seem like he knew what to do, he went down relatively easily. Not very experienced in hand to hand, a quirk reliant villain. This just made things that much easier for him.

“What do you want and where are your friends hiding?” Aizawa growled as he grabbed an arm.

“My what?” the man asked teasingly into the dirt. Aizawa pressed down on the arm roughly, until he heard and felt a snap.

“Your right arms next,” he growled, adding pressure onto the arm still in his hands. “Be logical about this, at least save your legs. It would be a real pain to have to carry you off to jail like that.”

“You can take your time Eraserhead.” The villain let out a dry laugh when a sound of an explosion was heard.
“What’s that?”

“AIZAWA SENSEI!” Aizawa turned his head and saw Iida with a group of students rushing towards them.

“Stay back!” He barked.

Adrenaline filled his body as he realized his mistake. Fuck he looked away. He felt the villain thrashing beneath him, causing him to loosen his hold and the villain to get out from his bindings. He turned, reactivating his quirk and rewound his scarf around the now standing villain.

“That’s exactly the performance I expected from a UA Teacher,” The villain said calmly as the scarf slowly starts squeezing *through* him as if he was made of pudding. “Tell me hero... Are you worried about your students?”

Aizawa stared in shock as the body slowly seeped between the bindings. The fire he shot out earlier wasn’t his quirk. What the hell quirk is this?

“I wonder if you can save them in the end.” The scarred mouth twitched up in the corners in a mock smile, as he slowly disappeared. “See you soon.”

“What was that?” He heard Mineta squeak from behind him once the villain was finally gone.

“Everyone get inside. I’ll be right back.” He ordered as he rushed by the students and down the path of the woods.

He eyed the smoke as he ran, noticing how it grew thicker and darker the more he went down the path. He needs to get them out, they all have to get out. The flames were spreading quickly around the woods, they could easily be trapped and be killed from the fire or smoke inhalation.

“You’re here! Thank goodness! I need to catch you up on what is happening with the vill-“
Aizawa stopped at the frantic voice and saw Midoriya rushing out from the bushes. Despite his obvious injuries, he was carrying a terrified looking Kota on his back.

“Hey-“

“I need to find Mandalyay, there’s something I have to tell her-“

“Hold on-“ He said raising a hand in what he hoped was a calming manner.

“Please take care of Kota, I’ll be back soon.”

He took one frightened kid from the other. Midoriya stood, half on his feet, arms dangling uselessly. *He's running on pure adrenaline, as soon as he slows down enough, hes going to crash.* Aizawa thought as propped Kota on his back.

"Wait, Midoriya. Those injuries, you went to far again. Have you forgotten what happened in Hosu?"

Midoriya paused, stilling in the middle of the path, head down and arms swaying. "No I haven't."

Good, Midoriya is learning. He knows that anything he says to the kid, won't stop him, but at least the kid would be less reckless. And he knows he personally can't go to Mandalay with the five-year-old with him, he'd have to trust the other heroes to get everyone out safely.

He gritted his teeth at the dilemma. Shinsou is still out there, but he can't risk the safety of one child for another. Shinsou is with two of the strongest students in class A, if not in both classes, he'd have to trust their judgement. Even with their quirks, they are still defenseless out there, unless he does something about it. if

"Go. But tell Mandalay something from me too. Class A and B have full permission to engage in combat with the villains. I'll take the heat from any of this."

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The rest of the walk went by quietly. Bakugou nor Todoroki not wanting or willing to talk and Shinsou enjoying the sounds of the forest. He would occasionally stop to bend down and pick up a rock he wanted to show them. After they marveled at his rock; Bakugou saying they're at least not crappy rocks and Todoroki giving his nod of approval, he would shove it in his pocket declaring it to be his souvenirs.

"Is this another fucking trick?" Bakugou asked when came upon a body lay in the middle of the trail. "God, what the fuck is that smell?"

Todoroki walked cautiously up to the body, crouching down and pressing his fingers against the boy's neck as he checked for a pulse. "I think he's from class B. He's out cold." Todoroki sniffed the hair before he quickly covered his nose and mouth. "I think its sleeping gas. Cover your mouths and try not to breath it in."

Bakugou put his hand over his mouth, and looked down to make sure

Shinsou did the same. Shinsou scooted closer and held onto his shirt with his free hand while the other pressed against his nose and mouth.

“We can’t leave him. Bakugou, can you carry him?”

“That’s a fucking dumb ass idea. If we meet the fucker who did this, my hands would be occupied, and I wouldn’t be able to use my fucking quirk. You carry him, you can use your quirk without your hands.”

Todoroki sighed, but pulled over the other boy’s arms over his shoulders and propped him on his back. His eyes darted back and forth as they continued to walk down the path, looking for any signs of what may have gone wrong.

“Two villain’s are attacking us, there’s probably more coming. Everyone head back to camp Immediately, do not engage.” Mandalay’s voice echoed ominously.

“That solves that mystery.” Todoroki muttered, as they trudged down the path, “But she didn’t give us permission to fight.”

“Fuck that. If someone’s going to try to fuck with us, I’ll just fucking blow him up.” He growled, letting off small explosions in his hand. Todoroki gave him a dark look and told him to stop or he’d give their position away.

They continued walking in silence, keeping their eyes and ears open for any incoming attacks. They paused several times when they heard bushes rustles but all were false alarms. Bakugou kept tense and searched the forest, almost jumping out of his skin when he felt Shinsou touch his leg to get his attention.

“I’m tired.” Shinsou mumbled as he stumbled into the back of Bakugou’s legs. Bakugou looked down at the drowsy looking kid and let out a string of cuss words underneath this breath. The kid blinked up wearily up at him, his hand dropping away from his mouth as he yawned.
He let go of Shinsou’s hand and ripped off a strip of fabric from the bottom of his shirt and tied it right around the kid’s mouth. “You’re not supposed to breathe it in.”

“Sorry.” Shinsou murmured as he was picked up by the blonde. Todoroki raised an eyebrow at the display.

“Shut the fuck up. We don’t have a choice in this. He won’t be able

keep up and you can't carry that loser and this fucking troll doll at the same time." He grumbled as he passed by the smug looking Todoroki.

As they continued down the path, the purple gas in the air seemed to get thicker. Bakugou ended up tearing more of his shirt to cover his own mouth and nose, while Todoroki did the same to him and his passenger.

"Hey, do you hear that?" Todoroki asked, slowing his pass.

"I don't hear anything idiot, I'm partially dea- wait... Yeah, I think I hear it." Bakugou whispered. They exchanged looks before nodding and slowly heading towards the direction.

The sounds of the forest was slowly replaced by sounds of loud, wet munching and frantic mumbling. Bakugou heard his heart pound in his ears as he took in the sight when they rounded the corner.

A man was crouched, his spin sticking out painfully as he fumbled with something in his hands. His low ravings were only interrupted by crunching and slurping sounds. Bakugou froze when he noticed that the man was hovering over a severed hand, the blood pooling around his feet.

Whose hand is that? Who the fuck was in front of us? What the fuck is going on, this is like some fucking USJ shit but worse.

"Attention! All Classes, you have full permission to use your training! I repeat you have full permission to use your training to defend yourselves! We have reasons to believe that the villains are after a student named Kacchan. Kacchan, avoid combat and stick to a group. Get back to camp as fast as you can." Mandalay's orders brought him out of his thoughts.

"I can focus if you can get out of my damn head, and I can take care of myself. Fucking Deku is probably behind this." Bakugo growled lowly. He felt Shinsou shift in his hold at the announcement but pressed the kids face back not his shirt. No way in hell would he let a kid this age see this shit.

"Don't rush into this fight carelessly." Todorki said as he kept his eyes trained on the villain in front of them.

"I got to keep going. I got work to do. Keep focus. Don't distract me with beautiful flesh." The villain got up from his crouch disjointedly as if he was a puppet on a string. He turned his leather masked face

towards them, opening his mouth as blood dripped from its corners.

“Didn’t you listen to Mandalay? She said not to engage.” Todoroki ordered when he saw Bakugou take a step forward.

“Telling us not to fight and then changing their minds. I don’t know but I have a feeling this is fucking Deku’s fault. I don’t care what anyone says.” Bakugou growled as he put Shinsou on the ground. “This freak looks like a scrawny side kick to me, he should be easy to take down.”

Shinsou let out a startled eep, when he saw the villain opened his mouth and his teeth extend so that he was towering over them. Todoroki reached and pulled Shinsou to his side as the teeth shot out at them, he quickly created a shield out of ice.

“We can’t start fires around here Bakugou. The flames will spread and everyone can die because of our carelessness. Do you hear me?” Todoroki yelled, panic slightly creeping into his voice, when he heard the familiar popping sounds.

“Im not stupid.” Bakugou growled back as he dodged the villain’s attack. “Teeth attacks fucking seriously? Time to blow this guy with everything I got.”

“You can’t! The fire-“

“Just cover it with ice you idiot.”

“With the explosion, it would cover my view, its already difficult to see pass this gas. I won’t be able to see the fire.” Todoroki said breathlessly as he sent another wave of ice at the villain.

“Then what the fuck do you suggest?”

Bakugou’s breathe caught in his chest as he saw a purple blur rush by him. Beside him, Todoroki looked startled that the kid made a move. He tried to reach out and grab the kid but pulled back just before his hand could get chopped off by a set of teeth. “KID GET THE FUCK BACK HERE!”
He watched wide eyed as the kid ran between the teeth and stopped just below the villain.

“Hey mister, what do you like to eat?” Shinsou gasped out between heavy panting.

“Flesh pieces of me-“ The villain froze and his body became limp from where he was suspended.

“Fuck. I forgot he could do that.”

Bakugou watched wearily as Shinsou ordered the villain to deactivate his quirk and come down. Todoroki quickly encased the villain in ice as soon as he touched ground, making sure the villain’s mouth was clenched closed and the nose exposed.

“Well, fuck. That was easier than I thought.” Bakugou mumbled as he swooped the kid up in his arms. His eyes scanned the kid for any injuries, but he came back unscathed.

“Lets just keep going, we shouldn’t be that much farther from camp.” Todoroki shifted the kid on his back to a more comfortable before stepping around the incapacitated villain. “We can just leave him here, he’s not going anywhere for a while.”

As they continued down the path, the gas became thicker. Todoroki ended up forming ice across his nose and mouth as it became harder to breath. The purple gas slowly started to build up around them, Bakugou ended up having to stand right next to Todoroki to see him.

“I can’t see fucking shit.” Bakugou coughed into his hands, edging closer to Todoroki as it got harder to see through the cloud.

“We must be getting close to the source, perhaps we should head back.”

“And risk meeting any partners the fucking teeth fuck might have? Fuck that. I’d rather deal with this shit.”

As if to question his resolve, his chest tightened uncomfortable as it begged for clean air. He took another shaky breath through the damp cloth and continued to move. He tried to ignore the tickle in the back of his throat but could only hold out for so long before he coughed. Once he started coughing, he couldn’t stop, he pressed a hand against his mouth as he doubled over. He can vaguely feel Todoroki press a hand against his back as he let out a string of coughs.

“Looks like you can’t breathe anymore. Puts a downer on your explosions huh? Can’t control it if you can’t breathe.” A cheerful voice echoed around them. Bakugou tensed his hold on Shinsou and

swiveled his head back and forth, blearily looking for the source. Fuck another one. Fuck, dammit, maybe they should have turned back.

“Hey, you guys wanted to be heroes when you grow up right? I think it’s strange.” Todoroki turned and sent a wave of ice behind him, in what he hopes was the direction of the owner of the voice. “A world where someone with a one-track mind like you, are fawned over just because of where you went to school. It’s not right is it?”

Todoroki sent out another wave of ice next to him, but only got a laugh in response. “That’s not going to work. I can tell how you’re moving from the flow of the gas. You’re never going to get me that way.”

Bakugou collapsed to his knees as the air became thicker from the fog. Shinsou fell out of his arms as he started dry heaving onto the grass, body trying to purge himself of the gas. He felt the back of Todoroki’s legs press against his side as he stood beside him. Feeling the chill in the air as Todoroki started to send wave after wave of ice in every direction.

The little hope that he had that Todoroki would be able to handle this, slowly crumbled when Todoroki fell to one knee as he started to cough. That’s when he noticed it, every time Todoroki sent out ice, it became weaker, smaller, barely doing anything at all.

He tried to pull Shinsou underneath as he started to crumble towards the ground, but the kid wiggled out from his grip. He blinked sluggishly as the side of his face pressed against the cool grass. Soon after, he heard Todoroki fall to his knees as he tried to hack his lungs out.

“G-gas q-u-quirks a-re l-lame.” Shinsou announced between coughs as he stood in front of the small group.

“What did you say?”The voice growled.

“W-wh-why wou-would an-y one, wa-want a gas q-quirk?”

“Fuck yo-“

“S-stop, y-your qu-quirk.”

Bakugou opened his eyes when he felt a hand tap his face. Wait, when did he close them? Wait, what’s happening? How long was he out.

The gas surrounding them was slowly drifting away as gusts of wind rushed over them. The purple tint in the air faded to a light violet as it dispersed.
Bakugou's eyes finally focused on the boy in front of him after another insistent pat to the face. Shinsou was sitting in front of him, tapping his hands against his face and pointing back to a figure. A boy in a gas mask was standing just behind him, swaying with the breeze.

"I got him." Shinsou babbled as he pulled down the cloth tied around his face. He turned and pursed his lips as he looked at Todoroki. "He won't wake up though."

Gritting his teeth, Bakugou pressed his hands against the wet grass and forced himself to sit up. "That's fine, I'll carry that wet asshole and the fucking dead weight. Can you keep a hold on this bastard until we get out of here?"

"Uh-hum!" Shinsou chirped. "I should-"

"Oh Wash," A voice sighed as it stepped into the field. Bakugou eyed the newcomer as he shakenly got to his feet. He was just about the same size of him, his shaggy brown hair swayed, brushing against the top of a gas mask as he sauntered towards the brainwashed villain. "What did you do to my new friend? We haven't seen each other in so long and we meet under these circumstances?"

Shinsou went wide eyed as the man hit the masked boy across the face, breaking the mind control. "Wakey wakey Mustard, our job isn't done yet."

Mustard shook his head and flexed his hands as he regained the control of his body. "I'm going to kill that kid." He growled as the purple gas started to surround him.

"No, I want him. We are old pals. I guess I shouldn't be surprised you're here. I heard that Eraser sensei was going to be here. Pity that we couldn't meet, we had such fun last time."

Bakugou slapped a hand over his mouth as the gas started to sweep across the field, and he let out a warning explosion with his free hand as they got closer. "Back off you bastards."

"No can do." The guy sing-songed as the gas got thicker. "We got a job to do."

He held his breath for as long as he can, letting out an explosion when

Mustard reached out to grab him. Bakugou stepped infront of the frozen Shinsou, blocking him from their view.

Fuck fuck fuck. He couldn't go all out without harming the people around him, and he doesn't think he could move away to get enough distance between them to use larger explosions. Got to keep the kid near anyways, obviously that sick fuck wants his hands on him also. Was this the fucker that did that shit to Aizawa? Is this the fuck that Shinsou lived with?

"Just give in kid, just go to sleep." The voice sang eerily. Bakugou growled and let out another explosion. It was a lot smaller than he had hoped, it was more like the sparklers he had as a kid than an actual explosion.

Bakugou let out a grunt as he felt something hit his head, hard enough for him to fall forward on the ground. Pain shot through his side as he felt someone kick his ribs. He looked up hazily as he heard Shinsou started to ask questions a mile a minute.

Shinsou was staring at him with tear filled eyes from where he was sitting on the ground. Bakugou couldn't make out what the kid was saying, he was talking so fast the words blended together.

He felt his eyes slowly drag shut. It was getting harder to breathe, even when Mustard let up the foot that was pressing against his back, it felt like he was breathing under water.

Fuck, he was so tired. Wait no, he can't. Dammit, he can't let some knock off villains take him out. No fucking pro would go out like this, like fuck he would.

He took a shaky breath as he tried to push his hands underneath him, only to be stopped by a kick to his side. Gritting his teeth to keep from letting out a groan, he sent his best glare he could manage towards the masked kid.

"Don't fucking try it. Thinking you're so cool, just fucking accept it when your defeated." Mustard huffed as he crossed his arms.

"Wash." Shinsou stopped his ramblings and turned his tear streaked face towards the voice. "Come on over here."

"o-ve-ver m-my f-fucking de-dead bo-body." Bakugou mumbled as he tried to fight sleep. Digging his fingers into the dirt he tried to move, but all he managed was to move an inch.

“Wassshhhh, come here. Don’t ya miss me?”

“No.”

The man bristled in his spot at the blunt statement. “Wash. Get over here.” The man growled, voice deeper than the chirping voice he had earlier.

“No Punch.”

“If you don’t fucking come here now.” Punch growled, he pointed his finger and slowly circled around Todoroki. “He’ll get my special treatment.”

Shinsou inhaled sharply and got up shakenly. He looked over nervously at Todoroki as he took a shaky step towards punch. He wrung his hands in his shirt as he took another hesitant step.

“R-run, ju-just ru-un.” Bakugou mumbled tiredly, as his vision started to go black.

“Come on Wash. You’re coming with me.”

Chapter End Notes

thank you all for reading, and for any comments/kudos!
hope you all have a good day/night!

# Only if

Chapter Summary

The hours after the villains attacked.

Chapter Notes

Hi! Couldn't leave yall on a cliff hanger for too long.. Well kinda.

You can find me at Coldandhotsoba on tumblr! feel free to bother me there!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He stared at the bronze door handle, unable to bring himself to turn it. He gripped the straps to the small yellow back pack, unwilling to let it go for a second. It's all he had left.

All because he had failed.

What type of hero….What type of pro hero would fail so utterly? He had one job to focus on, to train and keep these kids safe. And he failed spectacularly.

It wasn't at all what he thought it would have turn out to be. Maybe a couple of injuries at most but everyone coming back in one piece. There were four well trained pro heroes out in the woods with the rest of the students. They should have been fine. Everything should have been fine.

He had returned to the cabin with Kota unharmed on his back, and landed the finishing blow the flame wielder that had came back from earlier. Then he hesitated on what he should do next.

He didn't want to leave the class that did arrive back to camp alone with only Vlad for protection. And with kids still coming out from the forest, the group was getting significantly larger. If the villains were still going after the kids, this would be the best place for them to attack. He couldn't leave such a large group for Vlad to protect alone, so he stayed.

Taking headcount of everyone and getting those that needed it help

with their injuries, was one of the hardest things he's had to do. To slowly count each head and count the injured, hoping that they'd all show up as they slowly trickle in from the forest, but to only come up short.

He held out in hopes that the Pussycats would bring in the rest but felt it shatter when they finally arrived back to camp. Mandalay had stumbled out of the forest with a large group of students, who he quickly ushered inside to get looked after.. She had limped towards him with an injured Pixie-Bob on her back as she hesitantly approached him.

His stomach dropped before she even said anything. They stared at each other in silence, him dreading what she's going to say, her dreading on telling him. Her face was pinched as she tried to think of the best way to go about it as her eyes darted around their surroundings.. He couldn't tell if it was just her looking for any possible threats that may show up or to just avoid eye contact with him. She visibly steeled herself;her posture straightening out and her fists clenched in fists, before finally telling him the news.

Tiger was still out in the woods, guarding what villains they did manage to capture, while Mandalay was the one to do a final sweep of the forest. She had managed to find the stragglers she has now, but no one else. She found Todoroki and a Class B student unconscious in an empty clearing, and stumbling upon a large group of wandering students that included Midoriya, Shoji, Uraraka, Asui, and Tokoyami. Leaving Ragdoll, Bakugou, and Shinsou unaccounted for.

Three people missing. Two of which were kids that were trusted in his care. It could have been one less if he didn't bring shinsou along. He should have gotten a someone to watch him for them. He should have pushed back the fear that he would get attacked without them, and found him a babysitter. All Might would have probably have agreed to watch him. He had relaxed too much at the thought they were safe. Relied too much on the precautions they had taken. And this was the price for his negligence.

Everything sounded like he was underwater, and her words warbling and blurring together. He mutely nodded at her, barely hearing her

say thanks for getting Kota to safety and sorry that she couldn't do the same for his kid.

He felt like he wasn't there, like he was watching as a third party as he went through the motions. His head felt like it was stuffed with cotton and what he could feel from his body, was numbness.

All he could think about was the ‘if’s. If he was faster, if he didn't hesitate. If they had taken more precautions. If he went back into the forest to find them. If he made Midoriya take Kota back to the camp and he went to fight with the other pros. If he just let the remedial class do the test of courage, both him and Kan would have been there. If he was there, Shinsou would have been with *him* instead of two untrained kids. If he was out there in the forest, everything would have changed. Perhaps he would have gotten everyone out okay.

If one of these ‘if’s were changed, everything would have gone so much differently. Ragdoll wouldn’t have gone missing. Bakugou wouldn't be missing. *His* kid wouldn’t be missing. The one he promised was that he would never have to go back to a place like found him in.

Tiger must have realized he was going to be of little to no help and guided him to the room where they had put the injured students in. He had sat him down with some bandages in his hands and told him to do what he can while they waited for the police and the ambulances to arrive.

He doesn’t know how long time had passed before they had finally arrived. He remembers that he was in the middle of splinting a slowly panicking Midoriya when he was finally interrupted. He was trying to be as gentle as he could with the shattered arms, while also muttering reinsurrances, when the EMT came in with a stretcher.

The rest of the time came and went by in flashes.

In the ambulance sitting on a bench out of the way as the EMT’s were fluttering around Midoriya. Standing in the entranceway as he watched students roll by them on their way to get surgery or to be examined by a doctor. In the hallway as a pisseed off Endeavor yells at him about why should he trust him to train his son and threatening to train him himself.

In a room with a sleeping Yaoyorozu behind him as Nezu informs him that they need to have a staff meeting to discuss how UA was going to handle this epidemic. A doctor trying to encourage him to go into one

of the examination rooms with a soft voice, despite his refusals. Tiger walking over to him and handing him Shinsou's yellow backpack, filled with his clothes and his black stuff cat. Vlad gripping his forearm as they sat in hard plastic chairs while the doctor informs them of their student's conditions. Then finally exiting a musty cab as he made it back to their apartment.

Aizawa blinked back into focus when his eyes started to hurt from being kept open for too long. He hadn't moved from his spot just in front of his apartment.

He should open the door. Just reach out and turn the handle and walk in. But Hizashi. How is he going to tell HIzashi? Tell him that he lost their son. Tell him kids are injured, people are missing, their son is missing, and it's because he wasn't cautious enough. Wasn't prepared enough for the a possible villain attack. Thought that having six heroes at an undisclosed location would have been enough to not only train the students, but to protect them. How he was a fool to have thought that. He had to live with the consequences of his lack of forethought had caused.

The door handle jiggled before he could make a move. It was turned sharply and the the door was swung open with a bang. He felt his throat close as he drew his eyes from the floor and up at Hizashi.

He was standing in the doorway, stance wide, right hand still gripping the handle and left pressed against the door frame. His hair was tied up in a loose bun, strands were messily falling out as if he ran his hair through it too many times. But what made his stomach drop was the wild, red tinted eyes that were focused on the yellow bag in his hand.

The once light bag hanging from his fingertips, felt heavier with Hizashi's gaze, as it held all his wrong doings. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as Hizashi continued to stare at the bag. He opened his mouth to say something, anything to break the silence, but shut it when he realized he didn't know what to say.

Hizashi wasn't supposed to be this quiet, at least not this long, he's not built for it. Even when he has taken out his hearing aids or think he's alone, he still makes some sort of noise. He'd hum to himself as he cleans, tap his fingers rhythmically against the counters when he graded, or talk aloud to himself as he processed his thoughts. He's never this quiet. He stood in the door way like a statue, not a sound

leaving him. The last time he was this quiet, was when he couldn't save someone in time and they had died in front of him.

"Shou." Hizashi said, his voice cracking at the end. The broken sound is what finally unfroze his limbs. He gently pushed Hizashi out of the doorway and closed it behind them, trapping them in the now too quiet apartment. He kept his free hand pressed lightly on his arm, feeling it shake in his grip as Hizashi took a couple of gulps of air.

"Shou," Hizashi repeated, his eyes still trained on the bag. "I'm… Vlad called earlier… I'm…. He called me and told me… I'm…"

Aizawa felt himself tense as he prepared himself for what inevitably going to come. He's almost glad that vlad told Hizashi, he doesn't know if he would have been able to get it out right now. But he also wishes he was the one to tell his husband what had happened. He had felt his phone buzz in his pocket continuously until it finally died, not knowing how to get the words out. Not wanting to tell him or anyone what had happened over the phone.

"I'm so sorry." Aizawa's head shot up in surprise when the words finally left Hizashi's mouth. *No. This wasn't right. He has no reason to apologize. He didn't do anything wrong.*

"I'm so sorry Shou-" *No.*"-I wasn't there. I could have canceled-" *No, no, this is not right.* "-that stupid show. It wasn't important-" *No,no,no.* "-I should have been there. Everything bad happens when I'm not *there.*"

Hizashi turned his face away, bringing a hand over his mouth as a sob passed by his lips. "I wasn't at USJ. I wasn't there when you were kidnapped. I wasn't there for this. I'm always too late. USJ, I didn't arrive in time to help or save you from getting your face pummeled by a monster. The kidnapping I was too late in checking your patrols, if I started earlier,been faster, I could have made it there in time. And this? *I didn't even show up.* "

Aizawa dropped the bag with a thud and gently removed his husbands hand and cupped his face. Hizashi went still at the touch, his stuttered breathing was the only thing that could be heard in the empty apartment. He tried to turn his head to face him, but when Hizashi refused to look at him, he moved in front of him so he has to see him.

“‘Zashi,” he pleaded softly as he brushed the tears under his eyes with his thumbs. “‘Zashi, hey, please look at me.”

He could tell Hizashi was debating if he should do what he was asked. His eyes were trained on the wall behind him and he was gnawing at his bottom lip as he contemplated. He had to let out one more plea, before the red rimmed eyes met his own.

“I’m so sorry.” He said. Hizashi opened his mouth to retort but snapped it shut when Aizawa shook his head. “I’m sorry for a lot of things. I’m sorry that I didn’t know you felt this way and let you feel like this alone. I’m sorry I failed you in more ways than one, and I’m sorry I failed Shinsou. He was left in my charge, not yours, when this happened. However..There's a lot that I’m not sorry for.”

He kept the high contact with Hizashi to try and fully cement what he’s saying. He should have seen how much this had weighed on Hizashi. They’ve briefly talked about about USJ and the kidnapping, but he didn’t think those thoughts would still be gnawing on his husband mind. He should have known that one discussion wouldn’t have settled his husband’s guilt. He needed to fix this as best as he could.

“I’m not sorry for how USJ turned out. I wouldn’t have wanted you near that thing and it wouldn’t have changed anything besides the fact you would have been out of commission with me. I’m not sorry for being kidnapped. I wouldn't’ have met Shinsou and he would have either been dead or still rotting in the cesspool they called a hideout. And I’m not sorry that you didn’t arrive at camp. We didn’t know there was going to be an attack and you had no logical reason to suddenly cancel your plans. Sure. If you were at camp, it would have changed things. But if anyone else was at camp it would have changed things. This is *not on you.*”

“Why do you always have to be so rational about things?” Hizashi choked out, after he processed what was said to him. He reached up and clasped his wrists, sluggishly rubbing circles with his thumbs. Hizashi hummed lowly with his eyebrow furrowed. “But apply it to yourself also. This was not your fault either.”

“But I was-”

“Shouta.” He jumped slightly when he felt his name vibrate in his chest as Hizashi added a bit of his quirk into it. “You just told me, that no one knew of attack nor expected one with the precautions in place. You can’t apply that logic to me but not to yourself. I know you did everything in your power and did the best you could. You did everything you could Shou.”

“I failed him. He’s out there with some fuck face and he’s gone. He’s gone.”

The wind rushed out of his lungs as he was suddenly squeezed against a chest. Hizashi only gripped him harder when he went tense in his arms. He started to relax into the hold as Hizashi gently swayed them back and forth, mumbling into his hair that they’d get Hitoshi back.

They swayed in their spot just inside the doorway, just letting everything process and getting as much comfort they could from each other as they could. They only moved away when Hizashi got multiple texts from Nemuri, saying that they were needed at the school.

He didn’t really want to go but knew it was needed. Something must have shown on his face, because as they left to go to the school, Hizashi kept asking if he was sure that he wanted to go. He repeatedly said yes, which always earned him an unconvinced look. He rolled his eyes and told him that it didn’t matter if he wanted to go or not, his presence was necessary. Hizashi kept on trying to entice him to go back home on the entire walk to the school, only stopping once they went through the gates.

To say that entering the boardroom was awkward, was an understatement. Hizashi had his hand in a death grip as the sat down in their chairs in the dead silent room, as they tried to ignore the looks they were gaining from the others.

Nemuri kept shooting them pitying looks from across the way in her seat. She tried to make eye contact with him, but he quickly averted his eyes. Vlad looked as bad as he felt. Slumped in his chair, eye-bags hanging heavily and his head in his hands. He returned the same haunted look he got from Vlad before the other finally nodded and turned away. Toshinori looked like a fish with his mouth opening and

shutting, wanting to say something, but unwilling to break the silence.

He couldn't bring himself to look at any of the other teachers, and immediately focused on the always pristine looking Nezu. Nezu sat at the end of the table with a stack of clean papers in front of him, along with a pen and a mug of tea. As soon as Snipe walked in through the door, Nezu announced it was time to start planning.

He immediately started to zone out and replay the events in his mind as Vlad went into detail about what had happened. He managed to detachedly say his turn of events, during the brief moments he wasn't with Vlad, but let Vlad handle the rest.

Hizashi's sharp inhale broke him from his thoughts and drew his eyes to him. Hizashi gripped his hand tighter as he leaned forward, face blank as his eyes scanned all the teachers faces as he looked for something. Aizawa gave him a confused look but was denied by a subtly shake of his head as he continued to listen and examine the teachers reactions.

"Since we are on the topic of trust. There's something that I think we have to voice now. At this point we can't deny it anymore can we? There's a traitor at this school." Hizashi blurted out once the table got quiet. "Only the teachers and the Pussycats knew where the training camp would be. Don't think you think that's a little suspicious? I guess a kid could have used their phone to message a villain but-"

"Mic stop." Nemuri sternly cut in slamming her hands against the table. "Don't turn us on each other right now. We need to show a solid front."

"There was also a last minute addition to the party." Nezu mumbled softly. If Aizawa didn't know any better, he would have thought Nezu didn't mean for them to hear it. But he did know better, the principal always did something for a reason.

"What. Did. You. Say?" Hizashi growled deeply between gritted teeth.

"I'm merely pointing out all the facts that we have at our disposal."

Nezu was testing them, not just him and Hizashi, but all the teachers. Aizawa watched as the rat, mouse, bear thing, kept his body facing the highly agitated voice hero, but his eyes weren't focused on him. He was gauging everyone's reactions.

“Are you insinuating that my five year old son did this?” Hizashi’s voice got increasingly louder as he talked. Aizawa felt his fingers slowly go numb as the grip on his hand tightened almost unbearably. He heard the sudden intake a deep breath and he quickly activated his quirk on Hizashi as he continued. “Are you implying that my son wanted to be taken?”

Everyone’s eyes were focused on Hizashi as he glared down the seemingly calm principal. One of his hands still in his, while the other was was flat on the table as he stood. Aizawa could visibly see the slight tremors coursing through his body.

“I’d choose your next words very carefully,” he deadpanned when the silence dragged on too long for his liking. He dragged his eyes away from Hizashi and made eye contact with Nezu. “I won’t stop him from blowing out your eardrums for a second time.”

Nezu was still laid back in his chair as if he didn’t risk getting his and everyone's ears blown out, not to mention the amount of damage it would have caused to the building. “No. I don’t think he had anything to do with it. I merely wanted to test something out.”

Hizashi was still trembling besides him despite Nezu’s words. Not that he could blame him. It didn’t look he was going to calm down or forgive him anytime soon. It was best to go before Hizashi throws everything out the window and start yelling.

He got up and slowly started to pull the reluctant Hizashi out of the room, who was adamant that his fury was to be known. He kept staring daggers at the principal even as he was dragged away.

“Leave us out of your tests. You can message me later about what our plan will be. But we’re done here.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and for any kudos/comments!

I also made a discord, if anyone is interested.
Discord

# Now or never

Chapter Summary

Kamino arc is a go

Chapter Notes

Welp here it is!!
Also! Remember, this is canon divergence! So this is a heads up!!

You can find me at coldandhotsoba on tumblr! come say hi!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bakugou wishes that he never woke up to this. His head was pounding from a migraine, his wrists hurts from being squeezed in front of him, and the mask on his faces was too tight and cut into him. Even with how uncomfortable and sore he was, what made him wish he was still under the influence of the quirk was the villains in front of him.

He was sitting in a chair shoved up against the room with a perfect view of the whole bar. As he scanned the area, it looked like the whole gang was here, and he was completely outnumbered. They were broken up in groups around the room as they talked among themselves,but he paid more attention to the group at the bar.

The two that he met in the fields were sitting at the bar, one humming a song loudly while the other tried to ignore him as he sipped on his drink. A girl he hasn't seen before had her head resting in her hands while she gave him a smile when she noticed him that sent shivers down his spine. The guy with the disembodied hands that covered his face was talking to the mist guy who was bending down but ignored him as he talked to someone else that he couldn't see.

“Kurogiri! That's my drink.” The small blonde said leaning over the counter to look down at the offender..

“You can share, we have a lot” Kirigiri mumbled.

“Why can't you take Twice's? He has a lot more.”

Bakugou's heart drop as the mist guy stood up and saw him holding Shinsou in his arms. He looked fine, face a little tear streaked and was still wearing the same muddy clothes from the camp, but didn't seem

hurt. Shinsou did look a little nervous as he sucked down his juice pouch, his eyes focused on the humming villain in front of him.

“God Punch! Stop that humming! Or at least learn a new song. There’s only so many times you can listen to You are my Sunshine before a person snaps.” The young villain exclaimed suddenly as he slammed his drink on the counter and sent a glare to the man.

“Awh Mustard I know you love my songs.” Punch singsonged. Mustard leaned back in his seat, his face scrunched up as he slapped Punch’s hand away when reached out to pat his head.

“I really don’t, it’s creepy on a good day and annoying the rest of the time. No one wants to hear it.”

“Well, I know Dabi likes to hear it.”

“No I don’t.” The scarred man in the corner said loudly.

“Enough.” Bakugou looked to the new voice and saw the hand guy’s piercing gaze on him. The man nodded his head before motioning a hand towards him.“He’s awake. Punch, undo his mask.”

Punch gave a sloppy salute and hopped off his chair with a bounce. Bakugou gritted his teeth as the crooked smile grew on the guys face as he came closer.

He crouched down right in front of him and tilted his head to the side as he looked him over. Bakugou froze as he felt fingers brush against his face as it went to reach the mask. The light touch sending chills down his spine.

“You know, this was Washer’s mask. Good thing I kept the spare. I was going to put it on Wash, but they thought you need it more, heard you got a mouth on you. Well, that and Kurogiri said its mean. He does have a point, Wash is not much of a threat here, everyone knows how his quirk works.” The hands on the mask paused it’s fiddling before a snap could be heard. Bakugou pressed his lips in a fine line as he felt the weight of the mask ease away. “Awh don’t give me that look. You know, we’re actually more generous than the heroes, at least we are taking the mask off so you can talk. How do you think we found out how to negate your quirk in the first place? The sports festival showed us exactly how to contain you,made it that much easier. I guess heroes are helpful for one thing. ”

“You really do talk too much.” Punch leaned back and tossed a smile

in Dabi's way.

"I can talk more." Punch purred.

"God no."

"Oh." The small squeak seemed to echos around the bar. Baku clenched his jaw when the sound drew all the eyes in the room to Shinsou. Damn it, don't draw focus to yourself.

Shinsou was propped up on Kurogiri's hip and stared wide eyed at the television playing in the corner. Kurogiri started gently bouncing him as he tried to calm him when tears were building up in Shinsou's eyes and his bottom lip started to waver.

"I want my dad." Shinsou mumbled as he wiped his eyes.

"Your dad is gone, you killed him remember?" Punch said bluntly as he looked at the kid.

"Not *that* one." Shinsou said and pointed up to the screen. "That one."

Up on the muted TV was Aizawa, clean shaven, hair up, and squeezed into the suit. Despite the appearance, Bakugou could still see the stress Aizawa was hiding around his eyes.

Are they not looking for them? He understands why there needs to be a press conference, but why couldn't it wait till after they got returned? He didn't think they would wait this long to find them, but did they really just toss them aside? They're not just tossing him aside, they are also tossing Shinsou aside. Him, he gets, but Aizawa wouldn't ever do that to Shinsou. Right?

"No. You can't go back to that dad either."

"Fine." Shinsou pouted crossing his arms."Then I want my other dad."

"What? What other dad?" Punch asked.

"The screaming dad."

"Screaming dad?"

"Yeah, he yells a lot. We used to listen to his station."

The blonde girl at the bar started to giggle before outright laughing. “Oh! This is so good! We didn’t take the cute Todoroki boy because we didn’t want the flaming asshole focused on us. But this! This kid has *two* pro hero dads!” She managed to choke out between laughs. She laughed louder when Punch paled and try to convince the rest of them that he didn’t know about Present Mic.

He kept his eyes focused on Shinsou as he started to wiggle to get out of Kurogiri’s hold. He was entrusted with him. That was the last thing that he agreed to do before this whole thing. He was in charge of making sure the kid was going to be okay. Maybe that’s why Aizawa was at the conference, he trusted that he would keep him as safe as possible. He trusted him earlier with getting him out of the last villains house, he’s going to get him out of this one too.

“That’s enough.There’s nothing we can do about it now. Let’s get back on track.” Shagaraki sighed as he turned and focused his red eyes on him. Bakugou kept his face as passive as he could as he heard the room go deadly quiet as they watched on.

“Isn't that strange the heroes are becoming the bad guys? It seems like this they aren't dealing with this very well at all, so much criticism but everyone is making a mistake or two right?” Shigaraki said as he waved his arm towards tv as the coverage ended.“It's not like they are supposed to be perfect. Modern day heroes have it rough, don't you think Bakugou?”

“Once a hero receives a payment to protect someone, they’re no longer a real hero. That’s what Stain’s actions taught us.” Bakugou eyes drifted towards the reptile like guy leaning back against the wall near him, but quickly snapped back to Shigaraki as he continued.

“A hero in this current system only cares about money and glory. And since society buys into this idiotic rules, anyone that is deemed loser is shunned aside. So we want to pose some question. What is a hero? What is justice? Is this society truly is fair? Soon everyone will be asking. That’s when we know we have won. And you like winning, don’t you Bakugou?”

Bakugou clenched his fists as he glared back as he returned the villains inquisitive look. It was quiet as at the small stand off. Shigaraki looked him over as he tried to read him.

“Dabi, let him go.” Shigaraki ordered, when he seemed to reach a conclusion.

“You know he’ll just fight.”

“It’s fine.” Shigaraki shrugged. “We are recruiting him, so we should treat him like an equal. Besides, he knows that he can’t take us all on right? After all, UA students are so clever.”

“Hey Twice, you do it.”

“Sure thing!” Twice chirped but then suddenly started waving his arm negatively. “No way.”

“Do it.”

Twice grumbled, but reluctantly closed the distance between them. Bakugou vaguely heard more talking, but he zoned them out as he focused on what he needed to do. Escape.

He rubbed at his wrists, getting as much blood flow as he can and help encourage it to sweat more. His heart pounded as he heard the leader walk casually towards him, and then finally he felt the weight fall off form his ankles. He was free.

He sent out a kick at the guy in front of him and took a leap forward and sent a blast as large as he dared at the approaching villain.

“I’m done listening to your endless talking, can you not get to the point or do you like your own fucking voice? So basically you want to cause some trouble and want me to join. Fuck you. I like to win, I want to win like All Might, and that will never change. Do you understand?” He growled.

Shigaraki didn't seem to listen at all, he was focused on the hand that was blown onto the ground. Completely ignoring him, he calmly picked it the hand and pressed it back against his face. “Kurogiri, Compress, make him go to sleep again.”

“I can’t believe he’s such a bad listener.” Compressed sighed as he languidly walked forward. “I’m almost impressed.”

“If you want me to fucking listen to you, then get your knees and die!” He yelled back perhaps a bit too loud, almost betraying his nerves. He

willed his body not to visibly shake as the villain stalked closer.

*“I want to blow them up with my max firepower, but,”* His eyes focused on the boy now sitting on top of the bar in front of Kurogiri. *”that warp bastard’s in the way and the kid would get hit too. Think… come on fucking think. I need to make an opening somehow, get the fucking kid, and out the back door. Come on, fucking think.”*

Bakugou stiffened when he heard a knock at the door behind him. He reluctantly turned his gaze from the villains and looked over his shoulder.

Are more arriving? He doesn’t think he can manage the ones in front of him and get out with the kid. If more arrived, he’s utterly fucked. Even so, like hell he isn’t going to put up a fight.

“Hello, this is Pizza-La, Kamino store.”

What the fu-

Bakugou quickly dived to the side as he heard a loud crash next to him, and tried to avoid the falling rubble. His eyes widened when he saw the familiar person fly through the opening they just created.

“Kurogiri! Gate!”

He let out the breath he didn't realize he was holding as the villains were quickly wrapped around in wooden bindings, preventing the warp and any quirk use. Noticing that the heroes had them handled, he went to go finish his job.

Nervously darting his eyes over the villains to make sure they wouldn't make sudden moves, he hesitantly took a couple of steps forward as All-Might was doing his signature announcement. He barely heard the others talk announcing that more heroes arrived on scene followed by the police as he maneuvered around the rubble and wood, and avoided the squirming villains. Keeping his eyes trained on his goal.

Shinsou stared wide eyed in shock on the floor amongst the rubble, seemingly blown off the bar during the initial blast from All Might’s punch. His cheeks were tear streaked and had a couple of cuts, but his eyes clear of tears as he stared at those around him.

“I’m sure you were both scared,” Bakugou paused and looked over his shoulder at the confident All Might. All Might’s eyes darted between Bakugou and Shinsou as he continued.“You both did good bearing it. I’m sorry. It’s going to be fine now.”

“I-I wasn’t scared! He wasn’t even scared!” Bakugou yelled, pointing at the purple haired boy a few feet away. “Not even close, damn it!”

“We go home now.” Shinsou muttered as he shakingly stood up, interrupting any reply. He frowned as he tried to brush off the dirt on his once light purple jacket, now a dingy purple from old mud and dust.

“Yeah, we can go home now.” He confirmed but he spoke too soon.

Knees shaking, he stumbled forward trying to close the distance between them. He suddenly covered his mouth as he felt something bubble up from his stomach.He pressed his hands harder against his mouth as something thick and tasting of tar filled his mouth. He kept it in as long as he could, before his lungs started to protest from lack of oxygen. Coughing, his hands started filling with the thick, but somehow light black liquid as it spilled from his mouth.

Looking up to Shinsou as he heard a small cough, and they exchanged equally shocked looks as liquid poured out both of their mouths. He vaguely heard people screaming and more coughs and gags, before it went dark and he appeared somewhere else.

Bakugou ignored the villains as they all suddenly appeared around him in an abandoned lot and did a scan of the area. He made a quick glance at the guy who teleported them there, but ignored him when he didn’t address him or tried to come towards him. He didn't care about those fucks, he had a goal in mind. Get Shinsou and get the fuck out of here.

Panic started to squeeze in his chest the longer he took to find him. The dust was clearing but all he could see were villains. He remembers the kid was with him, but where the fuck was he? He turned his head, not willing to have his back facing the villains when he heard movement come from behind him.

“Bakugou?” He barely processed the voice before he used his quirk to close the gap between them and scooped up the boy from the ground and into his arms.

“Hey! Where do you think you’re going?” a voice shouted.

“Fuck off you wanna be Ninja turtle!” He yelled back as he tightened his grip on the kid. Fuck not good. He was still surrounded and outnumbered greatly, and he has no idea where the fuck he is. The only good thing was, is that he got step one done, now he just needs to get the fuck out of here.

“I said fuck off Donatello!” Bakugou shouted when Spinner started to walk towards him. Perhaps not his best move, because now he drew attention to himself. His skin crawled as he felt the rest of the villains eyes on him.

“Since he doesn’t want to join us, is it okay if I do a little experiment with him?” Bakugou turned quickly as he saw Punch stalk towards him from behind with a grin. “I know his quirk would be lovely on a nomu, but what if I don’t touch his quirk? I just want to see how his hands work. A couple of snips here and there, learn how it works,and maybe we can artificially recreate it. Wouldn’t that be exciting?”

“Fuck off with that shit!” Mustard yelled as he brushed aside dirt on his outfit. “The kid’s quirk you brought is useless for a Nomu, and now you want this guys?”

“The kid was being groomed silly, it would be a waste of effort if I didn’t try to continue it.” Punch shrugged.

“You do realize, he’s not going to sit still long enough for you to use your quirk. You do know you’re going to be pretty useless in a fight between him and you right?”

“Like you?” Punch questioned teasingly. “Oh relax, it’ll all turn out fine and dandy if we tag team them. The kid won’t be hard to simply grab, and I’m sure the older one will have difficulties protecting the both of them.”

Bakugou gritted his teeth as Shinsou inhaled sharply before pressing his face against his neck, when he sent out a warning blast when the fucker got too close. He sidestepped the outreached hand and blew a larger blast at it. He saw a glint from the sun from the corner of his eyes and quickly skidded away from the swing of a sword and sent an explosion his way.

Not good, not good at all. He glances around and saw it wasn’t only

three musketeers approaching him. He took a step unsteadily behind him when he saw the rest approach. Mr. Compress walked towards him with a confident swagger, Toga had a knife twirling in her hand as she danced towards him, and Shigaraki slowly walked towards him with his hands in his pockets like he had all the time in the world.

A sudden shake in the ground caused him to stumble forward as he tried to regain his balance. His relief of seeing All might fighting the suit guy quickly evaporated when he realized the position he was in. They're in the way. Just like he can't go all out with his quirk with the kid in his hands, All Might can't go all out with them here.

He ducked under a knife when Toga made a jab at him and returned the favor with an explosion. He used the blast to propel him backwards, trying to distance himself between them. He felt tiny hands tighten their hold around his neck as he started to duck and weave between blows and returned his own.

He's at more of a disadvantage than he initially thought. The office supply was right. He can't let out large explosions because of Shinsou, his maneuverability is down, and he can only use one hand.

Breathing heavily through his nose as he felt himself start to tire, ignoring his protesting muscles, he dodged another swing of a sword.The only thing about constantly moving that's working to his advantage was the fact he's starting to produce more sweat for his quirk. He can't let out large ones, but the small more rapid fire ones are doing it's job. But he still needs to get out.

"Fuck off with that shit, you fucking hack of a magician!" He growled as he evaded another marble that was thrown at him.

A bang drew his eyes to the other side of the battle field. He felt his eyes widen as a large glacier formed demanding their attention. This was his chance.

Without hesitation, he tightened his grip on the kid and ran in the opposite direction of the ice. He felt Shinsou's head bobbing against his shoulders roughly with the movement as he made a run for it. This was his only chance, the villains were distracted by whatever the hell is happening over there, he just needs to be fast enough before they realized what he was doing.

Bakugou continued running, ignoring shouts from behind him. He pushed forward faster when he thought he heard Kirishima call his name, but he couldn't risk slowing down to look back.

“Get the fuck out of my way you shitty condiment!” He yelled when Mustard tried to tackle him and sent a blast at him. With his cover blown, he used his one hand to propel him as best as he could. He couldn’t fly like he normally could, but he used the blast to make larger leaps as he ran forward, uncaring about drawing attention with the noise anymore.

He doesn’t know how long he was running for, just focusing on the sound of feet slapping on pavement. Any time Shinsou tried to look up, he pressed his free hand against his head and told him it would be over any time now and to stay fucking still. He ran through the streets as fast as he can, until he slide to a halt when he saw something in the street and ducked into an alley.

Peering around the corner he saw it. The huge black shape of a Nomu stood shuffling down the road towards them, occasionally letting out a screech. It’s head swiffled side to side was it went about, peering into every alley and every opening, as if he was looking for something.. Or someone.

Heart beating in his ears as he quickly went back to cover in the alley as he made eye contact with those empty dead eyes.

“Fuck, fuck.” Bakugou mumbled. He was too focused on running, he didn’t realize where or what he was running to. The place looked just like the battlefield he came from, perhaps worse. The buildings were crumbling and damaged in areas, smoke was rising the the distance, and he can vaguely make out black shapes flying in the sky. “Fuck”

He looked around the alley, as he felt panic start to bubble in his chest as he heard the heavy footsteps slowly approach their hiding spot. No way can he beat this thing, All Might barely beat it. How the hell is he going to, especially with a kid with him.

Frantically he looked around for anything, *anything* that could help him. He almost let out an hysterical laugh when he saw a hole in the corner of the alley. As quickly and as quietly as he could, he made his way over to it and peered into it.The opening wasn’t large and led into a room inside the building, but that’s all he needed.

“All right kid, you have to do me a favor.” He whispered as he pried the kid off from his neck and set him down. Bakugou tensed as he heard the heavy thunks get louder. Shinsou must have heard it also, he tried to turn his head to look but he quickly put his hands on his head to keep it still. “All right dead weight. I need you go in there,

and be really quiet for me okay? Only come out if you know them, not those villain fucks, but people that you know will take you home. You have to know them okay? Use your shitty quirk if you have to alright?"

Shinsou gave a nod and climbed in through the hole. His face scrunched up when he looked behind him when he didn't follow. His hands trembled as he signed, asking if he was going to leave him.

"I'm going to deal with this fuck okay? I'll come back to you. I'll fucking come get you if those fucking heroes did a shitty job and didn't find you before I get done." Bakugou replied, he looked over down the alley, chills going down his spine as he clearly heard the clicking and a screech come from the creature. He shoved the kid the rest of the way into the hole. Shinsou stumbled forward but didn't make a sound, his face blanching as he heard the chittering echoing down the empty street.

"I'll come back I promise." He mumbled as he started to push a dumpster in front of the hole to block it, hoping it would accurately cover the kids hiding spot.

Bakugou got up and walked down the alley, with as much confidence he could muster. No more restrictions or distractions. He just needs to get this thing far away, and hopefully towards someone who can deal with it. In the meantime, he just needs to provide a big enough distraction so the creature wont go after the kid.

With that thought, he took a step out of the alley and faced the creature. He stood staring at the bird thing. It tilted its head at him and stared at him with it's bulging eyes and let out a couple more chirps before it charged at him.

Bakugou used his quirk and started running again, focusing on getting as much distance as he can from the building that Shinsou was in.

The Nomu completely ignored the alley as it continued after him. Bakugou felt the sharp claws scrape on the back of his shirt a couple of times when he was running as it caught up, but quickly let out a larger explosion to avoid its grasp.

Pain erupted on his side as he felt claws rip into it, causing him to fall forward and roll as he hit the ground. He barely caught the breath he lost when he heard a chirp coming from above him. He looked up at the thing as it leaned down with drool dripping from it's open beak. He scooted back, trying to buy time to get as much sweat as he

possibly could.

It's now or never.

---

Hizashi was running as fast as he could down the streets. He felt bad for ditching Shouta at the press conference but he couldn't sit around this time. He's done enough of waiting by the sidelines.

He had help calm Shouta's nerves with the press and got him ready for the interview, but that's all he could successfully do. The press conference was Shouta's job, his to handle,not his. Nezu made it clear that Shouta was to appear on tv with him. Shouta had reluctantly agreed, knowing why he had to, but doesn't mean he wanted to. Shouta fidgeted nervously as he got ready, and his eyes kept darting towards the discarded backpack on the couch.

He reassured his partner that it was for the best, the plan was going to work, and he held an important job to lay the trap, that this was the best way he could help Shinsou.

Unlike him, he was assigned a useless job. All Nezu wanted him to do, was do host his Radio show, to act like nothing was out of normal. Which he did host… from his car with a disposable phone.

He sat parked not too far from Kamino as he did the show through the shitty speakers on his phone. While doing the show, he kept his eyes on the TV's that were playing the media interviewed his husband, that were sitting in a window display. He felt slightly guilty that he left Shouta to deal with this all by himself, but he needed to be here. He's not going to be late again.

As soon as Shouta muttered his last words and exited the stage, he announced on the show that he got a lineup of the top ten songs, and turned off the mic. He flipped the radio on and listened to the police scanners, waiting for events to unfold.

The first moment a Nomu was mentioned, he got out of the car ran down the street. He was jostled and bumped into as he ran upstream as people ran away from the violence. Shoving his way through, he continued until he reached a group of police officers.

Doing as he was instructed by the group, he helped where he could. He helped evacuate civilians, and fighting those creatures when he could spare the time, making sure the civilians got out first. Fighting the things that had almost killed his husband.

Focusing as much as he could on fighting, he heard the large explosion but ignored it thinking it was another hero. That was, until he heard on the radio that they had found Bakugou Katsuki. He started to focus more on the radio, pausing his attacks to hear what was said. His heart squeezed painfully when he heard that Bakugou was found alone. That was until he heard another officer saying that Bakugou had hid a kid.

Hizashi quickly finished the nomu in front of him, allowing the vibration to slowly pull the nomu apart. The creature let out an awful scream as it's skin started to ripple like a drop in the water, before it finally couldn't regenerate what was it was losing. Before what left of the body could touch the ground, he was bolted in the direction they said the kid was.

He was wondering how he was going to find exactly where he was, before he stopped when he saw three policemen standing motionless in an alley. The only one not standing motionless was Sansa. He slowly approached the crouching Sansa as he talked to someone in the building.

"Hey kid, you remember me right?" Sansa mumbled into hole.

"You're the big cat." Hizashi knees almost collapsed when he heard the voice, he pressed his hand against the wall for support as relief filled him.

"Yes, I'm the big cat. Why don't you come out? You know me."

"He told me not too unless I *know* you."

Sansa sighed and turned his head to talk to the walkie on his shoulder, but paused when he saw him standing at the end of the alley. Sansa's face twisted in confusion before he shrugged, and gestured to the opening. He gave him a nod in confirmation as he started to move again. Sansa shuffled out of the entrance to make room for him when he finally made it to the end of the alley. Carefully stepping over the rubble he peeked into the hole.

Shinsou was in the far corner of the dark room. He was curled up in a ball to appear as small as possible with his face pressed into his knees

that his arms were wrapped around. Hizashi was hit with sudden deja vu as he remember the first time he saw him.

“Hey little listener.” He said, voice slightly wavering when he saw Shinsou. Shinsou jerked his head up and looked at him wide eyed. His shock face started to crumble as he started to cry. “Come on Hitoshi, let’s get out of here.”

That seemed to be the encouragement he needed. He jerkily got to his feet and stumbled as fast as he could towards him. As soon as he was close enough, he pulled him out of the hole and into a hug.

He buried his face into the purple hair that smelled of dirt, sweat, and nitroglycerin. “It’s alright, everything is going to be alright.” He squeezed harder as he felt the small body start to shake in his hold.

“Let’s go home.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and all the kudos/comments!! i greatly appreciate them all!

I also made a discord, if anyone is interested.
Discord

# Let's Go

Chapter Summary

The reunion

Chapter Notes

Alright! i hope everyone had a happy holidays! Sorry a bit of a short chapter, but hope you enjoy it nonetheless!
You can find me on tumblr at coldandhotsoba!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa couldn't tear his eyes away from the phone tight in his grip. Bouncing his leg to relieve some excess nervous energy, he texted Hizashi again.

He wasn't answering. He hasn't answered since the interview. He's not even running his show anymore, some intern is on the radio is doing it in his stead. She hasn't even mentioned why Hizashi wasn't on the radio, just doing smooth transitions from one song to the next.

Hizashi was supposed to be running the show, that was the *plan*. This was not part of the plan.

Hizashi had helped him get ready for the conference, providing a steady presence that was a balm on his nerves. He knew that he was just as a mess as he was, the tired eyes, racing about the apartment to get things in order, constantly distracting the both of them on the 'what if's'. Hizashi managed to swallow his own nerves, his own panic, keeping them both afloat. He didn't know he could love Hizashi anymore until that moment..

Right before the conference, he turned on the radio, listening to Hizashi talk. He had played calm, soothing,slow paced songs as soon as he got on the air. Minutes before he was supposed to go on tv, Hizashi diverged from what he normally did and casually talked on the radio.

If he closed his eyes, he could have pretended he was standing next to him. He had talked about a cat he saw on the way, the muffin he bought from a local bakery, and when he started to run out of things he saw on his way to work, he started to talk about the weather. It was enough to calm his nerves before he felt the paw tap on his arm

that told him it was time to face the press.

If he were to be honest, he doesn't remember much about the conference. As soon as he started to talk, he blocked out his own voice as he focused on his own racing thoughts. The plan to rescue them should be getting ready during his speech, and they're going to get them out as soon as this was done. But the what if's that Hizashi tried so hard to drive away came flooding in. It didn't help the pressed questioned his student's character. He was fine with them blaming him. Questioning his rights to be a hero, with his responsibilities, his accountability, but to dare insinuate that his student was a villain? That had crossed the line.

He doesn't remember how exactly he responded, but he felt he said what was needed and that it had came across how he wanted it to. He continued until he started to see guilty faces amongst the press, some even turning away as if they can hide from their own guilt in calling a child a villain.

As soon as it started it ended, and they both left the stage. He was quickly herded into the the teachers office by Nemuri. She could tell that he was still fuming over the event, so she made him some tea and handed him back the radio and told him to chill out.

In normal circumstances it would have worked, but it all went downhill as the radio continued to play. Multiple songs were played before it finally stopped and a person took over. Instead of the energetic sound of his husband, there was a high pitch voice of an intern.

It wasn't abnormal for his intern to take over a transition while he went on break or had some paperwork that needed to be filled out, but he couldn't help but feel panic slowly set in. the feeling grew worse as the intern came back after every song and Hizashi didn't come on air nor was he ever mentioned.

Trying to ignore the panic filling his chest, he sent out a text. Then another. Then another. Every time he didn't get a response, the more convinced he was that something was wrong. He stumbled onto his feet and tried to leave, but he only got as far as the door. As soon as he opened it, Nemuri was standing outside of it as if she appeared out of nowhere and dragged him back inside.

At his first attempt, she tried to reason with him. She told him that he

needed to stick to the plan in order for it to work. They were unsure if they were being watched and if they were, and he made any movements it might put the villains on high alert.

Even if he were to get out, they were too far from Kamino for him to do anything. By the time he reached the place, everything would be done and over with. If he stayed put, not only would everything run more smoothly, but they'd know where to find him once everything has settled. That speeches worked the first couple of times he tried to escape, but the dread urged him forward and she started to have to physically drag him back to the room.

He couldn't just sit there. His kid is missing and now Hizashi is not responding, as far as he knows, he's missing also. He's not on the radio, he's not answering his texts, he's *gone*. His whole family is slowly disappearing in front of him and she wants him to sit at his desk and listen to the station that his husband was supposed to be hosting. Sitting here being useless and listening to the constant reminder that Hizashi is gone.

What if he got kidnapped also? Snatched right at the station? Went outside to take a quick breather and he was taken? They have Shinsou and he wouldn't put it past villains to use a kid as a hostage. What if they were both hurt? What if they were far worse than he imagined, far worse than he wants to imagine. They were out there, and he was stuck in the safe confines of UA.

He'd probably regret yelling at her after this was all over, but at the moment he didn't care. Nemuri was the closest person and she's the one that was blocking his way out. Nemuri was the first obstacle he would have to overcome, the first thing separating him from his family who could possibly be hurt or dying, and he made sure that she knew it. She took his rant relatively well, her face remained passive the whole time as he raged, not once threatening to knock him out like she would have done in the past. She merely took it in, told him to stay put, and left him to simmer. Rationally he knew that she was right, but he didn't want to focus on how useless he was in the situation.

Despite his outbursts, she would occasional pop by and update him on what's happening. At first, it was just information about how the events were unfolding. She came in giddy saying that it was all going according to plan, then it slowly diverged into darker tones before it stopped all together. It had turn into fake pleasantries, reassurances, encouragement on about how it's all going according to plan, that

they would be done any moment now. He wasn't buying it for a minute, he could always tell when she was faking it. Her eyes became tight around the edges and her smile way too wide to be natural.

Her news reports finally stopped when she realized it wasn't working, and she let out a sigh. She quickly told him what was happening, without the bullshit and the flowery words. They had lost communication with the heroes in the area. They attempted the police scanners, but they were out of commission, from what they assume might be from a quirk. All they got was static, occasionally they were able to make out of word, but nothing of importance. Finally with the truth out, she left him alone.

Aizawa glanced down at the unread messages he had sent out. He had tried calling, but it went straight to voicemail. He knew that it means the phone was off, dead, or the call had been rejected, but none of the following seemed likely that it was Hizashi's doing.

Hizashi never turns off his phone, less he miss a call from his station, his agency, or from him. If he was at the station like he was supposed to be, he has spare chargers all over the place and his phone would be fully charged. If the call was canceled someone else must have done it. , Hizashi has never rejected a call from him. He'd be in a middle of a show and he still would have answered.

His hands shook as he pieced together what it all had meant, that Hizashi was definitely missing. Standing up abruptly, he reached for his scarf and wrapped it around his neck. He gave a quick glance to the door as if Nemuri would sense what he was doing and barge in. He pondered the option of just forcing his way through the front door then quickly shoved it out of his mind. Nemuri is more than likely in the hall somewhere, if she's not there, someone else is probably watching it.

The window was his only option. Nezu has eyes all over the place, but he might get a head start if he goes out the window quick enough. It would take some time for Nemuri to hunt him down and catch up. Hopefully by the time she does, he should be far away enough from UA for her to rationally take him back.

She's not above dragging his unconscious body behind her as they head back, but he hopes that she would see it would be pointless. That they'd be closer to the fight then UA, and might as well help the other heroes.

Just as he got one leg out of the window, straddling the frame, there was a knock at the door. Keeping his eyes trained on his escape and staying as still as possible so the frame wont creak and give away his position.

“Nemuri,” He said keeping his voice as serious and as flat as possible, praying that his tone was enough to deter her from barging in. “I’m not in the mood right now for one of your pep talks.”

Aizawa’s stomach dropped when he heard the door open slowly. It was a long shot anyways, it had worked the first couple of times, but she hasn’t physically seen him for an hour and that tended to make her restless when she’s is in charge. If he activates his quirk before she realizes what he’s going to do then maybe-

“Dad?”

He was moving before he even realized it. He was suddenly on his knees across the room and squeezing a tiny body against his. Shinsou started to shake as sobs wracked his body.

“I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry.” He murmured as he rubbed circles on the kids back when he felt the color of his shirt started to dampen.. “You’re okay now. I’m so sorry.”

He kept repeating himself as the kid buried his face into his neck as he cried. So focused on the boy in his arms, he didn’t realize they weren’t alone until he felt a hand on his head. Tensing, he got on the balls on his feet ready to run when he realized how stupid he was.

Of course Shinsou didn’t just wander in from the outside to UA. Someone had to bring him. The villains couldn’t have dragged him here, at least without setting multiple alarms that would have every hero in the building on them. Unless they managed to bypass that, what is the point of bringing him here then.

“Hey Shou, why don’t we move off from the floor?”

Slowly loosening his death grip on Shinsou he looked up to see Hizashi hovering over them with a slanted smile. He couldn’t help but purse his lips in disapproval when he saw that he was wearing his hero costume. It wasn’t the hero costume that sent anger coursing through him, but the fact there were tears and dust all over his costume.

“That wasn’t part of the plan.” He muttered as Hizashi helped him up and directed him to the couch. He was careful to make sure he was still firmly holding onto Shinsou as they moved, unwilling to let go until he felt ready to. The feeling must have been mutual, because he saw Shinsou’s tiny hands were in white knuckle grip as he clung onto his scarf.

“I couldn’t just stay back this time. You were doing your part, and mine.. Mine felt like I was doing nothing. And I was doing nothing, I would have been sitting back and watching. I couldn’t have a repeat from all the times before.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t want you to worry more than you had too.You were already so stressed, I didn’t want to put more onto you.”

“That failed.” Azawai snapped at him as he turned his ire onto him. He felt like a rubber band stretched too far, and it was about to break in any second. “You weren’t on the radio like you were supposed to be! You weren’t answering any of my texts, my calls. What was I supposed to think? Was I supposed to brush it off? It was like you fell off the face of the planet! I had no idea where you were! Where neither of you were!”

“I’m sorry. I am sorry.” Hizashi reaffirmed when he saw the deepening glare. “I didn’t want anyone to figure out what I was going to go do. If they started questioning you on it, you would have given it all away. You have one of the worsts poker faces. Don’t give me that look, you know it’s true. When we opened the door just now, you had guilt written all over your face, like we caught you with your hand in the cookie jar. You couldn’t have hid a secret like that against Nemuri. She would have smelled the lies coming off from you.”

Aizawa deepened his glare, but begrudgingly agreed that he was right, not that he was going to tell him that. Just as he can easily tell when Nemuri’s lies, she can tell when he does. She has this weird ‘My friends are going to do something dumb’ sense. He’d be in the middle of patrol, determining if he could make a jump or not, and he’d get a text from her that only said ‘Don’t do it.’

“I left my phone at the station, I didn’t want it get ruined or have it give away my position during the attack.”Hizashi continued when he saw Aizawa lower his shoulders slightly when he processed what he

just said. “It was lucky that I did, my burner was destroyed during the whole mess. I’m sorry that I worried you. However, I’m not sorry that I went in the first place. It was a good thing I went anyways.”

“What happened?” Aizawa asks. He tried to relax his body into the couch when he realized Shinsou became tense in his hold, the arguing probably not helping any. He was not longer crying, only letting out an occasional sniffle, but his face was still buried into his scarf and doesn’t look like he was going to move anytime soon. He ran his fingers through the knotted and greasy purple hair as Hizashi leaned into his side.

“I’ll give you the full report later, but here’s the short recap of what I’ve seen and know. There were Nomu’s everywhere, it didn’t look they had much of a goal in mind besides attacking.I did my best to get civilians to safety and take care of some of the Nomu’s while I was at it. Then they found Bakugou, away from what our intel said he was going to be and all alone with a Nomu.” HIzashi sighed resting the side of his head against his shoulder. Aizawa can practically hear the energy slowly draining out of Hizashi as the adrenaline crash settled in, his voice getting softer as he went on.

“Bakugou let out an explosion loud enough for some nearby heroes to hear. They managed to kill the Nomu and take Bakugou to the closest ambulance. He’s going to be okay, he’s going to need a couple of stitches on his side, but he’s going to be back kicking ass in no time.” Hizashi reassured quickly when he felt his makeshift pillow stop breathing at the mention of an ambulance. “He was already cussing up a storm as they pulled him away. That’s when he mentioned he hid Shinsou in a building a couple of blocks away. The cops were sent out to look for him. Well, obviously I went too. ”

Hizashi turned his head and gave a cheesy smile to the unaware Shinsou. “Found ‘Toshi here in an alley with three cops under his control And no nose bleed in sight!” Hizashi praised. Grinning he nudged Shinsou’s shoulder gently, which earned him a grunt. Shinsou looked up from the scarf and before turning away as a blush formed on his cheeks when Hizashi said he did a good job. “I’m pretty sure Sansa was going to be next if I didn’t show up when I did. After that, well it went by pretty quickly. I got him checked out by medical and once he was cleared, I took him straight here.”

He let out a hum as he continued to thread his hands through Shinsou’s hair until he went limp in his hold. They sat in silence, just enjoying each other’s presence, the sound of Shinsou’s soft even

breathing filling the air as he slept.

“You know, you should apologize to Nermuri. She met us at the gate, and she was pretty certain you were going to bite the head off of who ever entered next.”

“Is that why you sent Shinsou in first? Sent in a kid to act like your shield? How heroic of you.”

“Yup,” Hizashi replied. He lifted his head and gave him a teasing smile. “I knew you wouldn’t bite Shinsou’s head off, but mine was still at risk.”

He snorted at the dramatics as Hizashi emphasized his words with hand movement, but didn’t argue. He did give Hizashi an earful earlier. “ I’ll give her a proper apology when I see her next, but all I want to do right now is go home.”

“That sounds good to me. It’s been a long day, and all I want is a bath and a nap. I got the car out front, let’s go home.”

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you all for reading! any comments and kudos are greatly appreciated! Have a nice day/night!
> I also made a discord, if anyone is interested.
> Discord

# Hospital

Chapter Summary

Getting the summary of events and visiting Bakugou.

Chapter Notes

sorry sorry for the late and short update! i was sick and it threw my whole scheduling off. This is a bit of a filler chapter and its a bit short, but i hope you some what enjoy it nonetheless.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa blinked and looked down when he felt a kick to the ribs. Shinsou was laying strung across the bed horizontally, feet pressed against his side while his hands were gripped onto Hizashi's pajama shirt. Drool was dripping out of Shinsou's mouth and making a small pool on the sheets.

It had took them awhile to go home the previous night and it had left them exhausted. They barely manage to eat a quick dinner before they all collapsed into bed.

While they were trying to leave the school, they were constantly stopped by other staff members. It had seemed like the whole staff wanted to check in with them. Snipe and Ectoplasm asked if they were heading out, Hound Dog checked to see if they were okay, Lunch-Rush asked if they wanted to take some food home, and Cementoss inquired if they'd like him to keep them company as they head back. They all quickly turned any offers down; besides Lunch-Rush who they couldn't in good conscious refuse, just wanting to go home as fast as possible.

As they reached the exit, they saw Nemuri leaning against frame, fidgeting on her feet. She quickly stilled and gave them a smile when she noticed them. She informed them that Nezu wanted to talk to them about what they've learned about the days events. Reluctantly agreeing, they followed Nemuri to Nezu's office.

The walk back was slightly stifling before he felt Hizashi nudge him, prompting him to quickly apologized to Nemuri for snapping at her. She had waved it off with a laugh, saying she didn't blame him and teased that she could have taken him down if it was necessary. She then offered her own apology that he quickly accepted.

Luckily, by the time they reached Nezu's office, Shinsou was asleep and they were able transfer him to Nemuri arms with little fuss. It was quick and painless, unlike what they had learned from Nezu. Nezu was quick and methodical as he told how the events unfolded, giving more details than what they would have learned from the news.

He felt anger quickly bubble in his chest when he was told that students of his were spotted at the scene. They had used the loophole in the system, they didn't use their quirks directly to avoid getting in trouble with the law, but he wasn't about to let it go like law enforcement did. They were deliberately told not to do anything, but they completely ignored him and did it anyways.

A million and one ways on how everything could have ended worse for them flashed through his head. The sting could have turned into something more than a rescue mission, it could have turned into something a lot worse. They could have all gotten taken, injured, or even died if things didn't work out the way it did. He doesn't think they fully understand on how much they were risking when they decided to do what they did. There could have been major repercussions. Consequences they would be unaware or unwillingly be paying.

It felt like he was drenched in cold water when he heard Nezu say that the man who took Mandalay's quirk was in custody but at the cost of All Might. Nezu continued with the conversation, not pausing to let the information sink in, while Hizashi asked questions as he kept along with the principal, but he felt like everything froze.

Another thing that went wrong because of his actions and this one led to the end of an era. The end of All Might. He knew All Might was eventually going to lose all or majority of his powers, but it ended too early, and it could have been prevented.

If he was more capable in the first place or reacted differently, no one would have been kidnapped, All Might didn't have to lead a rescue mission, he would have never faced that man when he did, he would have been able to prolong the inevitable end. He tried to remember what Hizashi told him earlier, but he couldn't shake the feeling that he had a significant part in this. Maybe after some time has passed but not right now.

It should have but him more at ease when he heard that the man was caught but he still felt strung up, as if he was just waiting for the other shoe to drop. A man that powerful restrained? He could believe it, but

that wasn't the question that needed to be answered. The real question was how long were they going to be able to keep him restrained.

Being told that the rest of the league got away intensified the dread pooling in his gut. They were all still out there. All of them. They may not be a large group;at least not yet, but they are already hard enough to handle. With the amount of press they've been receiving, they were bound to increase their numbers. Even if they had failed, it's still free advertisement to all the people who may want to join an organization like theirs.

USJ could happen again. The kidnapping could happen again. No matter how many precautions they take, it could always happen again. He felt the sweat run down his back when he realized that they could break their captured leader out if they truly tried. It could become an endless cycle of them fighting. Unless they can capture them all at the same it, it will never end.

He was brought back to the present when he felt Hizashi grab his elbow and guided him out of the room while he said goodbye and thanks to Nezu. Without hesitating, Nemuri passed a still sleeping Shinsou into his arms when they exited the room.

No one bothered them leaving this time, a quick look at the bags underneath their eyes and Nemuri's glare sent off any well wishers.

Being home brought another issue to their awareness. Shinsou's behavior didn't seem out of the normal when they were at school, but being at home made it more prominent. Shinsou wouldn't let them leave his sight or touch. They were also unwilling to let each other out of sight for too long, especially after what had occurred, but Shinsou seemed more stressed about it.

Shinsou was constantly holding onto or being held by one of them while touching the other, as if they would disappear if he wasn't touching them. They didn't realize how big the fear was until he tried to go to the bathroom. They had tried convince him to stay with Hizashi as he took a shower but Shinsou wasn't happy with that. Aizawa can still hear the echoing sobs that occurred as soon as he closed the door between them the first time. They ended up compromising and leaving the bathroom door opened slightly so Shinsou could hear him while he talked out loud while he took his shower.

At night, the attachment only seemed to amplify. He clutched to them harder, barely eating his dinner instead focusing on checking their surroundings. His head swiveling side to side as if someone was going to jump out in any moment.

Shinsou made sure that all three of them were in the same room at all times, holding onto their pants or tugging them along by their sleeves to keep them together. Any time he lost his grip on them, he'd frantically reach out to reclaim it. Not wanting to stress Shinsou further, they all ended up sleeping in the same bed.

Aizawa let out a huff when he felt a sharper kick to the ribs as Shinsou shifted around in his sleep. It normally wouldn't be such a tight fit to fit them all on the bed, but Shinsou did his best to push them off the bed while simultaneously keep them together while he slept.

Earlier that night, when he tried earlier to move onto the floor and sleep in his sleeping bag, Shinsou woke up as soon as he was no longer touching him. When tears started to build up in those purple eyes, he slipped back into the bed. As it was, he was half hanging on edge of the mattress and it looked like Hizashi was in a similar predicament.

"Do you think we should wake him." Hizashi whispered when they made eye contact. He was also laying precariously on the bed. Even laying on his side it looked like he would have fallen off backwards if not for the grip on his shirt. Upon closer inspection, Hizashi had one hand holding onto the night stand behind him and the other holding onto the bed frame to support his weight to keep him from plummeting off the bed.

*Why? Are you not comfortable?* He managed to sign before grunting when he got a small foot to the face. Aizawa sent a glare at Hizashi when he heard a muffled laugh and rolled off the bed. Before his feet touched the ground, Shinsou sat up startled and stared at him wide eyed.

"You can go back to sleep, I'm just going into the kitchen." He tried to placate him, but Shinsou shook his head and climbed over Hizashi to get off the bed. Once off he tugged on Hizashi's shirt, encouraging him to get up and follow. Hizashi didn't resist the pulling and they went to the kitchen to make breakfast.

"Hey," Hizashi said as took out eggs out of the fridge. "I have to go

into the station today for a bit. They didn't really like my disappearing act I did yesterday, so i have to smooth things over, and I was thinking..." Hizashi trailed off as he focused on pouring the now beaten eggs into a pan.

"That sounds dangerous."

Hizashi turned and stuck out his tongue before facing back towards the stove. "I was thinking, that the stations not too far from the hospital. You both can go visit Bakugou while I settle things at the station."

He saw Shinsou from the corner of his eye perk up at the statement and looked over at him. The longer he hesitated with his answer, the more weight that seemed to be put on his shoulders from the now combined looks from Shinsou and Hizashi.

It wasn't that he was against going to the hospital to see Bakugou; he did want to see him, but it was more complicated than that. He would like to make sure that he was okay, that he was actually in the hospital and not somewhere with the league. To make sure he was fine like he did for his other students after the camp arc and that there were heroes stationed around his room..

What made it complicated was if Bakugou would want to see *him*. He would completely understand if he didn't want anything to do with him. He would also understand if his parents wouldn't want him anywhere close to him. He didn't want his presence be detrimental to both mental and physical health of his student.

"It would probably be good for the both of you to visit." Hizashi's voice drew him out of his thoughts. "I'm sure Bakugou would want to see with his own eyes that Shinsou did make it back home and you can get some confirmation."

"I don't know."

"Besides, if they don't want you to see him, they could have added you onto a restriction list." He opened his mouth to rebut, but closed it when he saw the glare sent his way. "If they truly don't want to see you, you would be turned away at reception. It wouldn't cause any harm if you go and visit for a while."

"Fine."

"So we're going." Hitoshi burst out, eyes darting between the two

adults.

“Yes you are,” Hizashi sternly confirmed as he made eye contact with Aizawa, giving no room for him to get out of it even if he wanted to. “But after breakfast.”

---

Aizawa held onto the wiggling Shinsou in his arms as he approached the front desk. Purple hair kept brushing against his nose as he took in his surroundings, luckily out of excitement and not because of nerves.

Shinsou but up a bit of a fight when Hizashi left them part way into their walk, but calmed down when he saw him enter the building. The nerves slowly diminished as they continued walking and nothing happened, and was replaced by excited babbling by the time they reached the hospital.

“How can I help you?” the receptionist inquired.

“We would like to see Bakugou Katsuki.”

“Names and ID please.”

“Aizawa Shouta and Hitoshi Shinsou.” He said handing her his hero ID.

Aizawa felt his heart pound uncomfortably in his chest as she started to type into the computer. The longer she took the more convinced he was going to be on the restriction list. If he gets denied, he can could take them both to the station, it’d be loud but they wouldn’t be there long. Or maybe someone can take Shinsou in for him? So at least Shinsou could visit him.

“Here you go sir,” the receptionist said handing him two visiting stickers and his ID back. “He’s in room 219 just through those doors and to your left.”

He thanked the nurse and put stuck the badges on him as he followed her instructions, but let Shinsou do his own. It ended up upside down right in the middle of his chest, but it did its job.

Once they were through the door, he immediately knew which room

Bakugou's was. Two new up and coming heroes standing alert by a door. They gave him a quick once over as he approached, but only opened the door to let them in when he flashed them his hero ID.

"Old hag! I told you to go home! It hasn't been ten minutes yet, so I know you couldn't have gone home and back. Go take a shower at least! You're stinking up the whole room, not everyone wants to smell hot garbage. I told you I'll be fine if you left for a bit."

Aizawa couldn't help put raise an eyebrow at the shout they were greeted with. Bakugou had his back facing them as he fiddle with the phone in his hands, appearing to be texting someone. He looked a bit pale from what he could tell, and he could see some bandages peeking out from beneath his hair, but otherwise looked fine.

"I don't smell." Shinsou pouted as he wiggled out of his arms sending a glare at Bakugou's back before back at him. "Tell him I don't smell."

Bakugou hands froze from what he was doing and looked over his shoulder at them. Aizawa made eye contact with him and gently encourage Shinsou to the side to give him room. Knowing that he had the student's attention he took it as his chance to do what he felt was needed.

"Oi! What are you doing?" Bakugou asked, voice laced with confusion as he got on his knees and pressed his hand and forehead against the ground.

"I can't apologize enough for what has happened, for what you went through because of my negligence.." Aizawa said, ignoring the outburst. " Thank you for helping Shinsou when I couldn't. Thank you for bringing him back safely."

"I wasn't doing anything different than what anyone else would do."

"You still have my gratitude."

"Oi, get up. I don't need this shitty ass apology or whatever the fuck you're trying to do. Any fucking hero worth his salt would have done the same shit and isn't that what you are trying to teach us? So you shouldn't be apologizing when I used the training I received." Bakugou growled.

The raising volume of Bakugou's voice as he talk made him look up before getting to his feet when he saw how red faced his student was. Reading his face, he could tell that Bakugou wasn't really pissed,

perhaps a bit flustered or embarrassed, but not angry.

Shinsou gave him a confused look before he turned his gaze towards Bakugou and stomped towards him. Bakugou's eyes narrowed in on the kid and pulled him up onto the bed when he attempted to climb up on it.

"I don't smell." Shinsou repeated poking his arm, bringing back the conversation back to what he thought was the real matter at hand. His face was pinched as he glared at the nonchalant teen.

"Twerp you always smell."

"Not huh! I took a shower!"

"Ya and you smell like shitty soap."

"Well, I don't smell stinky." Shinsou fumed and shoved the arm. If Aizawa wasn't watching, he would have missed the pained looked that flashed across Bakugou's face before he schooled his expression.

"Shinsou, be careful, he's still injured."

Shinsou retracted his arm quickly as if he was burned and looked down with wide eyes, any trace of the previous anger was wiped off his face. *Where?* Shinsou shakenly signed.

At first Aizawa didn't think that Bakugou would answer, his lips were pressed into a fine line and hesitated with an answer. After Shinsou started to frantically sign 'where', then asked if he did it wrong, before Bakugou finally answered.

"No, you signed it right." Bakugou confirmed, before pointing to his side closest to Shinsou. "It got me right here."

*Does it hurt?* Shinsou followed up with.

"Like that shitty thing could do any real damage, it's just a couple of scratches."Bakugou scoffed, chest puffing out slightly. Shinsou's shoulders dropped at the statement and scooted in closer..“They should have let me leave this place fucking ages ago. The shitty doctors are only keeping me here for observation."

Aizawa wasn't going to point out that those 'scratches' needed stitches, but he didn't want to bring in gravity of the situation. Bakugou was lucky that his explosion was large enough to attract attention and that there were heroes around to come help him. He didn't want to think about what would have happened if that wasn't the case.

"Stop hovering." Bakugou said pushing away Shinsou's hands that were doing just that over his side. "Why don't you find something to do."

"No, I want to stay here." Shinsou said bluntly. Bakugou grumbled but let Shinsou squeeze in between him and the side of the bed, even fluffing up the pillow to give Shinsou a makeshift backrest.

"Fine, but we're turning on the TV. I'm not going to be stared at the whole time you're here."

"I'm going to go get snacks." Aizawa said once they were settled and started to lightly bicker on what they should watch Bakugou stopped and narrowed his eyes on him, despite Shinsou continue making his case that they should watch the Aristocats. His eyes narrowed further when Aizawa took a step towards the door.
Aizawa couldn't help the smirk forming on his face when Bakugou was denied the remote control yet again and got a sent a glare in his direction as if it was his fault.

*You wouldn't dare.* Bakugou mouthed towards him as he made his exit, the sound of a piano playing in the background.

"I'll get you something spicy."

The sound of Bakugou's groan and Shinsou's off keyed singing followed him out as he shut the door, was well worth any consequences.

Chapter End Notes

thank you all for reading! and thx for the comments and kudos. Have a Good Day/Night!

# New home

Chapter Summary

Gonna get those Dorms set up

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay!! I had the chapter in the works, and then had to restart for bad chronological order stuff. I messed up and that's my bad. Most of this chapter was completely unplanned, and just kinda rolled with it, and pm only happy with 1 impulse decision. So if u can point it out, kudos to you! and sorry for the late delay and super sorry for the short chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To say the past week was exhausting, was an understatement. It may have been a free week for the students, allowing them to recover and recoup without school getting in the way, but it was also a week for them to try and regain some normalcy. Not only did he try to get back into a routine at home, they also had to do what Nezu told them to do as UA tried to make up for what had happened.

Shinsou slowly allowed them some distance from each other. He still doesn't sleep if he isn't sharing the bed with them but he at least let them go into rooms alone for short amount of times. If they knew they were going to be awhile, they would bring Mochi with them. It seemed to calm Shinsou down if they weren't completely alone and it seemed that Mochi counted. He was adamant that if anything would happen, Mochi would be able to help them. Even with the amount he has relaxed about it, he still put up a little bit of a fuss when Hizashi went to go to work at the station, but calmed down when he came up on the radio.

Everything seemed to be going back to normal quickly, the events slowly being forgotten by Shinsou. He was no longer jumping at the slightest noises, the frequent looks around the room only happened now when he entered a new room, and him staring at the front door seemed to cease. It was all going okay, until he had to go around the city with Toshinori for school.

He had somehow managed to pry an unhappy Shinsou off his leg and into Hizashi's arms before he went to talk to his students parents with

Toshinori. Shinsou seemed to go into a total meltdown when he heard he was going to be gone all day. Hizashi immediately started to try to distract him with Mochi while he made his escape and went to the car.

Dealing with the parents were mentally draining. It wasn't because of their responses that left him exhausted but more on how he thought they would react. He imagined that some parents would understandably remove their kids from UA, some would deny having their kids living in the dorms they had made, and lots of yelling. He thought he'd have to severely advocate the idea to the parents after apologizing. He even prepared for counter points to anything that the parents could bring up.

He could feel himself tense up at every meeting, just preparing for the inevitable confrontation, but it never happens. He ended up in a cycle of his nerves set alight as he prepares for meeting the parents to slightly shocked and amazed by their reactions to utter relief. By the end of it, he was left mentally and emotionally exhausted.

Most of the parents were understanding, the parents that put up the most restraint on it was Jirou's and Hagakure's parents, and even then it didn't take long until they gave their permission. Even meeting Bakugou's parents as more anticlimactic than he thought it would be, it was the complete opposite on how he'd thought they'd react. Instead of removing their kid from UA and knowing Bakugou he'd every cuss word under the sun being used on him, but they *thanked him*. Thanked him for the words he said at the conference and for bringing their boy back home, as if they weren't the reason he got captured in the first place. He was still processing their reactions when Toshinori closed up the meeting and they were on their way out to see the next students guardians.

Even now standing in front of the newly built 1A dorm room with his gaze locked onto the excited students in front of him, he still felt amazed they were there. He gripped the tiny hand in his as he felt him try to tug away from him.

Hizashi had tried to get Shinsou come and help him move the last of their stuff in their new apartment but he was adamant that he wanted to be here. He was less interested about their new living quarters that they'd be spending half their time in and more interested in seeing that everyone was alright with his own eyes.

“Given everything that has happened, I’m glad that we can get class A together again.” He said addressing the students.

“So we all got the go head to go on campus?” Sero asked excitedly as he looked over to his peers.

“It took a lot of convincing from my parents but they did allow it.” Hagakure said rubbing the back of her neck.

“Its alright, it took alot to convince my parents also, i thought they were going to say no for a bit.” Jirou pipped in.

“It makes sense.” Ojiro pondered out loud. “You both were affected a lot by the gas attack.”

“We’re glad that the teachers were able to come back also.” Asui croaked, bringing a finger to her lip as she talked. “The people at the press conference seemed pretty upset with you guys.”

“I was surprised as well but the circumstances have changed.”Aizawa replied, ignoring the curious look he was getting from Shinsou. “I suspect that it was just easier for administration for the teachers to return then replacing the entire faculty. Now then, I will explain how the dorm assignments will go shorty. First however, we haven’t forgotten about the provisional hero licenses that you were supposed to get during the training camp.”

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that.”Ashido mumbled in front of him amongst the chorus of agreements.

“Kirishima, Yaoyorozu, Todoroki, Midoriya, Iida. You were the ones that broke the rules and went to rescue Bakugou and Hitoshi that night. Based on the your reactions, the rest of you were at least aware of this plan.” Aizawa stated as he let his eyes sweep across the crowd in front of him.

He had promised Hizashi that he wouldn’t go too hard on the students when he gave them this talk, but the way none of them looked slightly guilty, made him decide to be a little harsher than what Hizashi probably intended. He would still keep it lighter than he would like to but also get straight to the point.

“I’m going to set aside a some of the issues that have caused and just say a couple of things. If it weren’t for All Might’s retirement from the hero scene, I would expel everyone here besides Bakugou and Hagakure. The five of you that went of course but also the remaining

twelve that didn't stop them. You betrayed our trust even if it was to prevent your friends from getting into trouble." Aizawa said bluntly as he gazed across the group. Some looked pale as they processed what he just sad, but some still looked defiant.

He felt Shinsou slip out of his hand with a hard tug as he spotted Bakugou in the back of the crowd. Shinsou shoved his way between the stalk still students until he was able to wiggle up to student. Bakugou looked down confused when Shinsou pulled on his sleeve, but when Shinsou held up both hands, he reluctantly picked him up.

"Your actions risked the lives of not only yours, Bakugou's, Shinsou's but also the civilians that were in the area and all the heros that were a part of the official operation at risk. Those of you that stood by and let this happened, still had put other peoples lives at risk in the hands of those who went. We trusted you to do what you were told, to do nothing and not to interfere. You all blatantly ignored orders. In order to regain our confidence, you will have to obey every rule to the letter and be model students." Aizawa paused letting it all sink in, he sent a glance towards at Shinsou. Bakugou's head was turned to the side with his face blank, Shinsou was looking at him until he noticed who his eyes were trained on and started to poke Bakugou's cheek which Bakugou swiped at his hand and told him to stop.

"That's all. Now look alive and welcome to your new home." He said turning on his heel and walking into the dorms, ignoring the shouts that his exit created.

When all the students finally followed him inside the dorms, he quickly told them the basic layout and what rooms they were assigned to. He was handed a chattering Shinsou by Bakugou once he dismissed the class. Shinsou waved bye to Bakugou as they left to go to their own new quarters.

"It's so big." Shinsou whispered in awe as he looked around when they entered their new place. He reluctantly agreed that it was indeed larger than their other place, only made larger by the sparse amount of stuff in the room.

It was definitely far larger than what they were used to. Both the kitchen and the living seemed double in size, and had three room instead of the two they were used too. They had to thank Cementoss specifically for it, originally it was supposed to only have a master bedroom and a small guest room like the others. They didn't even have to ask, he merely created it and said they could buy him dinner

later.

Initially, they were unsure what to do about their apartment, but they ultimately agreed that it was logical to keep their apartment in the city also. It was closer to the radio station and to the areas they patrol. It would be more rational if they were too tired to make it travel back or had multiple shifts next each other to sleep at the apartment instead of going back to UA.

They were to stay on campus during the times they were in charge of watching the students but otherwise would stay in the city. They would end up spending four days of the week at UA but all of them could spend the other three days at the apartment.

“Mochi!” Shinsou screeched excitedly when the calico came out from around the corner. Shinsou wiggled out of his hold and ran up to the cat before abruptly stopping in front of it. He gave her a gentle pat before picking her up. “Let’s go explore!”

“How did it go?” Hizashi said as he sidestepped to let Shinsou shuffle by as he came out from the hall at the sound of their voices. Shinsou mumbled an excuse me as he passed by, but all of his focuses was on trying to keep the cat in his arms. Mochi was half draped across Shinsou’s shoulder with her front paws pressed against his back but her back legs still in front of him and reaching mid thigh , making it difficult for him to maneuver. Aizawa would have put a stop to it, if he couldn’t hear Mochi purr uncontrollably from where he was at.

“It went fine.” He answered once Shinsou fixed his grip and started to move a bit faster.

“Did you threaten expulsion?”

“Not really. Merely stated that they should have already been expelled and then implied that they would be expelled if they step out of line again.” Aizawa shrugged as he kept his eye on the hall as Shinsou opened the first door peeked his head into the guest room.

“You know, they might start not to believe you. It’s like the boy who cried wolf, and yet they are are all still here.”

“Nezu wouldn’t allow me to expel them all because of what’s going on right now.”

“So that’s the excuse your going with. It’s definitely not because you've gone soft and grown fond of your class.” Hizashi teased in a sing song voice. A smirk stretched across his face when he sent him a glare.

“Fine. I’ll expel one of them as soon as Nezu allows it.”

“Uh huh, sure.”

“I’ll expel Mineta. He hasn’t improved as much as needed since the start of the semester and doesn’t have the drive or the motivation to become a good hero.” He said bluntly. Shinsou now set down Mochi and entered the guest room. Mochi let out a long indigent meow before following him in.

Hizashi opened his mouth to protest before he shut it. His eyebrows furrowed and brought his fist underneath his chin as he thought it over. “You’re right.” Hizashi concluded.

“Of course I’m right. Since when am I not right when it comes to this sort of stuff?”

“Well, that one time you expelled the whole class? I’m sure the kid with the light quirk would have became an excellent hero.”

“He couldn’t control his quirk and almost took off one of the other student’s head.”

“Okay, so maybe after some training it would have been fine.” Hizashi bantered back, his voice wavering slightly with uncertainty.

“We don’t have time to spare for that sort of improvement. We have three years to mold them into decent heroes and it would have taken longer.”

“Fine, fine, I give.” Hizashi said holding his hands up in mock surrender. “You are right all the time. But please stop expelling other people’s students and restrict it to your own.”

“Why would I? They weren’t going to do it.”

“The last time you expelled Nermuri’s, she was only furious because she had a whole speech planned out, and you just went up to the poor kid and told him he was expelled.”

“It’s quicker that way, no need to beat around the bush.” Aizawa shrugged.

“She didn’t want to crush the kid the way you did.”

Before Aizawa could retort there was a large crash coming from the other room. He sighed as he heard Shinsou yell out that Mochi did it, even though the cat just sauntered into the room with a soft meow.

“Let’s agree to disagree.” Hizashi said as another crash sounded from the other room and another call saying that Mochi did it. “Let’s unpack and get settled in. I’ll even order some takeout.”

“Is it because we won’t have any plates that survived?” Aizawa asked with an eyebrow raised.

“Perhaps I did have the plates in the guest room as I put in the appliances in the kitchen. I’ll call if you help Shinsou.”

“Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

thx u for reading and all kudos and comments yall have given me. Hope yall have a good day/night!

# Gotta go

Chapter Summary

Babysitting duty

Chapter Notes

Hi yes, so this chapter I wanted to do the boy justice, since a little event that left my world turned upside down when I learned that the boy wasn't sammy's favorite. So i had to do him some good.

You can find me at coldandhotsoba on tumblr!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa felt his heart drop and then race as he listened to his agency talk to him over the phone. He glanced over to Shinsou who was laying on his stomach and waved a string in front of the couch. Every few seconds a white paw would stick out from underneath and swipe at the colorful string but quickly retreated when Shinsou tried to grab her.

It has only been a couple of days since they moved onto campus and they were still adjusting. Shinsou did feel more at ease here than he did last week, even willing to be in a room by himself. But Shinsou was almost too comfortable at times.

Once he managed to open the front door and run down the hall to visit Nemuri. After the major panic of searching everywhere for him,leading to shouts and *someone* used his quirk during the panic as they ran around the apartment. Fortunately, Nemuri had heard the yell and texted them that Shinsou was at her apartment. They started started using the door chain after that.

“Eraser, they need you as soon as possible. Are you coming or not?” The dispatcher sighed over the phone.

He had to go. A couple of heroes had somehow stumbled upon Punch and they weren’t handling him well. According to the dispatcher, he kept slipping away from them. He was also told he was the closest hero to the scene with a quirk suitable enough to provide adequate backup. Normally, he would immediately jump on the opportunity to take him down. The only issue was that no one was around to watch Shinsou.

It was the weekend and he was put in charge of watching over campus. Hizashi was at the station and the rest of his colleagues were off doing whatever they did on the weekends. Nezu was around somewhere but who knows what he was doing or where he was. Nezu has a habit of wandering around campus deep in thought every once in awhile. When he gets like that, he has this look on his face that unsettles him. Aizawa doesn't really trust him when he gets in that mood and he definitely wouldn't trust him to watch Shinsou while he's in it. He knew any of his other colleagues would rush over and watch Shinsou if they could, but there was no time and he needed to go.

"I'm coming. I'll be there as soon as possible." He said ending the call before they could reply.

Shinsou looked up from trying to coax the cat out from under the couch when Aizawa started to shove his coloring books into his yellow bag. He grabbed as many activities the kid could do within eyesight.

"Mochi won't come out." Shinsou whined when he failed at yet another attempt to drag the cat out from under the couch.

"Let her be." He said as he zipped up the bag and slung it over his shoulder. Shinsou didn't hesitate to hold his arms out to him when he bent down to pick him up.

"What's going on?" Shinsou asked with wide eyes, hands gripped onto his shirt as they left the apartment. "Why are we leaving? We can't leave Mochi behind."

"Mochi will be fine here. I have to go do some work and I need someone to watch you while i'm gone."

"Hero work?"

"Yeah hero work." Aizawa confirmed as he strode across the grass as fast as he can to the closest building.

"Are you going to be fast." Shinsou asked softly as Aizawa opened the dorm. He adjusted his hold on Shinsou as he scanned around the common room. When he saw that it was empty he turned and took the stairs two at a time, not willing to waste time waiting for the elevator.

"I'll be fast." He said as he felt the top of Shinsou's head bump into his chin as they moved. Shinsou let out a startled grunt as he used his shoulder to shove the door open. He sped by the doors reading the

name tags until he reached the one he wanted and repeatedly rapped his knuckles against the door.

“Fuck off Sonic, I told you I didn’t want to help you with the damn study group.”

“Open the door.” He ordered, bouncing Shinsou on his hip as he felt the kid start to squirm at the sound of the voice. He heard a thump on the floor as if something fell and then a couple of stomps before the door was thrown open.

“It’s just for a couple of hours.” Aizawa said to Shinsou as he grabbed onto his shirt tighter before Bakugou could say anything. Bakugou looked slightly dumbfounded at seeing his teacher in the doorway but quickly covered it with a scowl.

“You’re going to be fast” Shinsou mumbled looking unsure. His eyes darted between Bakugou and him, before tugging on his shirt.

“I’m going to be fast.”

“Super fast?” Shinsou asked softly.

“The fastest.”

Shinsou analyzed his face carefully, letting his eyes roam before finally giving a nod. He glanced over his shoulder at him before reaching his hands out towards Bakugou. Bakugou’s face was pinched as he watched the exchanged and gave him a confused look before taking the grasping hands.

The exchange was quick and a bit awkward. Bakugou didn’t seem to know what to do as he pulled Shinsou over to him with his hands under his armpits. Bakugou held him out in front of him for a second before Shinsou grabbed his shirt and pulled himself into the hold.

“Watch him for a bit?” Aizawa asked when the confusion was still plain on Bakugou’s face. Bakugou pursed his lips for a second as he thought and looked down at the kid in his arms before nodding.

“Okay! I’ll make sure he stays safe!” Shinsou chirped as he wrapped his arms around Bakugou’s neck to cling onto him like an octopus.

Aizawa heard Bakugou grumble that he wasn’t talking to him right

before the door closed.
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Kirishima felt cold chills go down his spine when he opened the door to Bakugou's room and saw that it was empty.

Since moving into the dorms, Bakugou has been moving around a lot more gingerly since returning from the hospital, and still obviously needed to recover. They had all respected that he needed his distance and needed time, but Kirishima had noticed that there was something more about Bakugou's behavior than that.

Bakugou was spending most if not all of his time in his room. It wasn't like he was the most sociable person but he's never been like this. He's turned out every opportunity people had offered to hang out.

The squad didn't like how it was going and decided to pull out the big guns. They offered to take Bakugou to the restaurant with the spiciest curry in town that he has been hinting at that he had wanted to go. When he said no, that's when the true worry kicked in and they knew it was worse than they thought. Since that revelation, he made it a point to check in on Bakugou as subtle as he could when he seemed to get too quiet.

When he knocked on the door to Bakugou's room and didn't get an answer, it didn't worry him at first. Bakugou normally ignores the first knock in hopes that whoever knocked would give up and go away. When he knocked the second time with no response, he thought he might be sleeping. But when he came back later and knocked a third time, then a fourth time with no response, panic started to build up.

He had pressed his ear against the door and didn't hear anything which only caused panic to bubble in his throat. Bakugou always seemed to be making sounds, even when he did something most people would assume would be a quiet activity.

When he was on the computer you could hear him smash the keys, when he slept he tossed and turned, when he studied he whispered underneath his breath as he read, he tapped his pencil as he did math, but there was nothing on the other side. No movement, no shifting of fabrics, no keys being smashed, no turning of pages. Nothing.

When he couldn't take it anymore, he opened the door, which only caused him to worry anymore. It was unlocked. Bakugou never kept

the door unlocked unless he wanted company. If he wanted company, he would have answered his knocks.

His blood ran cold as he saw the empty room. Looking around, he noticed the slight mess around the room. The computer was shut and pushed to the side of the desk, papers and pencils were scattered on the ground, the bed wasn't made, his cell phone on the chair, and his collectible All Might figure was out of it's drawer and laid across the bed.

He thought he was going to throw up right then and there. Bakugou hasn't willingly left his room on his own since they moved into the dorm. Bakugou always kept his room spotless and was always yelling at him to try to keep his mess contained in his own room. But what he couldn't take his eyes off was the haphazardly way that All Might was thrown on the bed.

Bakugou made a point to keep it hidden in the drawer. He had only seen the All Might figure once and Bakugou made him swear an oath to never tell anyone about it. It was apparently a really rare collectible, and didn't want to keep it at his house because he wanted to personally keep it safe.

However, he didn't trust anyone here to not take it, especially Midoriya who has been pinning after it since the beginning. Midoriya only needed that one collectible to complete his collection but he didn't know Bakugou has one and Bakugou would like to keep it that way.

To see it out in the open like that, with its arms and legs bent at awkward angles, and with the room a mess, he couldn't help but expect the worse.

Kirishima turned on his heels and started to run down the stairs to the common room. Bakugou was gone. He was missing. Someone took him, that's what had to happen, the rooms a mess, a struggle must have happened, and Bakugou's gone *again*.He needed backup. He needed people to help find him and the common room would be the quickest way to find someone.

Just as he pulled out his phone to text the squad, he reached the bottom of the stairs and stopped dumbfounded at the entrance of the communal room.

Bakugou was sitting on the couch in front of the tv. He was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and a game controller in his

hand. His face was twisted in concentration as he played a 1vs1 fighting game.

Kirishima almost took a step back when he saw Shinsou sitting on the floor by his feet. His eyebrows were scrunched together and his tongue sticking out as he played with his own controller. He moved his arms this way and that as he played, body tilting with the actions as if to move his character faster.

“Bakugou.” Kirishima croaked out once he processed what was in front of him. Bakugou grunted as a reply but did not look up from the TV.

Kirishima felt his heart settle in his chest at the slight response, as if he needed full proof he was in front of him and not some apparition, but it still seemed off to him. He walked over with a smile as Shinsou glanced his way before going back to the tv. Once he got closer he noticed what was wrong with the picture.

Bakugou had one of the wireless controllers in his hands and Shinsou had one with the wire streaming from it. At first he didn’t think that was fishy, they use the wireless one as a last resort because it had sticky buttons but it made sense to give it to a small kid. However, the more he looked he realized that not only was it not plugged in, it wasn’t the right controller for the console they were playing on.

“Bakugou, seriously?” Kirishima sighed as he sat next to him on the couch. Bakugou gave him a side glare and shushed him.

“He’s having fun. Look at him.”

Kirishima had to agree Shinsou did look like he was having fun. His whole body was moving as he ‘played’, but he still gave Bakugou a disappointed look when he noticed what and who they were playing.

Bakugou was playing his main, which he says happens to only be All Might because of how fluid he moves, *not* because he’s his favorite. The character that Bakugou was playing against happened to be stain.

“He likes villains” Bakugou explained quickly when he saw the pointed look he gave him.

“And the controller?”

“Paintbrush,” Bakugou sighed out, only lasting a couple of moments under the look. “Are you having fun?”

“Yes.” Shinsou grunted out as he yanked the remote towards the left, almost toppling over with the movement. “Sometimes it lags and my character doesn’t move the way I want them too, but it still fun. I’ve even won a couple of times even though it’s been lagging a lot.”

“”How do you know about lags?” Kirishima asked.

The exasperated face that Shinsou directed his way, gave him whiplash. He’s pretty sure hes seen Aizawa give him that same exact look when he asked if they could make a cheat sheet for a test.
“Bakugou told me about it.”

“Of course he did.”

Kirishima saw the sharp smirk form on Bakugou’s face as Shinsou started to explain what lags were and how they messed up his game play. Kirishima gave nodded and hummed in agreement as Shinsou talked animatedly. The conversation slowly morphed from talking about lags, to the video game itself, then his cat, and then finally to food.

“Are you hungry?” Kirishima asked after Shinsou let out a whine when his character got beaten by Bakugou. Shinsou pouted as the All Might on the screen announced his win over Stain.

“Kinda.” Shinsou whispered when he turned away from the screen to pout at Bakugou who had a smile stretched across his face.

“We can make some curry? I think I have the ingredients for it.” Kirishima announced as he stood up.
Shinsou pursed his lips before signing something. Kirishima immediately felt bad when the kid looked up at him expectantly and was replaced with disappointment when he didn’t respond.

Kirishima was still trying to learn sign language and all he knows so far is the alphabet. Even then he still needs it to be signed at him slowly for him to understand. The only thing he understood what Shinsou said was ‘I’.

“He asked if he could help.” Bakugou said not looking up from the screen.

“Oh! Sorry little dude, I’m still learning. Of course you can help! The more the merrier.”

Shinsou's face broke out in a large smile. Kirishima winced slightly when the controller hit the ground with an audible clunk when Shinsou let it go.

"Hold on, you can help me cook" Bakugou mumbled as he got up and started to clean up. He turned off the console and picked up the controllers and put it away it it's designated area "I don't trust you in the kitchen with him."

"I'm not that bad!" Shinsou huffed crossing his arms. He bent forward as he scowled at Bakugou. "Hizashi always lets me help!"

"Not you. I don't trust Shitty hair." Bakugou rolled his eyes at the offending shout Kirishima let out. "Don't act surprised. The last time you were in the kitchen you burnt microwave popcorn."

"It said 2 minutes so I put it in for two minutes! Not my fault it decided to burn!"

"It's two minutes in the microwave! Not two minutes under fire! This is why you shouldn't have listened to Todoroki and let him try to use his quirk to cook! If you just used the microwave we wouldn't have had to evacuate the building at three in the morning. " Bakugou growled as he took Shinsou's hand and pulled him towards the kitchen.

Kirishima let it go with a pout and followed them into the kitchen. He was right, it was an utter disaster. The room was filled with black smoke within seconds. He doesn't think Iida has forgiven them since then.

Even though he couldn't help, he still felt excitement bubble in his chest as he watched the duo work. Bakugou was helping Shinsou was his hands at the sink by holding him up and then started pulling out ingredients as he talked how they were going to prepare the meal.

He knew that cooking was something Bakugou enjoys doing, he's never attempted to hide the fact. Bakugou has always made his own lunches, sometimes he even had 'extra' and gave it to the squad, and he didn't attempt to hide it when they were at camp. The one time he met his mother, she told him that Bakugou had taken over every meal and he immediately admitted that he did that because she was a lousy cook. Bakugou was as proud of his cooking as he was on the training field.

However, things had changed since the incident. He always had Lunch

Rush's meals for lunch and had what was the quickest thing he could make before he scurried off to his room, which most of the time was instant ramen.

This was the first time he's seen Bakugou cooked and be that relaxed in a long time. Bakugou had a light scowl on his face as he instructed how fast Shinsou should be stirring the curry but his shoulders were no longer held the tension that it had the day before.

"Oh! Kacchan! Are you making curry?"

And just like that, the tension was right back.

"None of your damn business Deku." Bakugou growled. Kirishima can hear the wooden spoon creak as Bakugou tightened his grip on it.

"Yes! And I'm helping." Shinsou bubbled excitedly and stirred faster as if to prove his claim,

"Slow down, you're spilling it." Bakugou murmured as he slowed Shinsou's hand with his. "You're going to have half the curry on the stove if you keep doing that."

"Something smells good in here."

Kirishima turned to see Mina peak her head out in the doorway behind sheepish Midoriya who started to mumble apologizes between his fingers. Kirishima sweat dropped when he saw the Cheshire smile form on Mina's face. With the smile still plastered on her face she sauntered past Midoriya and deeper into the kitchen.

"Hello Shinsou." Mina chirped as she held her hands behind her back and leaned forward. "I like your sweater."

"Thank you, Hizashi made it for me." Shinsou said abandoning the spoon to hold out his jacket to give them a better look. He was wearing a yellow sweater with small explosions sewn scattered across it.

"Very cool did you pick it yourself?"

"Uh-huh! My favorite hero doesn't have a shirt yet, so I made my own. Hizashi let me color it on a paper and he made it."

"Oh really?" Mina smirked and looked over to Bakugou who looked too concentrated on the curried chicken than he probably should be.

“What’s your favorites name?”

“Enough.” Bakugou snarled, giving Mina glare.

“So Blasty-”

“No you're not getting any.”

“Fine,”Mina said curtly before turning her smile onto the kid. “So Shinsou who is your favorite Hero?”

“Enou-”

“KING EXPLOSION MURDER!” Shinsou shouted and then made small explosion sounds while flashing his hands. Bakugou groaned and slapped his hand against his face as Mina did it right back at him.

“So cute!” Mina cooed as Shinsou gave her a big grin.

“Do you want a shirt too? I think I can get Hizashi to make you one also.”

“Fine!” Bakugou shouted interrupting a cooing Mina. “I’ll make you some curry.”

“What about everyone else? Aren’t you going to share with them also? That seems like a lot of curry just for us.”

“No.”

“I thought we were going to share with Kirishima.” Shinsou said, his voice wavering slightly as he looked over to him. Kirishima covered his mouth to stop his laugh at the pity written across the small face.

Bakugou groaned as soon as the words left Shinsou’s mouth and let out another groan when he saw the smile on Mina’s face grow impossibly larger.

“So you were going to share with our darling Kiri and no one else?” Mina teased slightly. “Isn’t that a little biased? You’re not going to share with all your friends?”

“Fuck off, I already said no.”

“Bakugou.” Mina said gently as she walked over to him. Bakugou tensed at the soft tone but stubbornly kept his eyes on the stove. “We all miss hanging out with you. You probably don’t think we’re friends

but we all consider you one and-”

“Fine.”

“What?”

“Fine I’ll make enough curry for everyone. Just get out the fucking kitchen so I can do it.” Bakugou said. Mina fist pumped the air and ran out the kitchen yelling out her thanks,

“You know the whole class is going to show up right? Her and Denki have been raving about your cooking since the last time you made them lunches.” Kirishima said as he heard Mina shouting in the stairwell about a hassle free lunch.

“I didn’t make them lunch, I gave them the leftovers.”

“Well, that didn’t stop them from ranting about it. You’re definitely going to need a larger batch if you’re going to feed everyone.”

“Yeah yeah,” Bakugou grumbled as he started to pull out more ingredients. “Now, either help or leave.”

“What do you need me to do?”

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you to everyone that has left comments and/or kudos!! i greatly appreciate them sm!! thank you all! The support for this fic is amazing and just thank you!
>
> Have a good day/night!!

# Jab

Chapter Summary

It's the final countdown.

Chapter Notes

ahh sorry that its a bit late and that it's short! its a bit of a transitioning chapter, trying to tie up some loose ends.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa didn't have to search for long to find the fight, it had practically left him a trail for him to follow. Even from the top of the rooftops he could see the evidence everywhere. Cars riddled with holes, alarms blaring, cracked concrete, and the street being eerily empty.

He picked up his speed when he saw a large trail of blood going down the street in curves. It was a worrying amount, but it also meant that whoever was bleeding wouldn't be too far. He followed the trail as it curved and zigzagged down the street. When the trail finally ended, he felt his stomach drop.

Slouching against a wall with one arm clutched to his chest as a colorfully masked man. A wave of thick brown hair obscured hIs face as he looked down. The swirling patterns were on his costume was darkened by the splatters of red.

Jumping down from the roof he made his way to the downed hero. The closer he got, the more he realized things were worse than he had thought. He could hear the hero's harsh breathing from where he was and he could see the sweat that built up along his hairline and neck. His heart beating uncomfortably in his chest when he noticed the blood was coming from.

The hero was clutching his arm tightly to his chest because he was trying to stem the bleeding. Just from below mid forearm, it was all missing. He could see that the hero had hastily made a tourniquet and wrapped it with torn off scraps of fabric from his costume, but it wasn't doing much to keep him from bleeding out.

"Hey," Aizawa whispered as he got closer. Despite trying not to startle the hero, he still jumped in his spot. The hero leaned forward as if he

would get on his feet but quickly collapsed back against the wall and stared at him with wide eyes. “It’s all right, I’m your back up.”

The hero didn’t look convinced and the look only increased when he gave him a once over. “Why are you in your pajamas?” the voice slurred slightly.

Aizawa sighed as he kneeled next to him. “Did you call for medical yet?” He asked as he pulled out some bandages from his belt.

“They should be here any minute.But my partner. She’s still with that guy.” The hero murmured as his shaking and bloodied hand accepted the bandage roll. “I’ll be fine. Just go.”

He didn’t need to be told twice. Even without the hero pointing the direction, he could tell exactly where they were. The sounds of the fight reached him as he ran down the street towards the source. He tracked the fight, but by the sounds, it was going everywhere. One minute he’d hear it coming to his left, then the right, and one time behind him. Just as he thought he reached them, it stopped. No yelling, no explosions, no crashing. Nothing. It was utterly silent besides his feet pounding the concrete.

The fight must be over. It was too quiet not to be. Maybe she got him? Maybe it was all over, this whole thing was over. This whole mess with Shinsou’s past with villains was over. No longer have to worry that Punch will go after him and they can move on.

Aizawa felt his blood run cold as he recognized the soft humming echoing down the street. Picking up his pace, he followed the humming until he reached an entrance to an alley and stopped dead in his tracks.

Punch’s back was facing him as he sat on top of a struggling hero. He had his knees braced against the arms to immobilize it and had one hand pressed behind him against her thigh, right above a small circular wound that was bleeding sluggishly.

The hero underneath him had her nose crunched up and lips pulled back to show her sharp teeth with a snarl. Her short black hair was in disarray as it surrounded her head like a halo. Upon closer inspection he noticed striped spines in alternating color of white and red that matched her skin. But what really stood out was the wounds that littered her body, the bright red of the blood a stark contrast to her

yellow outfit.

“Hmm.” Punch hummed as he hovered a finger over one quill. “I haven’t had the pleasure to inspect a quirk like this. Never heard of a lionfish quirk before.”

“If you don’t get the fuck off, or you’re going to hear nothing ever again.” She snarled up at him. Aizawa gripped his scarf tighter and charged while activating his quirk when he saw Punch move to use his quirk. Just as the scarf was about to wrap around him, Punch rolled off the hero and danced back.

“Eraser!” Punch chirped lopsided smile spread across his face.“What a surprise!”

“You okay?” He asked the startled hero at his feet.

“I’m fine, fucker just got me by surprise is all. He’s slimy.” She replied sitting up and turned her head to glare at said villain.

“I’m hurt that you’d ignore me like that Eraser. You’ve known me far longer and not even a ‘Hi Punch’” Punched mock hurt as he dodged the capture scarf yet again.

Aizawa was tempted to charge at him and use fight him close range but seeing the results of fighting hand to hand, caused him to rethink his strategy. No matter how satisfying it would be to punch the guy in the face, he’d rather not return home looking like swiss cheese.

If he keeps his distance, he would have to solely rely on his capture scarf. Which is not a bad plan, Punch can’t attack at long distances and he would remain on the defensive. Punch has to be getting tired after fighting two heroes before him. He needs to stick with this plan and he can capture him. Then it can all be over.

“You know Eraser,” Punch’s voice was filled with laughter as he dodged the onslaught of attacks.“I am surprised you are here. Isn’t Saturdays family bonding days? Where’s your husband? Better yet, where’s lil Washer? I miss him, we had so much fun last time.Has he been asking for me? I know he begs for attention but isn’t it more fun to just watch him beg than to give it? I remember his lil pleas when he put him in his room, they were adorable.”

Nevermind. He's going to punch him.

“You know, he should just come with me” Punch said casually despite

dodging a scarf to the face. He sent a smile before opening a hole behind him and entered the building backwards, all the while keeping his eyes on him. “I can take so much better care of him.”

“Not gonna fucking happen.” He said as he pursued the other through the hole.
It wasn’t all that risky following him. He hasn’t seen any evidence of anyone working with him since he’s been on the scene. The only risk would be if he didn’t follow and Punch got away. “What happened to your friends?”

“Oh, them.” Punch sighed as he continued walking backwards through the small thrift shop. “Our goals didn’t align. They were more focused on disabling hero society, but the thing is? I like heroes. I want to see their quirks, I want to see how they tick. They are also so fun to play with. The league wasn’t so keen on my methods on how things should go, so we parted ways.”

“Such a shame.” Aizawa replied, his voice dripping in sarcasm. Punch merely shrugged and ducked behind a clothing rack to avoid another hit.

Predicting he’d jump that way, Aizawa threw another end in the other direction. He kept his eyes trained on the other as he felt the scarf find purchase on the arm. Yanking it quickly, he caused Punch to stumble forward and gave him time to throw a solid punch on the startled face.While Punch was still disoriented from the hit, he wrapped the scarf tightly around him.

Following through, he pushed Punch’s bloody face into the ground with his hand and sat on him. He looked over to make sure he was secured but felt his heart drop when he felt something touch his leg. He quickly activated his quirk and slammed his hands on the exposed fingers to press it against the villains side.

“Almost got ya.” Punched teased before letting out a huff as the wrapping tightened around him. “This is no fun. Why don’t you let me go senpai?”

Aizawa made one last look over that punch was indeed secured properly before getting up. He let out a relieved breath when he heard distant sirens come closer. Keeping one eye on the now complaining Punch on how the wrappings were tight, he pulled out his phone to tell his cops where they could find them.

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What should have been a smooth transition of exchanging Punch from him and to the cops went into chaos.

Punch had waited for his chance to escape during the exchange from him to the police. As the cops were trying to put on the quirk dampeners and special cuffs made solely for Punch, he made his move. He somehow wiggled out of the two man hold and made a run for it. They recaptured him relatively quick, but not before Punch thought it was a great idea to use his quirk on a fire hydrant.

By the time they shoved him into a police car, he was drenched. He could hear his shoes squeak as he walked and the water squish between his toes as he walked back to the dorms. His clothes hung onto him uncomfortably and when he saw his reflection, he couldn't help notice he looked like a drowned rat.

He was tired, he was sore, and he was soaking wet. All he wanted to do was pick Shinsou up, go back to their rooms, take a shower, and then sleep for eighty years. What he did not want to do was deal with what was in front of him.

It had seemed like the whole class was in the common room having an argument. The couches were full as students squeezed onto them. It didn't take long to notice that most them were yelling at a sheepish looking Sero and a laughing Kaminari. Iida was standing in front of him waving his arm as he yelled as he tried to be heard over the other students.

"What's going on?" he said gruffly as he felt his head pulse in pain from the constant sound. The room abruptly went silent as they stared at him in terror. Midoriya's face visibly paled and let out a squeak while he ducked his head behind Uraraka. Sero's smile slipped off his face and Kaminari looked like he just told him he was getting expelled.

"You know what? Nevermind. Just tell me where Bakugou is." Aizawa sighed when they said nothing after a couple of minutes.

He really didn't care what they were arguing about right now. They should be able to settle whatever they were just arguing about. He just wants to grab Shinsou and go home.

"Um, Bakugou, uh." Sero said, his eyes shifting towards Kaminari for help.

“He’s searching the dorms,” Kaminari blurted out. “Him and Shinsou are playing hide and go seek.”

How Kaminari was shifting his stance didn’t sit well with him. The rest of the class remained oddly quiet, their eyes darting between them as as they talked, but didn’t say a peep. No, something had to be wrong.

Bakugou busted into the room, cutting off anything he was going to say. “Where the fuck is he? This is not fucking funny, I know one of you fucks hid him.”

“Why would you think we hid him?” Kaminari shrieked when Bakugou got stomped up to him.

“We’ve played this game ten times. Seven of the times he hid underneath the same bed, two times behind the curtain, and one time he tried to stay behind me as I moved. I know one of you shitheads hid him. This has been going on for too long. Bring him the fuck out now.”

Aizawa wanted to walk right back out the room when he saw Kaminari point a shaky finger up. There on the ceiling his hands covering his mouth to keep from making a sound, was Shinsou taped to the ceiling. With the voices now deadly silent as they stared up at the ceiling, he could hear muffled giggles despite Shinsou’s efforts to stay quiet.

“Why the fuck would you tape a kid to the ceiling?” Bakugou snarl finally broke the quiet. Shinsou didn’t seem to care to hide the fact he was up there and let out his cheers of victory in winning the game.

“He wanted somewhere you’d never find him.” Kaminari said before quickly ducking behind Sero when Bakugou took a step forward

“So you thought the fucking ceiling? What type of moron do you have to be, to think that-”

“I don’t care how it happened.” Aizawa sighed rubbing his hand over his face. “If he’s not down and in my arms in one minute, I will assign a fifty page essay on how to handle children.”

It was amazing how quickly the students joined together to avoid extra homework. After

Uraraka used her quirk on Sero with a bottle of adhesive removal that Yaoyorozu made, it didn't take too long to get Shinsou down.

It had taken them about seven minutes to get Shinsou down, half of it because Shinsou kept struggling against Sero, but he was now down and into his arms.

"Have fun?" he asked

"Ew, you're all wet." Shinsou whined ignoring the question as he pressed his hands against his shirt but didn't make a move to get down.

"Thanks." Aizawa deadpanned as Shinsou hit his chest causing a wet slap sound. Finding the sound humorous, he continued to lightly tap his hand against his shirt as he giggled.

"You all missed the time limit." Aizawa announced as he looked at the still students in front of him. "However, you won't have to do the assignment since Bakugou watched him all day. Stay out of trouble. If I have to come back here for any reason but life or death. You will all regret it."

Aizawa ignored the relieved sighs and the following yelling from Bakugou that they all owed him, he went home to go take that nap.

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you all for reading! any comments and kudos are greatly appreciated! thx u sm for reading!
> have a good day/night!

# The end

Chapter Summary

the ending my dudes.

Chapter Notes

Alright, so this is the first multific ive ever finished.. ever. so this is kinda wild to me and im probably more emotional than i should be.
shout out to dom for helping me with ideas for this chapter.. thank you sm

**fan art of this chapter! so a bit spoilery but can look after.**
You're coming with me ending
By ThePumpkingourd
pixeled gif of baby shinsou (not a spoiler)by Timx
first day of school outfit by Firapolemos05

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa felt the small hand in his grip tighten. Looking down, he was met with wide scared eyes.

It was finally time. Everything was finally settled. All Shinsou's past captors were in jail for the next 75 years and no longer posed a threat. Shinsou was more comfortable with people and heroes and they could all finally move on.

It was three weeks after the Kamino incident when they had knew what step to take next. Shinsou had let out a string of curses and complained about taxes after the end of a school day. They signed him up to go to preschool that weekend.

He had called Mandalay, and they enrolled Shinsou to the same school for hero's kids as Kota. Shinsou was ecstatic at the news and wouldn't stop talking about it the whole week. He had told anyone that would listen to him, even the birds they passed on their way to school. Yamada was the one who was freaking about the change.

Hizashi was panicking more than he's ever seen him. He did a full background check of the school, despite him knowing four other heros that had their kids attending, and he had to stop him from doing background checks on the actual children. After getting reassured that

the entire staff and parents are professionals, it redirected Hizashi's nervous energy.

He had came back one day to see the front room covered in shopping bags. Hizashi had bought anything and everything Shinsou needed and things he thought he needed. He had gotten art supplies, pens, pencils, two backpacks, lunch boxes, clothes, hats, rain boots, notebooks, and folders. Normally he would argue against this frivolous shopping spree, but it had made Hizashi relax about the situation and Shinsou was giddy as he went through the bags.

Shinsou's excitement went down as the date approached. Aizawa thought the previous week was bad, but when the day arrived it was even worse. Both Shinsou and Hizashi were nervous wrecks.

By the time they eventually left to go to the school, Shinsou's bag was packed to the brim. Hizashi had put as much stuff as he could into the small bag including Shinsou's favorite stuffed cat. Hizashi was sobbing tears as he said goodbye to them, even running over to shove another packed lunch into the already tight bag, for "just in case."

Shinsou had put on all of his favorite clothes on that even Aizawa could tell was a fashion disaster but seemed to comfort him. He had on his 'King Explosion Murder' sweater on with the 'Murder' covered by multiple stickers, bright pink cat eared hat, star patterned scarf, and yellow cat rain boots.

"I think we should go." Shinsou said as he pulled down on his hand to get his attention.They were standing right outside the door to the school. He could even see people walking by through the tinted window. "We can come back a different day."

"We can try again tomorrow if you want." Aizawa said.

"Or we can never do this."

"You're going to have to go to school sooner or later."

"Why." Shinsou whined as he tugged on the hand again.

"You need to hang out with some kids your age. You've been hanging around too much with Bakugou."

"Or maybe not enough. I think we should hang out more."

"No, you guys spend way too much time together. Trust me, this will

be fun. You'll make friends, tons of playtime, get to draw, and learn some things. The time would fly by."

Shinsou didn't look impressed but didn't argue when he followed him inside. It was a little difficult walking with Shinsou clinging onto his leg so closely as they went down the halls. He had stumbled and almost fallen on his face four times by the time they had reached his class.

"Are you going to leave me here forever?" Shinsou whispered eyeing the wooden door that was decorated in cutouts with childrens names on them.

"No, no, of course not."He said while he crouched trying to gain Shinsou's attention while his eyes darted between his. "Look, we'd never leave you anywhere forever. We're going to pick you up as soon as class is over."

"What if I don't like it."

"Give it a week. If you don't like it after that, we can figure something else out, but you have to at least try."

"Promise?"

"Promise. Are you ready to go in now?"

Aizawa pushed the door when Shinsou gave him a nod. The sound of children screaming and giggling immediately assaulted their ears.

"You're going to leave me *here,*" Shinsou whispered harshly as he sent him a glare. "They're so loud."

Aizawa rolled his eyes and walked towards the teacher with Shinsou clutched to his side. She was still tall even as she was crouched as she helped a kid with their backpack. According to Yamada's background check, she's a retired hero.

Mrs.Kiko was a professional hero for five years until she decided it wasn't for her. She went back to school, got a degree in child development, and then got her teaching license. Knowing that if worse came to worse, the children would be protected did a lot to ease any left over concerns that they had.

It was also nice to talk to her before today. They had talked over the phone with her to discuss any leftover issues they had. They went over

how Shinsou's quirk worked, informed her about the sign language, and his feelings towards heros so nothing would catch her unaware.

She took everything in stride and answered everything they had asked with efficiency. She didn't even flinch at learning Shinsou's quirk. She had assured them that she has had past experience with children with difficult and dangerous quirks. Even laughed a little and said that she's seen way more dangerous quirks than his.

"Ah, you must be Mr. Aizawa." Mrs. Kiko greeted as she stood up brushing off her pants.Her smile brightened when she noticed Shinsou. "Hello, you must be Shinsou."

Aizawa stumbled as Shinsou buried his head into his leg roughly, his cheeks pinking slightly. Her smile didn't waver as she crouched down to be the same height as him. "I heard a lot about you from Kota."

"Kota's here?" Shinsou mumbled as he turned his head to eye her.

"Why don't you go say hi to him? He's right over there." She said as she pointed to the other side of the room. Shinsou's eyes grew large as he followed the finger and saw Kota talking to another kid his age.

"I gotta go dad." Shinsou said turning to him with a serious expression. "I have very important business to attend to."

"Go on, I'll be back to pick you up after school."

Shinsou didn't wait for him to finish and ran over to go talk to his friend. Kota looked a little shock when Shinsou tapped his shoulder but it quickly went away. AIzawa watched them chatter for a bit to make sure they were fine. They were still talking excitedly when he excused himself and went to go teach his own class.

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"Do you think it went okay? Do you think he made friends? What if he got bullied? I really don't want to fight a child but I will."HIzashi rambled as they walked towards the classroom.

"I don't think it would come to that." Aizawa said as he grabbed Hizashi's hand to stop the wild gestures. "Last I saw him, he seemed

fine. He was with Kota and I'm sure if anything happened Kota would deal with it if Shinsou doesn't. Midoriya was talking about Kota's new view on heroism last week and I don't think he'd stand by to watch something like that happen anymore. And that's *if* Shinsou even lets that happen. Shinsou's been taking Bakugou's advice lately and I don't even want to know what he's told him."

Opening the door and seeing Shinsou sitting in a chair pouting next to an angry looking Kota almost confirmed his theory. Shinsou did a double take in their direction before getting up from his chair and ran at them with a large smile.

"You're here!" He shrieked as he ran into Hizashi's legs at fulls speed with one hand gripping a crinkled paper and his backpack in the other.

"Yeah bud! Did you have fun?" Hizashi said as he picked him up.

"Uh hum! I had tons of fun!" Shinsou chirped. "Well, the end wasn't fun but the rest was."

"What happened?"

Shinsou turned and pointed his finger at one of the kids in the room with a scowl. "He wasn't being nice. He told me that my hair was dumb. So I told him to fuck off like Bakugou said to say when you want people to leave. Then he didn't leave and Kota squirted water in his face."

"Shinsou, that's a very bad word and you should never use it again okay?" Aizawa said since Hizashi was to busy trying to stop from laughing out loud.

"Did you do anything cool today?" HIzashi asked while Shinsou let out a goodbye to Kota that was returned before he shut the door behind them.

Mentally apologizing to Mandalay for taking the fall, he quickly started to urge them out the door. He would rather leave while the teacher was busy talking with Mandalay than have to explain where Shinsou learned words like that.

"We had story time and we got to play and I drew this!" Shinsou babbled holding up the paper to show them. "We had to draw what we wanted to be when we grow up."

Aizawa heard Hizashi's stiffled sniffing before he could even see the drawing. The drawing had three figures on it. One was obviously Bakugou with the spiky blonde hair and the smears of red, orange, and yellow. The next two figures he could see what had Hizashi choked up.

It was them. One stick figure had blonde hair impossibly large with a crude black and grey outfit drawn. The other looked more like grey blob with black hair at the top with yellow on its head. But what got him was the thick, large, and crooked writing was "I want to be a hero,"

"You can be anything you want to be!" Hizashi said as he swung Shinsou back and forth while he hug him. "We would always support you. You could even become a v-"

"No!" Aizawa said cutting him off over Shinsou's giggling.

"Yeah, maybe not that. We'd still love you no matter what you do."

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"Bakugou."

Ignore him. He'll give up.

"Bakkuuugggooouuu!"

Hang in there, he'll give up and go do homework or something.

"Bakugou! I know you can hear me!"

If he just keeps concentrating on his phone, he'll give up and leave him alone. Just keep playing the game, maybe even reply to Kirishima's text.

**Shitty Rock** *Dude! I can't believe you're not out right now. Me and Sero stopped 8 villains already! What is up with today?*

Just focus on this. He could barely handle Kirishima giving him updates on his patrol, he doesn't need to deal with a whiny teen also

"BAKUGOU!"

"What?!" Bakugou snapped looking up from his phone to glare at Shinsou.

Shinso's head was peeking over the back of the couch across the room. He was stretched across it with his long legs dangling over the arm rests and one hand along the top of the backrest. Bakugou's anger only spiked when he saw the smirk the kid was wearing. Shinsou knew he had won this small standoff and he *hated it.* hated the smirk that he had on, like he knew he had won.

"I'm bored." Shinsou whined as he throw his arms and head back.

"Then find something to do! I'm supposed to make sure you dont sneak out while you're parents are gone, not to entertain you."Bakugou snarled as the phone in his hand let out another ring.

"But I'm bored."

"It's not my fault you were grounded from everything." Bakugou sighed as he looked down at his phone as it let out another ring.

**Shitty Rock:** *9!!!!*
**Shitty Rock:** *10… why so many. We had to call in Mina. She's not happy at all.*
**Shitty Rock:** *Wish you were here, it'll probably be over faster. Then maybe Mina wouldn't be threatening to melt someone's eyes off.*
**Shitty Rock:** *I guess you would just threaten to blow up their heads. Still not the same.*

"I wanted to try out dads scarf. He never leaves that thing unattended. I couldn't let the opportunity go."

"Then you shouldn't have gotten caught then huh?" Bakugou grumbled. "Then I wouldn't have to babysit your ass."

"I'm old enough to be left alone! I shouldn't need a babysitter anymore."

"Obviously not if I'm here! Did you scare off your other babysitters?"

"No!" Shinsou scoffed. "Aunt Nemuri was busy and all the others just

prefer not to watch me."

"God you're such a fucking pain in the ass. You never change. You were a pain in the ass back then and you're a pain in the ass now. "

"Are you trying to say that you don't enjoy my company?"

Bakugou rolled his eyes and decided to reply to Kirishima. He could hear the sound of the couch squeaking as Shinsou moved.

**Shitty Rock:** *I think Mina is going to do it.*
**Me:** *Shut up. Dead eyes called in a favor. I have to watch the twerp. If it gets bad call in fucking pikachu.*

"Bakugou, are you really saying you don't like spending time with me? Are you.. Are you ignoring me?"

God. Not this again. He could only handle one idiot at a time.

"That hurts. My favorite hero doesn't even acknowledge my presence? You know that could seriously harm a fifteen year olds self esteem? Are you just going to crush someone like that?"Shinsou said letting out a fake choked sob.

Bakugou looked up and sent a glare at the smirking teen. The smile only grew at the gained attention.

"That's no way a pro hero should treat their fans, don't you think?"

*'Stop your dramatics,that trick isn't working on me for a second time. You won't be leaving the fucking apartment tonight."* He signed as aggressively as possible.

Shinsou sighed and collapsed onto the chair closest to him. "But I'm so bored. We should go do something. Didn't you have patrol today until dad called you? Maybe we could both go on patrol? It'd be fun. It looks like Kirishima needs some help."

"Are you reading my over my shoulder?"

"Noo?" Shinsou said voice waverying slightly as slouched back into his seat, his eyes widening slightly with a pout when faced with his glare.

**Shitty Rock** *Dude, can you come in?its gettina sdfas*
**Shitty Rock:** *serious, we're not far from you. It'd only take a minute.*

“You should really go. It sounds important.”

Bakugou felt his eye twitched at how close Shinsou’s voice was to his ear.

“Fine, but you’re staying-” Bakugou said as he typed a conformation to Kirishima. He looked up from his phone to see Shinsou holding up a black outfit. “...here. What the fuck is that?”

“Pa made it.” Shinsou said as he started changing into it. Bakugou couldn’t help but feel exasperated when he saw the design. It looked like a carbon copy of Aizawa’s, until Shinsou turned and showed the back with a smirk. There were multiple patches on there, but the one Shinsou pointed out was a patch that said ‘King Explosion Murder’. “You couldn’t be named that, so I decided it take it.”

“Are you not going to mention the other pateches? I think my favorits are the walking advertisment of ‘Put Your Hands Up Radio’patch, ‘Please return to Present Mic or Eraserhead’, and the If found, please call followed by your parents numbers.” Bakugou snorted taking in the patchwork.

“That was Pa’s terms when he made it.” Shinsou mumbled as he put a mask over his face.

“Alright.” Bakugou sighed as he felt the phone started to ring uncontrollably. He glanced down to not only see Kirishima texts but was also followed by Mina, Sero, and Kaminari. “Stay with me the whole time. If it gets too much, you run. Don’t get caught. If you do get caught, I don't know you and you don’t know me.”

“Gotch ya! I can do that!”

“Alright, you’re coming with me.”

Chapter End Notes

I would like to thank you all for reading. I would also like to thank all the people who had stuck with this fic since the first chapter got released, thank you truly. thanks to everyone who has left a comment, it truly has pushed me to finished this fic. Thanks to all the support ive been getting for this fic, and i truly love you all. and thx for every single comment and kudos. just thanks yall.
If youd like, i still got a couple of multichapters still going on, (and oneshots) feel free to check those out also.
You can find me at coldandhotsoba on tumblr or on discord (the

linked at the bottom)
Thank you all, and i hope yall have a good day/night.

End Notes

Please leave a comment and/kudos if you would like to see more, any and all comments r appreciated, and comments of the chapters would be great! I'm a bit iff-y on this. So any response would be great!
Thank you all!
Fan art:
Family portrait
By Nansequitting aka generic
You're coming with me ending
By ThePumpkingourd
pixeled gif of baby shinsou (not a spoiler)by Timx
first day of school outfit by Firapolemos05

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!